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THE MODERN NILE.

By Edward L. Wilson.

An Ancient and a Modern Egyptian.

THE Nile is the great gate-way which leads into the heart and history of Egypt. When the architect of old constructed a temple or Memnonium for his royal master, the propylon or entrance-gate received his first care; for it was the means by which the inner mysteries of the structure were reached. It was flanked on either side by a mass of masonry, and every available foot was covered with hieroglyphics—odes and offerings of praise to the gods, or narratives and representations of the life of the kings and their wonderful land.

So the Nile, like a great portal, is lined on both sides by long and narrow surfaces, which are covered with strange revelations, and is, moreover, the great door which leads us to them. Lake, lagoon, canal, sandy mound, green field, and mountain-range—all bear pages of the history of ancient Egypt, and tell of an abandoned civilization.

As the seasons change, so change the boundaries of land and river, and they are never twice the same; but these records of its history never change.

Vast treasures are strewn upon the soil. Tombs of kings and tombs of nations are hidden by it. Dead cities and the mummies of their monarchs are found there continually by the explorer. Sometimes the drifting, shifting sand also uncovers fragmentary passages in the history of the past; then as stealthily reburies them, just as the clouds often hide the phenomena of the heavens from the anxious vision of the scientist at the most vital moment.

The jagged mountain-ridges, bleak and bare, send forth echoes of a long-forgotten history which are as fantastic as their own outlines seen against the blue, unchanging sky. Added to these is the overpowering evidence of the ruined temples, tombs, and palaces, piled together in such incomprehensible confusion—proving how, through every vicissitude of power, of religion, of fortune, and of fame, this sunny land has followed on through tens of centuries.

Since Egypt fell from her place as a ruler among nations, an interesting people has inhabited the banks of the Nile, and they are found to-day living as they did centuries ago. It would be impossible to see these people of the Modern Nile, and to enjoy a journey among them, without combining them with the past. One may gather the fragments of a broken sphinx, or the remnants of a shattered obelisk and

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shape them into modern column or capital, yet there remains the ruddy sienite that was quarried under the lash of Pharaoh three thousand years ago. Past history will be reflected even from the modern polish.

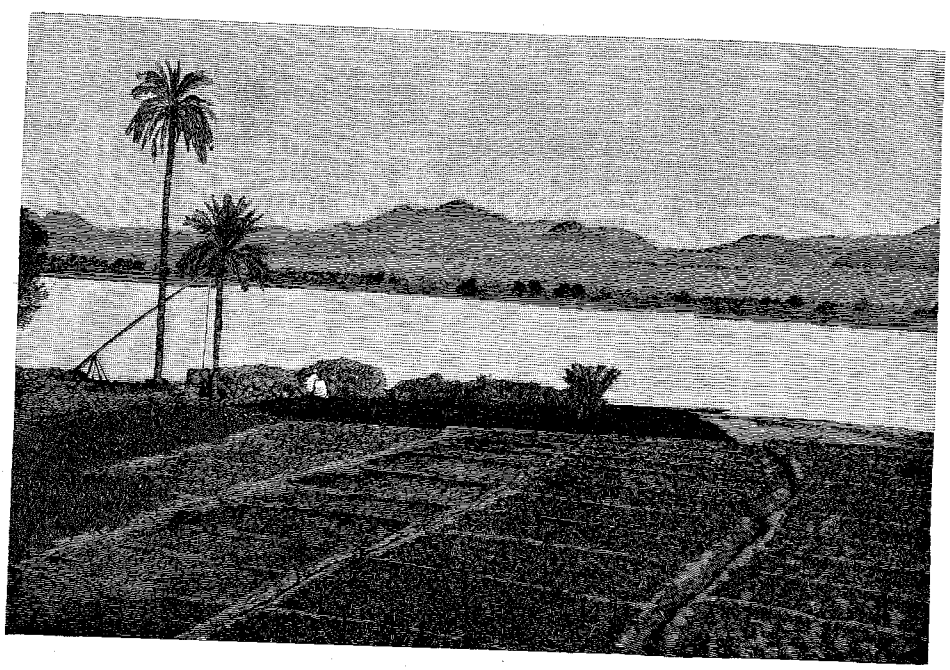
A Nile journey, then, becomes the most interesting, instructive, and enjoyable possible. It is a continuous line of surprises from the Delta—a thousand miles—to the Second Cataract. It is a crooked line, however, and the scenes change as abruptly as do the colors of the blear-eyed chameleon which creeps about among the ruined temples.

Egypt is a land of contrasts. The traveller there must be prepared to have his thoughts of the severe grandeur and solemnity of the ancient temple interrupted by the comicalities of the present inhabitants. He must not be disappointed if the head of the modern Arab does not tally with the size of an antique sculpture.

The past was great, and the people aspired to great things. Their greatest hope was for immortality. But the Nile inhabitant of to-day is content with a small backsheesh, and cares but little for future or for fame.

There are two ways of navigating the Nile. The modern way is by a line of steamers owned by the Khedive. The "antique" method is supplied by the dahabeëh. The dahabeëh only provides that sense of dreaminess and slowness which one needs when journeying back into the centuries. But as things are done under the present dispensation, the traveller may, and commonly does, have opportunity to try both methods of travel during one journey.

The wind is not always good to the dahabeëh, and she is often glad to accept a tow at the stern of the more independent fellow-traveller. On these occasions there is a generous interchange of courtesies (so unusual on a marine voyage), and one may enjoy the privilege of pacing two decks on one and the same day.



A Nile Farm.

If the bustle of the steam-boat becomes too exciting for one's half-languid condition, there is usually a hearty offer made to share the quieter, dreamier, lazier going of the dahabeëh. Only a cable's tow separates them, and an Arab

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crew is always ready with a small boat to undertake the perils of the voyage between.

In making a choice between these two methods the traveller may feel assured that in the preparation for the journey and in the start the excitement does not differ a piastre's worth. The difference, in fact, however, is this: The steamboat passenger may calculate fairly the time of his return to Cairo, but the dahabeëhist will escape that heart-sickness which comes from hope deferred, if from the first he abandons all expectation of returning at any time, certain or uncertain. From the moment he is pushed away from the quay until he returns, he is the vassal of the wind, and must bend his proud spirit to its whim.

The dahabeëh is conducted by a private dragoman and crew. They are yours. The steam-boat is a public conveyance, and is much less yours.

Hassan, the Coffee-miller.

The morning of departure arrives. The starting-point is the Cairo quay, at one end or the other of the Kasr-el-Nil—the long bridge which crosses the Nile on the road to the Pyramids. The waiting vessel rocks impatiently in the swift current. Her forward decks are crowded with all sorts of provisions, including living sheep and turkeys, chickens and pigeons. The upper deck abaft is supplied with hammocks, divans, and easy-chairs, and an awning is stretched over all. And there, too, is the gray-bearded pilot, whose handsome face and stately demeanor inspire immediate trust in him. In the cabin are all the comforts and conveniences of a sea-side home: Living rooms, large and light and airy; a drawing-room, and a dining-room, with divans at the sides, all draped with Arabic fabrics, and supplied with a library and antique bric-à-brac. There is comfort on every side.

Added to all these are the "manager" of the craft or the obese dragoman, the splendid crew, and a choice variety of servants. Here the Nile traveller comes to lounge and dream; to bury care, and to care not when the delusive life must end. Everything is done for him. He takes no thought, even for to-day; and as for to-morrow, that is always a great way off—a long, easy time coming.

Now the stake connecting the voyager with the present is pulled up; the hawser is hauled aboard, and the motley crew, with long poles, push the vessel away. There is as much noise from the congregated lookers-on as though the honest craft were infected

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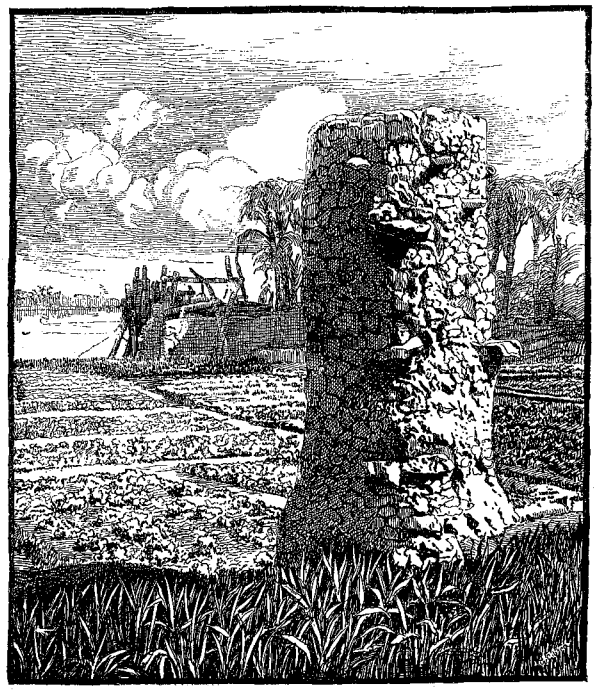
Adobe "Baby-protectors."

and were being driven off to quarantine by an angry and frightened populace. The excitement soon subsides, however. Having given the boat a good send-off, the noisy mariners leap into the stream, wade out to her, and are helped aboard. If the pilot is true, and the wind accords, the long, narrow craft is turned about without striking the bridge or colliding with the muddy quay. If not, the hawsers must be thrown ashore again; the people must pull, and the long poles of the sailors must once more be brought into action, while history just enacted is repeated.

All this over—the shouting, the yelling, and the appeals to Allah—the journey of a quarter-year or more is fairly and delightfully begun.

Now, what studies in color—what contrasts in chiaro-oscuro delight the vision on every side! Yet everything, seemingly, is going contrary. We are sailing back—into the ages of the past. The craft is moving "up" the Nile, and yet the journey is southward. The river is always in a hurry, plunging northward to the sea; yet must the traveller go slowly.

The Nile traveller will always turn back to obtain one last look at Cairo and her curious environs. The great bridge is the connecting-link between them. There are the palaces, the bazaars, and the minarets on one side, with the tremendous domes, dew-covered and glistening in the sun. On the other side are the borders of the Land of Goshen. The groves of palms and the avenues of acacias are fanning the air, while each moment some new sound comes from the farm-land beyond. The shout of the fellahin, the lowing of the buffalo, the bleating of the sheep and goats, and the never-ending squeak of the unlubricated sakiyeh follow with dreamy resonance. One catches the infection of indolence thus early in the day. There is no escaping it. All share it, and all know what it is; yet one falls back into its soft embrace as willingly and unresistingly as the palm-leaves cease their undulations when the breezes droop. There is no light, no shade in such an existence. It is all delicate, soft half-tone. And yet there is plenty of light and shade about the going, for



The Watch-tower.

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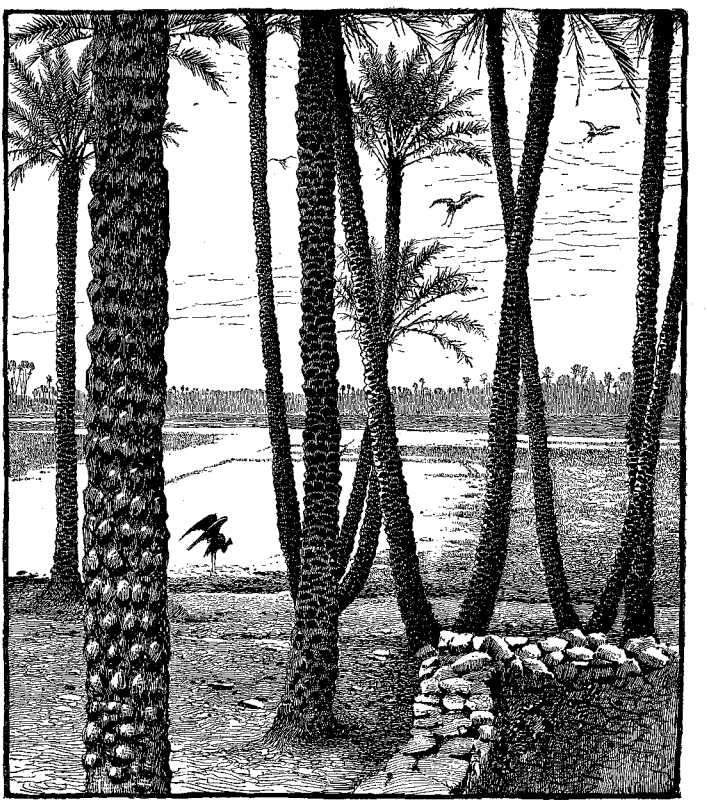
sometimes the vessel moves as sleepily as the mist on the mountain, and at others flies like the scudding clouds.

Now the "stars and stripes," flaunting at the topmast, snaps a farewell to Cairo. Then bidding her adieu, the traveller focuses his eyes ahead for the stranger scenes of the Modern Nile. Away off on the right is the Great Pyramid, doubled by its reflection in a bit of Nile overflow, and looking as black as jet in its golden setting of desert sand, with the blue sky overhead. The other pyramids of Gizeh and those of Sakkarah are again and again indicated. Then comes the wish to see more than the back of that great warder of the desert, the Sphinx, and to know just how far below its mighty paws the sand has been swept away by the present excavator. On the opposite side is the island of Rhoda, where, tradition tells us, Moses was found by the lovely daughter of the Pharaoh whose mummy has recently been placed in the Bûlâq Museum as an "antique."



The Site of Memphis.

Now the fleet of Nile craft decreases, and the chaffing of the boatmen is almost hushed. How splendid are the scenes on every side! How they change every mile! The palms, the Arab villages, the minarets and domes of the mosques, appear in slow succession; again the pyramids are in view; and always is heard the sound of the busy shadoof and the dreamy squeak of the sakiyeh. The shores now reveal how Egypt was created, film upon film, layer upon layer. One marvels not that the people who live upon them, even now, look upon the Nile as "The Giver of all good."

It moves on and on before them as gently as the rays of the rising moon. It is always kindly. It gives water and food—gives life. Once a year it rises and widens, and almost entirely submerges the tillable land at its sides. What it does not so reach, it is made to reach by artificial means. The overflow is no misfortune to those whose homes are upon its banks. It is their best blessing. For the Nile well repays for the right of way during the inundation, by leaving a deposit upon the land which is worth its weight in gold. It does not change its habits; it never brings surprise and destruction. It is good to the people who trust in it. The sun always shines for them; and when unmolested and untrammelled their dispositions are sunshiny. They are hos-

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pitable, generous, willing to serve the stranger, industrious, religious, misunderstood, brow-beaten, taxed, bastinadoed, and discouraged until their spirit is almost gone. And yet they are good-natured, patient, and seem to be happy!

When the time approaches for the inundation the Arab farmer is all expectancy. His canals are cleared and he protects his home by dikes and walls of adobe. This done, seated at his door, he watches with satisfaction and gratitude the rise and approach of the water which holds his little wealth. It is several months rising to its greatest height, and then as slowly and gradually subsides. Then appears again to his delighted vision the husbandman's farm. His palm-trees seem to rise to a greater reach, and their waving branches add to the sense of calm and content which pervades all. Already his well-filled canals have defined themselves, and his irrigating machinery is at once put in repair. There is no more use for the boats which have served to carry him from place to place during the inundation. They are hidden among the rushes on the banks of the canal. Every available person is now pressed into the service. If the thin deposit of mud left by the departing river is kept moist, its value remains at par. If the hot sun is allowed to play upon it unopposed, it soon becomes baked and curls up into tiny cylinders; then, breaking into fragments, it falls dead and worse than useless. Therefore the process of irrigation must begin at once. The rude sakiyeh and the ruder shadoof are kept going night and day, and give employment to tens of thousands of the people and cattle as well. With these primitive appliances the water is lifted and emptied into the channels which have been dug or diked to receive it. From these larger receptacles the water is led to smaller ones, which, overflowing, cover the fields.

In a little time, then, a Nile farm becomes a rare beauty-spot, instead of a waste of mud; for now the crops are grown. The lentils bend with their heavy load and the fields of grain turn their well-filled heads from side to side that the ripening sun may change their green freshness into gold. What landscape, unadorned by art, can be more lovely than such a farm, narrow though its limits may be, with its grove of palms to fan the breeze and scatter their sweet fruitage into the lap of the happy fellahin? Here no weeds grow to annoy him. No stone-crops are belched to the surface each year to stop the plough. And this is good, for the Egyptian plough has no scientifically curved coulter or subsoil attachment.

But the Arab peasant does not thrive without a thorn in his flesh. His life is sometimes made a burden by the birds which come to steal his crops. Watch-towers are therefore erected in the fields, upon which the watcher is stationed to frighten away the wily robbers. These towers are seven or eight feet in height by a yard in diameter, and are made of adobe blocks. Bits of palm-wood or adobe are incorporated into their sides to serve as steps. Armed with a long-lashed whip and a goodly store of small blocks of adobe, the Arab boy climbs to the top and serves as a "scarecrow" from dawn until sunset.

When the crops are ripened the irrigation must rest a while, for all hands are pressed to help with the ingathering. Only the smallest children are excused. These are let down into huge cylindrical vessels made of adobe, covered over with a heavy disk of the same material to protect them from the hyenas while their mothers help gather the harvest. Tiny holes are bored into the sides of these "baby-protectors" to admit air, and to tantalize the howling thieves which prance around outside, head and tail aloft, thirsting for the blood of the frightened children.

Thus passes the life of contrasts shared by the Nile-dweller. What of those who preceded him? It is not the purpose of this paper to go into archæological details; but the past five years have witnessed more wonderful revelations in Egypt than any century before; and it is impossible for the traveller in this journey to the Second Cataract not to be strongly impressed by a few contrasts. During these years not only have the mummies of the Pharaohs been found and their faces made familiar to us, but the cities which they built, and over which they ruled, have been laid bare of their sandy coverings in the lagoons of

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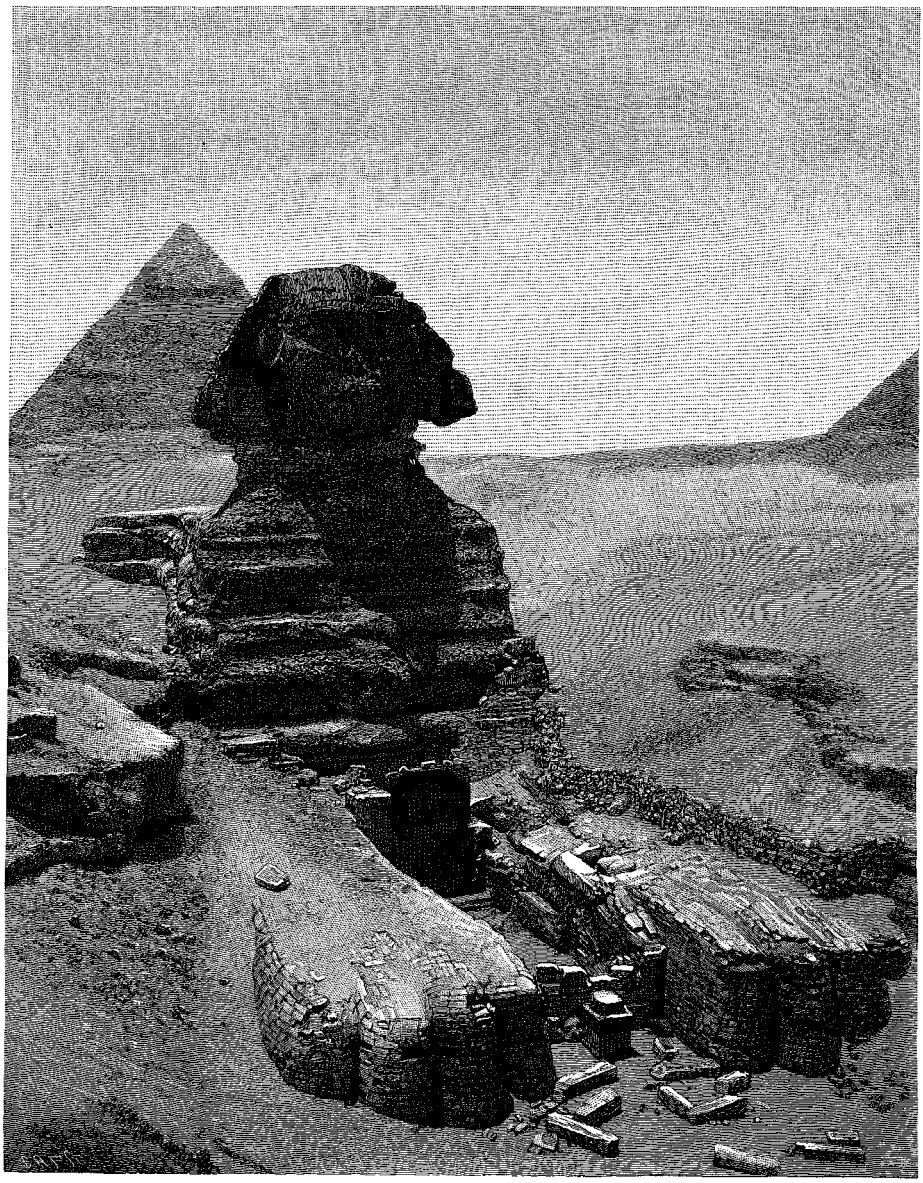

The Sphinx, Uncovered. 1887.

the Delta. Thus many a lost link of history has been recovered.

His temple and his tomb were the chief subjects of care on the part of a royal Egyptian. These form the interesting ruins upon the banks of the Nile, largely upon the western side, though, strange to say, almost all the building material of which the great structures are composed came from the quarries on the other side.

In the remains of the cities of ancient Egypt no greater contrast exists than between Memphis and the hundred-gated Thebes. Although Memphis was the larger and undoubtedly the older of the two, yet there is the least of it to be seen by the traveller on the Modern Nile. Not

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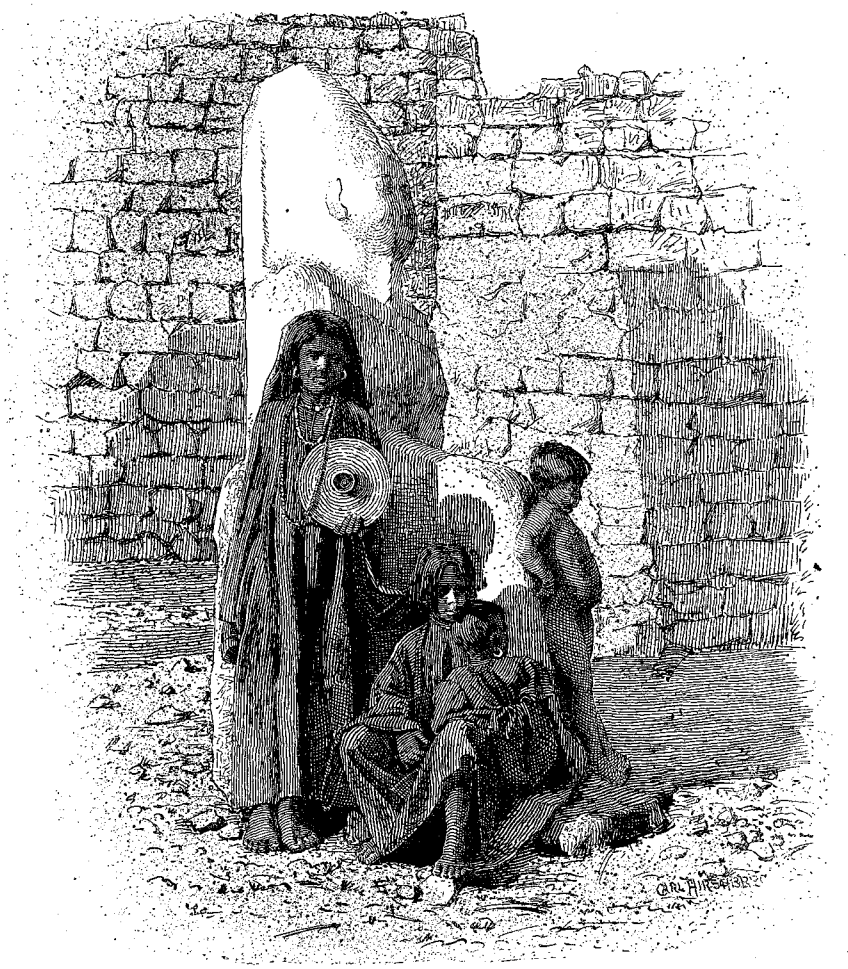

Egyptian Children.

so much of it can be found as one may see of Tanis—the Zoan of the Bible—whose débris has been recently uncovered by the spade of the indefatigable explorer.* And now, when we stand upon one of the mounds of sand which almost wholly cover Memphis, all we can see through a screen of stately palms is the faint outline of a wall lifted so little above the Nile overflow as to make it difficult to trace its proportions; the shaft of a broken column here and there, and the half-buried colossal statue of Rameses II., which modern science is now trying to hoist once more to a perpendicular.

A town, a city, the residence of the Pharaohs, the seat of government of the kings of Egypt, enriched by palaces and famous for her pyramids and other tombs; invaded time and time again by the foe, and her bended neck placed under the yoke; subjected to the hate and spite of various people who overthrew and buried her splendid structures, hewed and destroyed her monuments, and tried to cover up every vestige of her; the site of temple, church, and mosque; the place where

* Pithom, Tanis, Naukratis, and Goshen have all been found and uncovered by Messrs. Naville and Petrie, under the auspices of the "Egypt Exploration Fund" of England and the United States, of which the Rev. W. C. Winslow, LL.D., of Boston, is the Honorary Treasurer for America.

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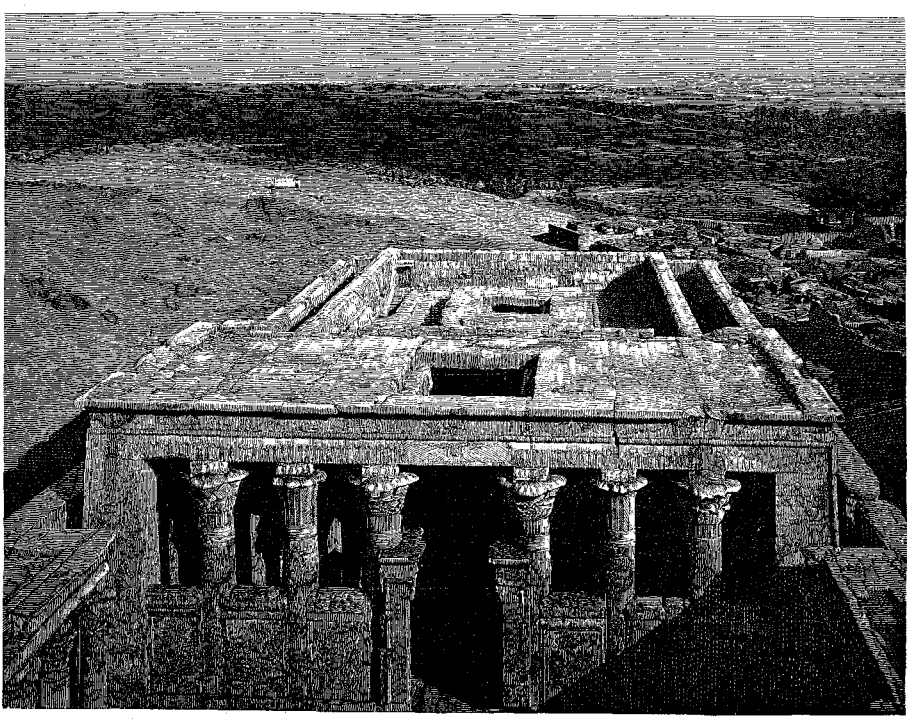
the dynasties, the Assyrians, the Ethiopians, the Persians, the Greeks, all held sway—that was the Memphis which for many centuries exercised so profound an influence over the destinies of man.

It has often been asked why some of the temples of the Nile are in such a perfect state of preservation while others are so ruined. For example, the temple of Edfou is almost whole, while Karnak lies half upon the ground. Edfou, until within a few years, was covered over with the débris and remains of modern villages. Built against its walls, inside and out, these adobe houses, when decayed, were allowed to fall and others were erected upon their dust. The burial process went on in this way until the great temple was covered. It was thus preserved for centuries, until exhumed by Mariette, when it proved to be the finest and best preserved of all its class.

At Karnak the case was different. Time, earthquake, the iconoclast, and the vandal—all had turns with it, and its broken splendor tells a sorry tale. Yet there are the forests of columns standing where Ptolemy Philadelphus, Arsinoë, and Amenophis once promenaded in magnificence and state. As our boat passes along, the ruins of Karnak are seen, and its tall obelisks and immense hieroglyphed propylon look in the distance like a mirage. With a glass one may almost read the strange writing on the walls, and plainly see the sun-god hidden within the curve of the heavy cornice of the propylon. A day is needed to enable one to examine, even superficially, the ruins of Karnak.

At Thebes we get a wider comprehension of the civic splendor of the ancient capitals. If all the plain which stretches from the Nile opposite Luxor, back to the split and blackened rocks of Bîbân-el-Mulouk, the St. Denis of the kings of the nineteenth and twentieth dynasties, was once devoted to the city of Thebes, the world hardly ever saw a place of greater magnificence. The mind can scarcely comprehend it. But if the sight-seer will be content—as he wisely should when visiting a great picture-



The Temple of Edfou.

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gallery—to select a few "bits" and devote himself to their enjoyment alone, he may get some satisfaction out of a panoramic view only of Thebes. Cross the plain; pass everything on the way; drive your donkey over the cliffs to Deir-el-Bahari, near where the "great find" of 1881 occurred, and, turning back look! The most magnificent of all views of the Nile will then be spread before you.

Curly-heads from Khartoum.

What ruins are included in that long line stretching from north to south! The cluster on the left is the temple of Qûrneh, erected as a vast cenotaph in remembrance of Rameses I. There his relatives gathered on certain days to evoke the memory of their dead as enjoined by the sacred rites. There, in the Memorial Chapel, is the family portrait-gallery. Statues of the kings, the queens, and the princes are there, and their genealogies are sculptured upon the walls. It is the site of the great Pharaonic "family-tree," and even now tells of the efforts made by this powerful dynasty to secure immortality.

Not far away, and next, is the Ramesseum, where the colossal caryatides and the stupendous columns have defied earthquake and the vandal for so long, though the great monolith which was erected there—the "likeness" of Rameses II.—the Sesostris of the Greeks, lies half-embedded in the sand, broken into fragments. The Ramesseum was erected during the lifetime of the king and under his personal supervision. After he died his mummy was brought across the plain and buried in his father's tomb, near the Ramesseum, his own tomb not being finished. When his mummy was found, about five years ago, it was carried back to the Nile over the same plain, in the sight of the Ramesseum, where the hieroglyphics yet remain which were cut in the walls by his direction to commemorate his piety, his glory, and his campaigns.

What wondrous faith in the doctrine of immortality this great king evinced, not only by securing, as he thought, the careful hiding of his mummy, but by a lavish supply of sculpture on a colossal scale! No king made such ostentatious show of his ambition. Of no king so much remains of craftsman's skill, of

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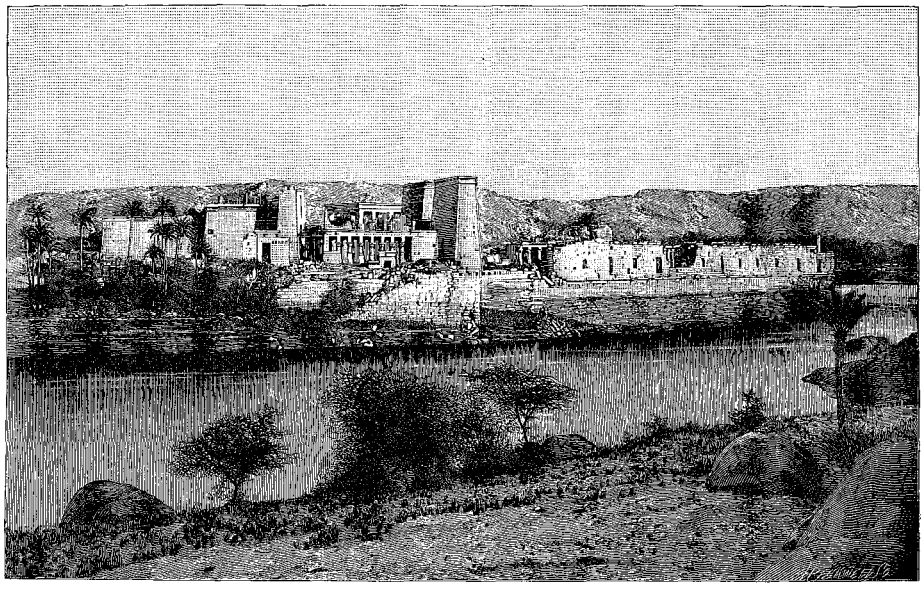
artist's labor, and of poet's lore to perpetuate his name and fame. And now the tomb has given up the dead Pharaoh, and his mummy stands surrounded by some of the very works whose lustrous polish and exact engraving he caused to be done with so much care.

The temple of Deir-el-Bahari occupies the centre of the group. It is nearer to the great "Coffin Mountain," and its majestic débris is intermixed with the ruins of a Christian monastery. The perpendicular limestone cliffs near it run in a northwesterly direction down into the valley of Bîbân-el-Mulouk. To the glory of Hatasou, who was in turn queen, regent, and king, this temple was raised. The original plan of Deir-el-Bahari was a singular one. A long avenue of sphinxes led to it, and two obelisks stood at the façade. Magnificent terraces were stretched out in front, one court leading up to another by easy ascent. After Hatasou had long march to conquest, and how they conquered in the name of their fair ruler. Troops, sailors, ships, row-boats, merchandise, products of foreign lands upon which levy was made, animals from tropical countries—are all cut upon the walls of the various apartments of this magnificent pile. Some of the figures retain all the glow of rich color left upon them by the ancient painter.

The Deir-el-Medineh stands toward the south, almost hidden in a hollow, and is but a small structure. It was begun by Ptolemy Philopater and completed by his successors. It was likewise for funereal purposes. Osiris is among the deities mentioned by the inscriptions on the walls and columns. Its façade is one of the best preserved in Egypt, and of magnificent design. Quite as much of it lies scattered upon the sandy floors of its roofless apartments as stands erect.

Quite a distance farther to the south



The Island of Philæ.

since passed away, and her devoted people no longer evoked her spirit there, her temple was used as a receptacle for the mummies of the Grecian people. The bas-reliefs of this temple describe how the willing subjects were wont to is a large, sombre-looking pile, from which emerge some constructions of still another and cruder variety. This unattractive collection is a Coptic village, which grew up here after the ancient rites of Egypt had been abandoned—all

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around and above an almost buried temple, whose ruins still remain. The temple is that of Medinet-Abou, so named after the miserable village which, barnacle-like, had attached itself to the ancient walls.

Sometimes Medinet-Abou is called "the Versailles of Thebes." It was erected to commemorate the glory of Rameses III., whose mummy also was carried across the plain in July, 1881. But, instead of being a single temple, Medinet-Abou is composed of two separate ones—the temple of Thothmes III. and the temple of Rameses III. That Roman royalty also once flourished here is proved by the fact that on the walls of the first temple are inscribed the names of Titus, Hadrian, and Antoninus.

Enough cartouches of the more ancient rulers are found upon the walls of this smaller structure to call forth remembrances running from the time of Thothmes III. to Nectanebo II., 350 B.C. The larger temple of Rameses III. gives most pleasure to the average traveller, because it carries the mind away from the grim suggestions of the tomb to the more cheerful elements of a palatial home. For this was a palace and not a tomb. It had all the characteristics of a regal habitation. On the wall of one of the apartments the lovely daughter of Rameses III. is represented bringing flowers to her father. He is seen playing draughts with another, and is offered fruits by a third, whom he caresses in acknowledgment. There is a colonnade nearly 150 feet in length, whose lofty figured columns are 24 feet in circumference. The great court is 130 feet square. Splendid cornices, florid capitals, richly decorated courts, and vivid hieroglyphs—examples of the highest skill of the sculptor—here abound, in strange contrast with the remains of the modern buildings seen piled upon the roof. One of the apartments is called the "Christian Court." It was occupied by the early Christians as a church. Plenty of evidence proving this fact is seen. Not only did the fanatical iconoclasts plaster over the walls of the chambers "to cover pagan rites," but they tore down many of the fine columns and re-erected them, turning the hieroglyphed surfaces inside. When this could not be done, they hacked and defaced them with their axes until their ardor was cooled. Thus many of the most splendid monuments of Thebes and other sections of Upper Egypt were

Assouan, the Border Town between Upper and Lower Egypt.

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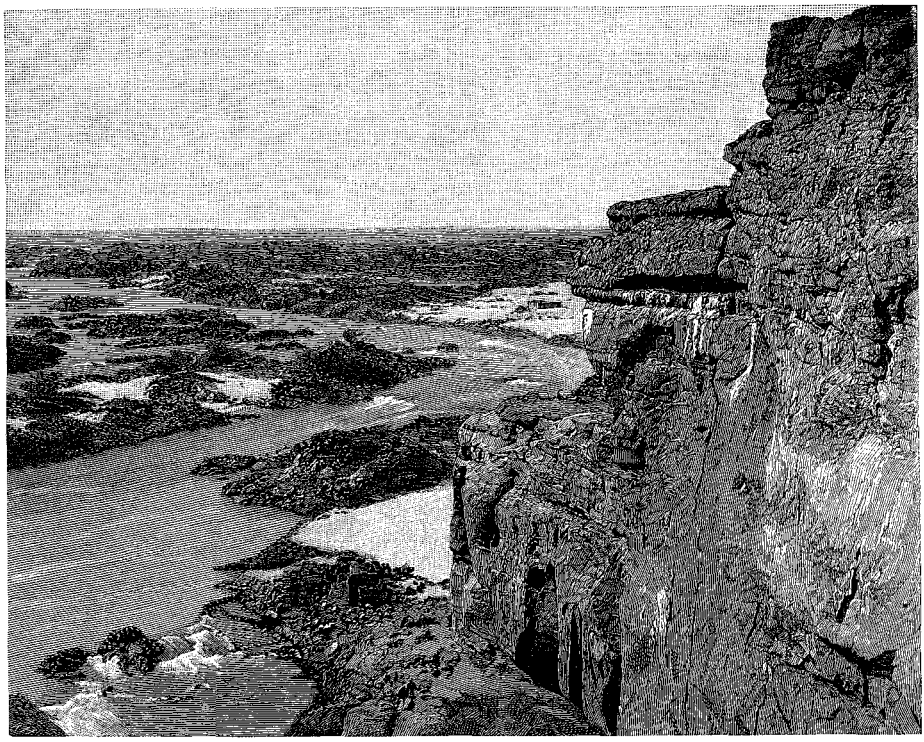

The Second Cataract, from the Rock of Abou Seer.

defaced or destroyed. Therefore the messages of the past gathered from these structures must be as fragmentary as are those obtained from the time-mouldered papyri.

In front of this succession of structures was the city of Thebes. Nothing else remains to represent it or to tell its tale, except the vast necropolis, on the west and north, and the twin colossi yet much farther to the south and east. When Thebes was destroyed, these two monsters guarded the approach to the great Memnonium of King Amenophis. His name is written upon their pedestals. They have remained at their station, facing the implacable sun, ever since. Earthquake shattered them somewhat, 27 B.C., but they look good for another thousand years. Their faces are by no means handsome; they impress one most when viewed from the back. Their very attitude is expressive of patience and quiet, and yet one is almost frightened at their size. The northern one is the famed "Vocal Memnon," which, tradition avers, once gave out sweet sounds of music at sunrise. Abundant testimony as to this is found engraved in line and verse upon its pedestal, by king, queen, prince, and poet, who made pilgrimages hither to hear the "heaven-sent voice" wail "when the sun left the majestic waves of the ocean, and, shooting forth his rays, announced the return of day to the mortals there assembled." Originally the height of the colossi was 64 feet—as high as a five-storied house.

We have now considered the ruins which remain in the great valley of Thebes. A city of equal importance existed in the bosom of the rugged limestone cliffs on the west—the great encircling wall of the necropolis of Thebes—Bîbân-el-Mulouk. Still the entrances to its subterraneous tombs are seen in the faces of the cliffs, looking like the port-holes in the sides of a ship-of-war—the gate-ways to the city of the dead. Not a thing of life is seen. All is dismal and gloomy—the very antipodes of our own beautiful cemeteries. The scorching sun seems to have levied

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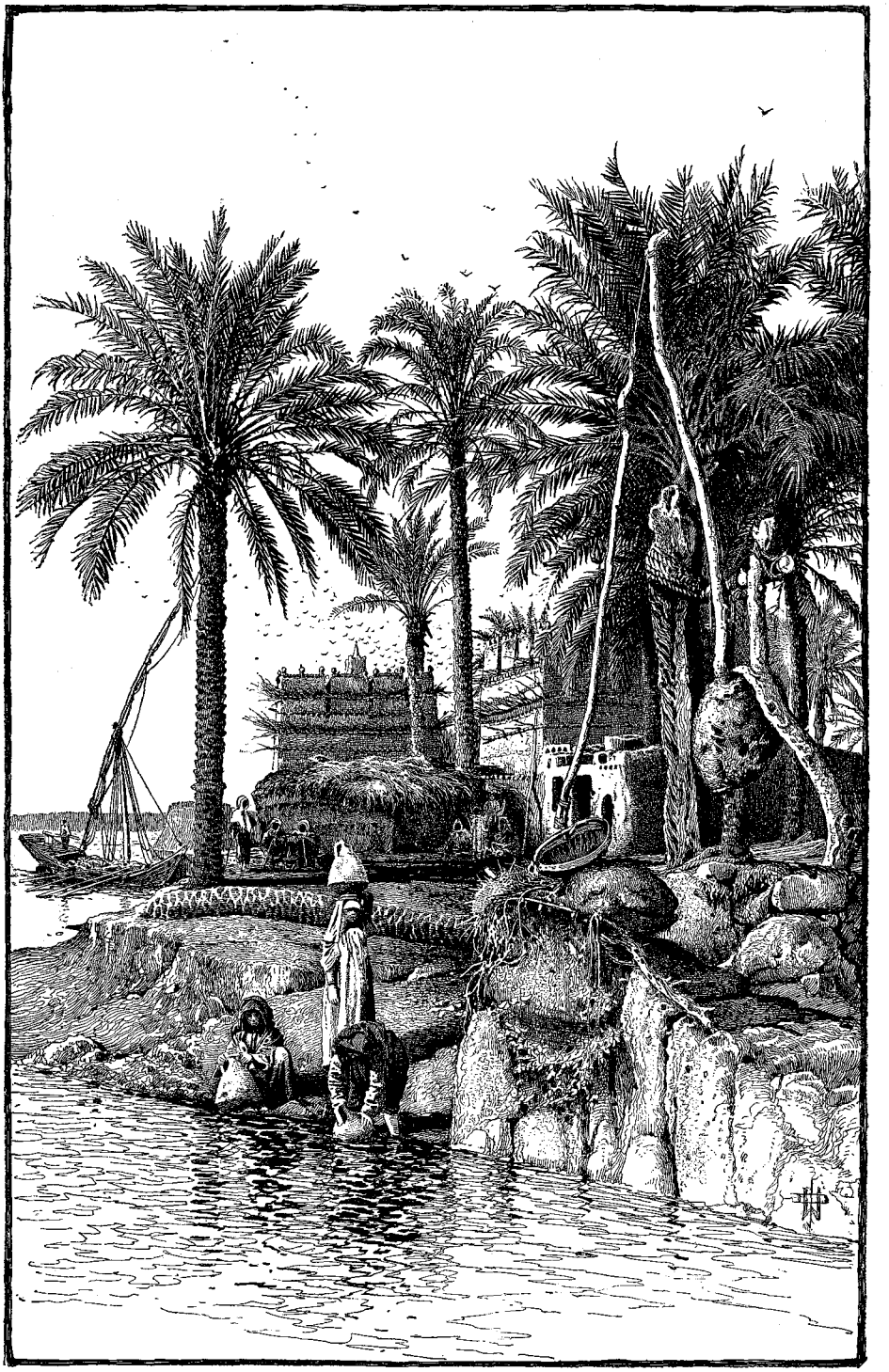

A Nile Village.

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upon the hills for the last drop of moisture heaven gave them. Underneath are miles and miles of tombs now rifled, but once the resting-places of kings and people who shaped the destinies of the world for ages.

Now even the dead are departed. Although Sethi I., Rameses II., and Rameses III. devoted a large portion of their stay upon earth to the preparation of their tombs here in order to "secure eternal happiness to the soul after the many trials of life"—decorating the long subterranean entrances with persuasive passages detailing the goodness of their lives, "that the gods might see and have mercy"—their mummies were stolen from their tombs. Hidden by the frightened tomb-inspector in an inexpensive and obscure sepulchre, temporized for the purpose, their mummies were found by the modern Arab, rifled of their funereal accessories, and finally recovered and placed in the Bûlâq Museum for public inspection.

The story of an ancient city is well told even by this meagre representation. Could the earth be upturned and the exploring spade pushed deep enough, doubtless there would be found underneath, statues, sphinxes, obelisks, figured walls, and columns which would more than double our information concerning Thebes; but we must not go too far into the past, or forget that our present consideration is of the poor, crumbling, collapsing Modern Nile.

One of the incidents of the tour is a visit to Thebes at sunrise. The Vocal Memnon will not be heard unless a small Arab is hidden, in advance, in a break in the back of the Colossus, and instructed to pound with a bit of Theban débris upon a sonorous stone incorporated between the giant shoulders. But assuredly a sunrise visit to Thebes is well worth an effort. It is four miles from the Nile to the Ramesseum. The ride is across the plain, through dew-covered fields to the colossi, and then a turn is made northward. The sounds of the morning startle one as though never heard before. Something seems to be impending. How black and chill the colossi look! Everything, even the donkey-boy, is now quiet. The Ramesseum is reached, and you stand in the great hall of columns, frightened at their stately dignity, scarce able to make out the careful chiselling on the shoulders and crown of the fallen statue. The inner temples are almost as dark as night, and you shrink from the thought of climbing alone up one of the great stairways which spring from them, to say nothing of going down to the "holy of holies," where the king was accustomed to consult the deities in closest secrecy. No light enters except from the broken roof and the loop-holes in the walls. Suddenly a ray pierces the gloom. The giant columns in unison cast their long shadows toward the necropolis upon one another and upon the neighboring walls. Now the morning light pervades the place, and the stolid profiles of the Osiride columns, stationed there as if to guard the fallen monolith, are lighted with a rosy fire which accentuates the placid expression of their faces—each one "a likeness" of King Rameses II., the great "Pharaoh of the Bible." The sun grows stronger and the coloring is gone. But the contrasts of light and shade continue as they have done for long ages past, and will for ages to come.

You turn to go, and are startled by the fall of a little slide of débris and dust from among the dark shadows of the ruins above. Turning in the direction of the disturbance, you see two dark eyes fixed upon you. At once you come to the rather disagreeable conclusion that they have been watching you stealthily ever since you came. Your detection of his presence brings the swarthy owner of the eyes speedily to your side. He opens his robe slyly and quickly closes it again.

"Mummy, howadji," he whispers, and again reveals the features of a dark, dried head. "Want to buy?"

"No."

"How much you give it?"

"Immshe (get out)! I do not want the horrid thing."

A wider revelation is then made—the "antique" held disagreeably to your nose, and then, in low, confidential tone—

"Give it fifty francs?"

On the principle of never giving an

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Arab what he asks, you say: "No! too much."

"Give it thirty francs?" pleadingly. Still too much.

"How much you give it?" I do not want it at any price.

"Give it ten francs?"

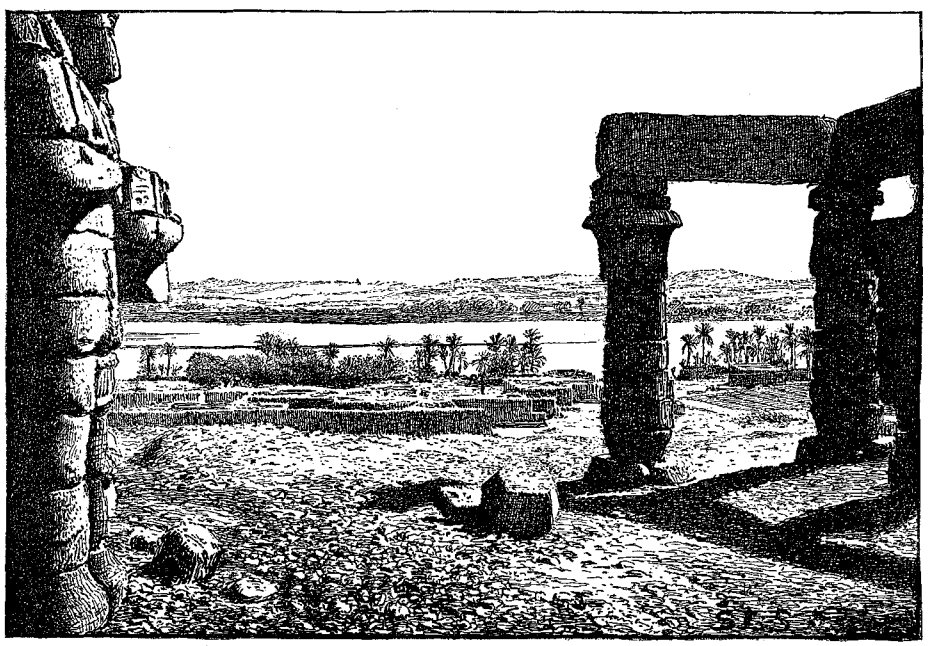
"No, I'll give you five francs."

"Give it," cries the tomb-breaker, who seizes your offered coin, throws the grinning head into your arms, and runs from you as though pursued, afraid lest you grow sick of your bargain—and you surely will, for the perfume of the Theban embalmer retains its strength forever.

To set foot in the tombs of the Pharaohs who withheld from the Hebrews their freedom is also a unique experience, and might follow the sunrise ride to the Ramesseum. A tiny, square, dark spot in the side of Bîbân-el-Mulouk is pointed out to you as the entrance to the tomb of Sethi I. Reaching it, a great descending passage is found, leading far into the mountain. On the left is a number of small chambers whose walls are covered with fantastic and chimerical engravings. Even the gods themselves assume grotesque forms. As we proceed, the heat becomes overpowering. The bats flirt out the torches and fly in one's face. Now the half-naked guides hold their flambeaux aloft and light up the hideous figures of serpents and dragons, beasts, gnomes, and scorpions upon the walls. You seem to be in the atmosphere of all the plagues of old, for here is darkness, and vermin, and insects, and moaning sounds like those sent up for the first-born slain. Dante must have sojourned here previous to writing his Divine Comedy; Virgil must have known each subterranean chamber. But they are more than the modern traveller can long endure. No wild nightmare can equal such a scene; no delirium is so awful.

Every sarcophagus is broken and empty. The image of the scarabæus is engraved here—there—everywhere. It was considered the emblem of Immortality. To it was attributed the power of imparting a new and vital force to the dead.

I did not find the modern scarabæi so generous. I caught a number of them on the sand at Thebes and placed them in a box in my cabin, meaning to "preserve" them at my convenience for an entomological friend. They seemed to guess my murderous intent; for at



The Nile at Kirscheh.

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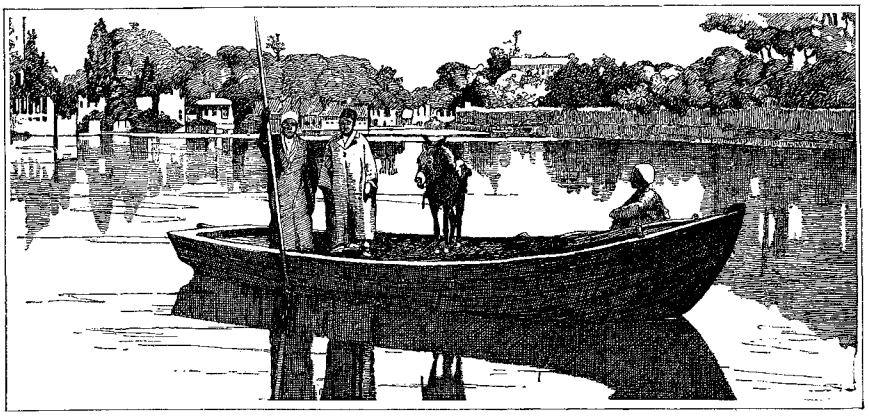
night, when I was trying to sleep, I could hear their frantic scramblings. Each night the noise grew less, and I began to feel that I should be spared a scene of slaughter. Imagine my chagrin, however, when, upon opening the box, I found only one scarabæus alive and in good health. He had eaten all the others (and had thus proved the truth of the antique doctrine of the survival of the fittest).



On the Mahmoudeeh Canal.

On the way back to Luxor you may have an illustration of the thrift and piety of the modern Theban. For example, you feel your donkey-driver's hand in your great-coat pocket or in your saddle-bag. You turn to punish him with your whip, when you see him prostrate upon the sand, his face turned "toward Mecca" in the attitude of prayer. His appeals to Allah are frantic, and are made with despair. No call from you will arouse him from his paroxysm. He seems to be in a trance. Now he rises to his knees with his hands outspread and held at the sides of his head like ass's ears. The fervor increases. The prostrate scene again takes place, and the rapid alternations are re-enacted with still louder appeals to Allah, in such heart-breaking tones, as to make you feel like a culprit for having suspected him, your faithful ally, of having had his hand in your pocket. And yet there, tucked in at his waist, is the red silk handkerchief given you by a friend when you left America!

The most refined and unique styles of mendicancy are also practised at Thebes and Luxor. A beggar will hoist one foot under his flowing robes, out of sight, and come limping toward you with an expression of pain in his face, pretending to be lame. Give him "backsheesh," and he will shamelessly drop the unseen foot and walk away a contented politician. If his comrades laugh at you, he will return one good act by another, and chase them out of your sight with his crutch. There are two or more sides to an Arab beggar. He can coax a piastre out of you with one side, and then, turning around, successfully beg backsheesh with the other. He begins work when the day begins. At the dog's first howl; long before the early call of the muezzin; ere the donkey's morning bray welcomes the coming of daylight; on, on he comes in great numbers. Wherever and whenever you go, you are sure to hear "backsheesh, howadji."

Now we untie from Luxor and push southward. The last cry comes from a curly-headed Soudanese girl. She tries to gain her livelihood by charming and selling hooded snakes, jackal pups, and chameleons. The latter she ties together in pairs by their tails and teaches them to catch flies. The chameleon lies with its throat flat upon the ground, protrudes its tongue, and exudes a seductive breath. As soon as the fly exhibits any evidence of familiarity,

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the cunning animal traps its victim and runs back to the girl for approval.

What a sight is Luxor! Turn the head as you will, you are sure to see some picture altogether different from anything you had previously beheld, for Luxor is "the metropolis of Thebes." Here the strange people of all quarters congregate. It may be considered the fashionable town of the Modern Nile. The majority of sight-seers terminate their journey there, and so the natives make the most of their opportunities to sell their wares. The streets are of never-ending interest. One gets the impression that Luxor is the busiest mart in the world. Here are Nubian dancers; bead-sellers; sieve-makers; coppersmiths, who beat out their quaint vessels with the hammer; dealers in pottery; marble-cutters who, seated at the doors, let you into the secrets of Arab tombstone nomenclature; bean-breakers who, with huge mortars and iron pestles five feet long, stand in rows and crush the beans into a mass for the baker; coffee-breakers, whose method is similar; makers of donkey trappings; shoemakers; decorators of candles for use in the mosque; Koran-sellers; jewellers; money-changers and—idlers. What a bedlam and a Babel they make! And then comes along the jocular street-sprinkler with a skin of water upon his back. As he moves he turns from side to side and scatters the cooling element, strike whom it may.

A wonderful change of scene occurs when the muezzin calls the faithful to prayer. The windows and doors are closed, or a huge net is let down over the entrance to the bazaar, and you are told to "come and complete your bargain after prayer." Usually the merchant rules the mosque, and not the mosque the merchant. Here it is different.

The best view of Luxor is had at sunset from the Plain of Thebes. Then the massive columns of the Temple, the great propylon, and the magnificent obelisk of Hatasou shining like a shaft of ruby, are all seen at their best, with none of the noisy nuisances of the town to interfere. How lovely is the sky! How rich the rice-fields! How dreamy is everything! How the moon catches the rosy tint of the departing sun! How chilled everything becomes as the life-giving orb begins to disappear over behind the "Coffin Mountain!" What a pall falls over Thebes! How outrageously the wheels of the sakiyehs squeak! How clearly one can hear the voices of the sheep and goats as they are driven to their folds behind him, and the protestations of the camel which is made to carry home its own supper of freshly sickled clover a little while after regular working hours. The farewell glint of sunlight is seen caught by the apex of the obelisk, and then the shadows reverse in obedience to the moon. There is a strange difference between a "city" like Luxor and a Modern Nile village of the class so often found close to the borders of the river. And yet, in all these places there is life and activity enough for a metropolis.

I have in mind one which is a frequent place for a "tie-up." A grove of lofty palms stands close to the river—alas! too close, for the current has undermined some of the proud monarchs of the grove, and they have fallen. A shadoof adds to the variety, its clumsy parts hanging idle in the air. Beyond are the curious houses of the village, larger than usual, and higher. Their walls are garnished by protruding palm-branches, which serve as roosts for the pigeons so plentiful here. Other houses more squalid are also seen. The village may be asleep when you make fast to its mud, but you will be discovered before you are awake.

It will be worth noting how a day begins in one of these places. There is a deal of pathos about it. One's observations may be made from the cabin-window at first. There is no end to the comical pictures that are presented in quick succession. The inspection should begin while it is yet quite dark, for a part of the entertainment is to see everything asleep. But the Nile twilight is short. Suddenly the scene is touched by a glow of morning light. With the departure of the shades comes the life of the town. Now the cock crows—one of those on deck, doomed to a more dismal fate than his

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cheerfulness presages. He startles one of the wolfish dog-scavengers of the village whose enterprise has caused him to sleep on the quay, so as to be early on hand for any morsel which might be thrown him by the cook. The alarm thus started is taken up by dozens of his fellow-conspirators, and resounds through the narrow streets. The quick responses are heard coming back like the answers of the guardsmen in the picketed field. Then follows the first infernal yell of the morning. Surely, you fear a murder has been committed! But your sympathy is wasted. It was only the milkman. He has come down to the dahabeëh with seven or eight cheerful, bleating goats, whose duty it is to deliver milk in person, in quantity to suit the purchaser. Now the neighborhood is fairly aroused. A brigade of donkey-boys next puts in appearance. One may never hope to slip up to a village quay so noiselessly as to evade them. They come with their donkeys, and at once begin to sound the praises of their mirth-provoking animals. Some of them actually try to push their little beasts down the slimy bank into the river, hoping to make them swim to you, but this variety of enterprise is discouraged by the quick and angry protestations of your dragoman.

Then the women begin to reveal themselves. Girls come bearing upon their heads and arms all sorts of articles for sale—eggs, cauliflower, oranges, buffalo-milk, lettuce, lentils, living fowls, and what not—such as are stored in abundance upon the deck. Even water is offered for sale. But the crowd which has gathered is far more interesting than their merchandise. The gang-plank is pushed out, and you reach the shore. A rush is at once made by the donkey-boys for the traveller, and not until the castigating bamboo of the learned dragoman has been applied to their bare, brown, Arab shoulders can the anxious searcher for experience be started up the quay on donkey-back for a "preliminary drive." The town is not yet all awake. Here and there a watchman is found sleeping on his wicker bed in the street or on the portico of a house or bazaar. Farther on groups of early risers are found squatted before a tiny charcoal fire, where they "pool" for breakfast and discuss a dozen dates or a few pumpkin-seeds while they watch and wait for the music of the coffee-pot. Even yet it is very quiet. The donkey-boy follows on behind, rather whispering his "oye-yah" than speaking it to his unwilling motor. Occasionally he drops a cabalistic word into the long ears which has the effect of increasing the donkey's speed. "Gehenna" is said to be that awful word. It always seems to be a surprise to the animal, at least, and sometimes causes him to lower his haunches and creep entirely away from his rider. Sorrow and repentance are sure to follow such an occurrence.

Now a swirling sound is heard in the air. Your donkey-boy pushes you with your donkey to one side. A lad clothed in white comes running toward you, shouting to you to "Get out of the way. Look out for your ears, your eyes, your neck, for my master is coming." Then a white ass appears, bearing the sheik of the town. This dignitary, hearing of your arrival, is hastening to the quay to collect his fee for the privilege of driving a stake into his mud. A return to the dahabeëh reveals a swarm of natives awaiting, all on the same mission as that of the sheik. The case is a hopeless one, seemingly, for there is more business than you can attend to and keep faith with the spirit under which the journey was undertaken. Your only salvation is in reciprocity. Hat in hand, and with heart-rending voice, therefore, beg backsheesh yourself, if you would drive the enemy from you long enough to escape to your deck!

Day by day these changing scenes occur. And the river changes its course as often as the incidents of travel change—as often as the prospect changes.

The border town of Lower Egypt is Assouan. At its port the traveller disembarks and takes to camel-hump or donkey-back, that he may ride around the First Cataract, which here stops the further passage of the larger vessels, except in the highest inundation time. This bit of desert travel is quite a relief from deck life. The journey is only about six miles. The route is relieved by huge rock piles whose picturesque

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outlines are more suggestive of age and power than are the sun-baked houses of the rude villages one passes on the way.

On the left lies the great quarry of Syene, whence the renowned obelisks have been hewn, and where one, only three-fourths quarried, lies, half hidden by the drifting sand. An old excavated temple is passed, and a large burying-place where are some graves of Englishmen and Americans who have fallen by the way. Sand is sadder than the sea for a winding-sheet. Water is clean, and covers the dust of humanity once for all. But the sand is fickle, and flirts with one's bones; now covering, now uncovering them, even though fragments of sienite be piled upon them a foot high.

Philæ—the "gem of the Nile," the "Tivoli of Egypt"—is reached in about two hours from Assouan. The first glimpse of it is caught through the palms. Seen above their waving branches is "Pharaoh's bed," or the "Kiosk of Isis," a lovely little temple with columns all around. It lifts its florid capitals high, and is reflected in the water on the eastern side of the island. It seems like a romance to be here.

A flock of storks, startled by your approach, rises from the ruins. With their long necks to the fore and their superfluous legs aft, they leave their nests and fly toward the sun, careening like a hurrying cloud. One moment they throw a long, wide shadow over the templed island, and then far up in the light they soar, looking like a sheet of glittering silver. Now the roar of the cataract unites with the hoarse laugh of the jackal, and then the eastern side of the island comes into full view. No trailing vines, touched by autumnal tints are here; no snow-clad peaks or orange-groves to sweeten and to beautify. Yet where else are such glorious groves of palms? Where such graceful columns, propyla, and figured walls, whose weirdness has its effect on the most callous soul?

This Vatican of rare antiquities has no rival in the world. How like fairyland it is! Indeed, it is the spot where many a charming "Arabian Nights'" story is located. Here imperious Isis once held sway. Here Cleopatra and her horde of patrons once proudly ruled. Here came King Ptolemy to receive from Isis such help and sustenance as would give him wisdom and power to conduct the divine offices of priest and king. Through the dark halls of the temples, up their broad stone stairways he went alone, performing the solemn rites of his religion. Hither Romans came to plant the religion of Christ. From Philæ Romans took the rites of Isis back to Rome.

Clusters of lotus-columns, exquisitely sculptured, and no two capitalled alike, line great colonnades which reach from the southern end of the island to the lofty propylon of the temple of Isis. The gods Osiris, Hathor, and Isis were worshipped here. The Christian temple stood amid the ruins at the northern end. Here, each year, a golden offering was thrown into the river, in order to persuade it to give its overflow of life and blessing promptly. Now, only the smiles of Queen Arsinoë, hundreds of whose portraits line the walls, are given in exchange for the blessings of the willing river.

But we go too far from the Modern Nile. Philæ to us must be only an island of ruins, whose broken walls shine and sparkle in the sun, no matter whence we view them.

Opposite Philae, on the west, is the rocky island of Biggeh, which serves the double purpose of being the best point of view for Philæ and the home of some wretched Nubians (for now we are in Nubia), who float across the river on logs for the purpose of performing the only religious act they have inherited from their forefathers, namely, taking up a collection of backsheesh at every opportunity. They call it "bocksheesh," instead of backsheesh, as it is termed on the other side of the cataract.

Ruins, ruins, everywhere, and each foot of surface bearing a page of history!

The strangest contrast with Philæ is offered by the excavated temples of Aboo-Simbel. They are nearly four hundred miles away. There, with a huge glacier of golden sand sliding down between them, are two temples, wholly excavated from the mountain. No isolated propylon, no obelisks, no lines of sphinxes, no detached statues lead to their entrances, but their façades

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show some of the most gigantic sculptures ever made under any monarch. Some of these have been exposed to the snubbing of the sand until they are quite defaced. One has partly fallen to the ground. Others, protected from sand and the southern sun by the buttresses, still hold their pristine beauty, and are fine examples of antique portraiture. So life-like are they that their eyes seem to twinkle, the dimples in their cheeks to change, and their lips to let go incautious smiles.

The north side of the great temple is so near to the sand, which flows down like a Niagara, that tons of the golden storm pour into the vast interior, until, sometimes, the entrance is nearly blocked. The great figures of Osiris which support the columns standing on either side of the entrance-chamber are embedded to their knees in sand. Hideous and homely these monsters seem, the more so because many a vandal has clambered to their shoulders and broken away parts of their bland expression. Yet, at moonrise, one obtains an experience here which no other temple affords. As the rising beams enter the solemn, grand interior, they seem timid lest they disturb the calm reflections of the immortal gods. Then, almost with a spring, they fall upon the stony faces on the north side and cast great silhouettes upon the figured walls. The effect is startling, expressive, beautiful. The same scene is more brilliantly colored by the rising sun. One must be seated on the sand by the door-way while the soft shades of twilight still hang like a veil over the colossal faces of the façade. The signal to move is given by a long cornice of monkey figures above, for they catch first the early sunbeams. The metamorphosis is now under way. By degrees the curtain of shadow is driven down to the sand and rolled out of sight. In its place comes a gauze of light, tinted with crimson. Then, as the sun comes on, it throws a nimbus of glory over the forehead and crown of the southernmost colossus. His eyes are fired with a new and kingly magnificence. New life and expression spring to his lips. The sunbeams scamper about among his dimples until the whole of the giant statue is in a glow; the shadows have all fled to one side to give contrast, roundness, and vigor to the portrait of Rameses II.; for he had his "likeness" quadrupled there. Now is the moment to creep quickly down the golden glacier to the door-way; then into the temple again. The flocks of bats are flying and flopping about, beating themselves against the stony gods, striving, surprised and blinded by the light, to find their sleeping-places, while Osiris seems to smile at their discomfiture and distress. The silhouttes hang a while upon the wall, and then the sun, rising, leaves the sombre interior in the half-light which it holds until the middle of the afternoon.

Forty miles from Abou-Simbel is Wady-Halfa, where donkeys are taken for the Second Cataract, six miles away. The "holy rock" of Abou-Seer, whence the best views of the cataract are had, is the end of the journey. The traveller usually goes the four hundred miles from Philæ in a smaller steamer. The dahabeëh is made to "shoot" the First Cataract, and is enjoyed during the whole journey. It is on the Upper Nile that the journey is apt to become tedious, and where a tow from the steamboat is most frequently accepted.

The donkey-ride to Abou-Seer is the hardest on the tour. It is through deep sand, and often the tiny donkeys sink until your feet so drag as to impede your progress. You cannot walk. In mercy to your donkey you wish you could. Your study of the poor animal convinces you that he has great patience. The driver is a model of forbearance; there is always, however, a perfect understanding between donkey and driver. Although the poor beast is continually goaded and his tail twisted to make him go, or else is pushed bodily to right and left, and even seized by the head and lifted to suit the inclination of the master—he bears it blandly and seems to feel that he must deserve it or he never would be so tortured. He is a fatalist, and believes that, after all, he is always a "good donkey" to his driver. For does he not hear his driver tell the howadji so, a hundred times each day? There are nearly a thousand synonyms in Arabic for donkey, all tender and endearing. And then do I not know

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that when the noon muezzin sounds the donkey and driver retire to some quiet shade and have their loving make-ups? I have watched the human member of the firm as he came with the meal of chopped straw for his pet. I never saw such mutual coddling and love-signalling and tender understanding in all my experience. It is melting. The boy's face beams with smiles while he calls his donkey pet names in the softest tones; and the homely animal so shakes his head, snaps his eyes, and oscillates his neck as to brighten his humble physiognomy into a new expression.

The prospect from Abou-Seer is far more impressive than that at the First Cataract. It is made up of a grander rock display and more living water, while beyond is a fearful desolation—illimitable—broken only here and there by bright oases. The scene is one to be had in no other land.

The return journey is even fuller of enjoyment than the coming was. Now and then, after repassing Wady-Halfa, a swell in the river is met, surrounded by hills whose outlines are as glorious as those about the Italian lakes. Pelicans and cranes, waders and flyers, in tremendous flocks, add life to the narrow strip of land on each side, while an occasional crocodile is seen sleeping upon a sand-bar.

Only where the water can reach will anything grow. The Nile is "creator" here, they say. Break-waters of rocks are built in profusion to prevent the destruction of the precious soil, and vast groves of palms are grown to give fruit and shade. The castor-bean plant is cultivated by the fellahin to obtain oil for their plaited locks, but not one drop is devoted to the suffering, squeaking axles of the ungreased sakiyeh. The glow of sunrise and the glory of the sunset are sublime. It never rains in Nubia, but the cold wind blows nine months of the year. Like a lover's walk, no two turns in the river are the same. The whirlwind lifts the sand in great columns and then drives them across to the mountain-hollows, where they fall, and look like snow.

Whenever a stop is made for coal, the people flock to the quay with such assortments of "antiques" as they may have in the village. It is truly a pathetic sight. The poor creatures but rarely see a white person, and when they do they assume that he is in search of "antiques." They seemingly believe that whatever they offer will be snapped up as "antique." While the steam-boat coaled one day, I made the following inventory of articles actually offered for sale at a Nubian quay: Three straw mats, one calf, one lamb, a flint-lock gun, a photograph, a pistol, a sword with scabbard made of rags and with an old thimble at the point, two leather straps, four hens, one rooster, three necklaces, two pieces of matting, three pebbles, two pieces of sandstone, one stuffed fox, a gourd dipper, three pans of goats' milk, a living bird held by a cord fastened to its bill, two sprigs of henna, three castor-beans, three locks of human hair plaited and saturated with castor-oil, one starch-box label, one feather fan, a paper-collar box, three corn-stalk fiddles, a hair-pin, a cat, a cracked cornelian, a brace of pigeons, and an idiot child—all guaranteed "antique." The poor little creature last mentioned was offered more earnestly than the other articles, because it is considered "a curse" to have a child who is a mute or feeble-minded—and perfectly allowable to get rid of it.

And such are the people who have been evolved from the builders of the grandest structures in the world! They sleep on mats, eat no meat, are never clean, have no ambition, and love the Nile. They lift enough water from the river every day to expose one new sand-bar per mile through the travelling season. This causes the lot of the Nile pilot to be anything but happy. Any sand-bar that he passed going southward he feels acquainted with, and can avoid with tolerable certainty when he returns; but if new ones have made their appearance during his voyage to the Second Cataract (and they always do), he is sure to become dazed when he sees them, and quite as sure to run his boat afoul of them.

The steam-boat method is unique. The post of the captain is on the bow. On the bridge the second officer stands. Two miles ahead the captain discovers shoal water, and a sand-bar bent on mischief.

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The captain cries out, "Affa-speed!" There are no signal bells, so the second officer receives the captain's warning and cries in turn to the pilot, "Affa-speed!" After mature deliberation the pilot shouts down to the engineer, "Affa-speed!" The shallow water is entered by this time, and the sand-bar rapidly approaches.

Captain: "Wady-easy!" Second officer: "Wady-easy!" Pilot: "Wady-easy." Engineer: "Wady-easy!" The sand-bar bravely stands its ground.

Captain: "Stop!" Second Officer: "Stop!" Pilot: "Stop!"

Passengers, one and all, in unison—"Stuck!"

The pilot and engineer light their pipes and praise Allah for his goodness, while the small boats are sent ashore with ropes, to be tied to all the fellahin farmers to be found, to help pull the boat off—usually an operation of six or seven hours.

On such occasions the dahabeëhist wishes for wind. A "running boy" is often put ashore to "run" to the nearest telegraph station to request any steam-boat coming along that way to bring help. Usually the "running boy" is picked up before he finds any help.

One of the sights of the return voyage is the constellation of the Southern Cross. If the manager of the boat is kindly, he will ring the dining-bell at your cabin-door when the constellation rises, say at 3 A.M., and at the top of his voice shout, "Southern Cross, please." And the same Greek will, at the proper time, request all to "remain perfectly quiet, for we are about to cross the Tropic of Cancer."

On the dahabeëh the dragoman always announces at the close of the day the proposed programme for the next, naming the places to be visited and the general order of exercises. He lifts up his swarthy hands, and then, bringing them together sharply to attract your attention, proceeds with his little address, his voice rising as he progresses:

"Ladeez and zhaintelmen—aff you pleeze.

"To-morrow morning—fustah bell seegks o'gluck.

"Sacondah bell—aff baz seegks.

"Breakfast—savennah o'gluck."

Then the proposed order of the following day is announced, and the patriarch retires.

The traveller soon grows into the feeling that no such magnificent set of sailors and oarsmen has been gathered together since the time of Antony and Cleopatra as those who navigate him up the Nile. Tall, slender-limbed, broad-shouldered, full-breasted, and brawny-armed, with good-natured faces and bright eyes. "What," you say, "are those Arab princes and patriarchs to become our boatmen?" How picturesque they are in their white turbans, red tarbooshes, and flowing robes! Why, you would insist on doing the lifting for them, had you not come to try how an indolent life would suit you.

The traveller may always amuse himself by watching Hassan, the "coffee-miller," as he sits upon the deck with his stone mortar between his feet while bruising the blessed bean to powder with a pestle longer than himself; or entertain the pilot; or go down below and study up Arabic patterns for cretonnes, calicoes, laces, linoleums, and oil-cloths from the designs offered by the bare soles of the sleeping cook, whose feet, having never worn shoe or sandal, have become as scarred and split and tough as a crocodile's hide, with an equal variety of lines and shapes.

If the traveller is philosophical and accepts the situation, even though the dahabeëh moves slowly and the oarsmen pull without avail, the wind being gone, he can always find much to entertain and amuse him. Sometimes there is a serious side to look upon. Occasionally the wind becomes so strong and the stream so turbulent that no craft may venture. The sands rise from the desert beyond the strips of soil on both sides, and cover the river with a pall. Quickly the sails must be furled; a boatman must leap into the river with rope about his waist, wade or swim to the shore, and press every shadoof toiler into the service of hauling the ungovernable craft to a place of greater safety. Sometimes it is worse than this, and life must be given up before the sudden storm is appeased. Never does the Arab crew appear so picturesque as during some excitement like this. The roaring of the wind, the

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angry lashing of the water (for even whitecaps come), the swirling of the boat, the creaking of her spars, the snapping of the ropes; the men on deck, in the water, and on shore; the few creeping aloft—all confused by the shouts of their master on deck—form a scene that is nothing if not spectacular. And yet the finale is more likely a day of calm, or a sand-bar, or a delay in a mud-bank. Sailing and rowing and towing and calm are sure to have their turn, and so does the Ramadan, when for thirty days the men of our admiration must go from sunrise to sunset without eating. As much as they pride themselves in their work they never lose an opportunity to spend time ashore. At night they gather in circles on the quay, round a fire of palm-branches or lentil-stalks, and make their coffee. The glare of the red coals upon their bared shins and swarthy faces, and the glow upon their abas and heavy white turbans, is picturesque enough to tempt the richest colors of the palette. Then there is the snake-charmer with his trained reptiles, the fantasia dancer, the rude orchestras of the towns, and always the beggar, who is willing to dive for the smallest coin you may toss him.

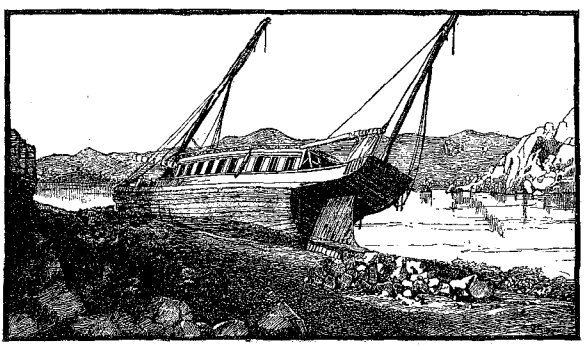
Thus diverted, the traveller floats down into civilization again, almost sure there is the most content where there is the least civilization. He has been among a primitive people, but a bright and happy folk, so far as he could see. The whole, long-drawn-out, double-lined picture is an enchanting one. But it is fast passing away.

As the thoughtless vandal breaks and defaces the precious monuments along the Nile, though with no bad intent, so the "march of civilization" is breaking and destroying the most lovely picture on the face of the globe. As the crocodile must leave at the approach of the steam-boat, so Egypt's heart seems to depart at the approach of civilization. The crocodile may move down during the inundation to quieter waters, but what is to become of the people of the Modern Nile when it becomes more modern?

One afternoon I rode my donkey up to the Citadel Hill in Cairo to enjoy a farewell view of the pyramids. When I arrived at the gate I found it guarded, and was forbidden to enter. I then rode over to the Mokattam Hills, which rise some five hundred feet high, east of the city. It is desert there. The vultures were wheeling about among the cliffs, waiting for the darkness to come, that they might the easier fall upon their prey.

There in the west was the Great Pyramid, hiding the sun from view, and utilizing the last departing rays to cast a great sharp shadow eastward across the necropolis of the desert, just as it has done ever since the slaves of Cheops placed the last stone upon its apex.

So always have the vultures swooped over, and the shadows fallen upon the oppressed thousands and millions of the orderly, cheerful, harmless people of this lovely land. First it was the Pharaohs; then the Romans; after them the Turkish wolves; contemporary with them the bond-holder, for whom they are yet taxed, bastinadoed, brow-beaten, held down, and decimated, until there is but little hope and but little spirit in them. Is there no hope for them? Let us hope for them, for the world owes them much.



The Wrecked Dahabeeh.

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SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE BOSS LOOKS INTO THE MATTER.

"COUSIN SETH: There are reasons why I cannot come to the house again, even to the funeral, and why I shall not see you again during your stay. I think you will understand them. If you explain to Aunt Sabrina that I am ill, it will not be a falsehood. I have been, and am suffering terribly. But nobody can help me, save by leaving me to myself. I am trying to forget, too, everything that was said when we last talked together, and I shall succeed. Never fear, I shall succeed. A."

It was this note, scrawled in a hand very unlike Miss Annie's customary prim, school-teacher's writing, which Samantha had borne over from the Warren house. Seth had studied it, perplexedly, for a long time on the evening of its arrival. He ruminated now again upon it, as he walked along the road toward Thessaly the following forenoon. The temptation to confide the thing to John, who had stayed over-night with him at the homestead, and now was walking silently by his side toward the village, wavered in his mind. Perhaps John could assist him to comprehend it; but, then, it would be necessary to explain so much to him first. Finally the arguments in favor of confession triumphed, and with a "Here, old man; this is a letter from Annie. I want you to help me guess what it means," he made the plunge.

John read the note carefully. "What was it you talked about on this occasion she refers to, and when was it?" he asked.

"It was night before last, *the* night, and I asked her to marry me."

"And what was her answer? I'll tell you afterward how glad I am to hear what you've just told me."

"Well, it wasn't decisive—but she admitted that it made her very happy."

"And you haven't seen her since?"

"No—or, yes! I did. I met her just for a moment yesterday forenoon, as I was starting out from the house after hearing—the *news*. We only exchanged a word or two, though."

"Did she seem angry with you then?"

"Not at all!"

"Well, what can have happened since? Try and think! She has reasons, she says, which she thinks you will understand. When a woman says she has 'reasons,' she means that some mischief-maker has told her something disagreeable. Now——"

"Oh, my God! I see it now!" Seth stopped short in the road, and clinched his fists.

"Well, what was it?"

"She went into the house, and saw Isabel!" Seth continued, as if talking to himself.

"What has that got to do with it?"

Seth looked up at his brother with a blanching face, in which fright and amazement blended. "What is that line of Congreve's about hell having no fury like a woman scorned?" he asked, mechanically.

It was John's turn to stare. Gradually a light began to spread in his mind, and make things visible whose existence he had not suspected before. "Well, you *are* a simpleton!" he said.

"Don't I know it?" was the pained, contrite response.

The brothers walked on a few yards in silence. Then John said: "Of course, you needn't tell me any more of this than you want to; but at least I can ask you, How *much* of a fool have you made of yourself up at the farm?"

"That's hard to say. Just now I'm inclined to think that I am the champion ass of the world."

"Well, you're displaying some sense *now*, anyway. What have you done?"

"I haven't done anything. That's the foolish part of it all."

John stopped in turn, and looked his brother's face attentively over. "Go on, now," he said, "and tell me what there

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is of it! There's no use in my butting my brains out against a stone wall, guessing at such an inscrutable mess as this seems to be."

"It's hard to tell—there isn't anything specially *to* tell. I simply got sort of sentimental about Isabel, you know—she was lonely and disappointed in life, and my coming to the farm was about the only chance for company she got, and all that—and then I found the thing might go too far and so I stopped it, and to clinch the thing asked Annie to marry me. That's what there is of it."

"That's good as far as it goes. Go on, youngster; out with the rest of it!"

"I tell you that *is* all."

"Humbug! Annie never wrote this letter on the strength of such philandering nonsense as that. You say Isabel must have told her something. What *was* that something? Do you know?"

"Yes!" The answer was so full of despondent pain that John's sympathy rose above his fraternal censoriousness.

"Come, my boy," he said, "you'd better make a clean breast of it. It won't seem half so bad, once you've told me. And if I can help you, you know I will."

"Well, I *will* tell you, John. Night before last, Monday night, I had hard words with Albert, up at the house. You know how he sent for me, insisted on my coming, and what he wanted. Of course I could only say "no," and we quarrelled. Toward the end we raised our voices, and Isabel, who was upstairs, overheard us. Just then he began about me and her—it seems he had noticed or heard something—and she, hearing her name, took it for granted the whole quarrel was about her. I went upstairs, and presently he drove out of the yard with the grays. I couldn't sleep, I was so agitated by the idea of our rupture, and I went out to walk it off. It was while I was out that I met Annie and had the talk I have told you about. Then I came home, went to bed, and slept till after ten—long after everybody else had heard the news. I heard of it first from Isabel, and she—she——"

He came to an abrupt halt. The duty of saying nothing which should incriminate the woman rose before him and fettered his tongue.

"And she—what?" asked John.

"Well, she somehow got the idea that I had followed Albert out and—and—was responsible for his death! *Now* you have it all!"

There was a long silence. They were nearing the four corners and walking slowly. Finally John, with his eyes on the ground, said: "And so that's what she has told Annie, you think?"

"That's the only way I can explain the note."

"But Annie couldn't possibly believe such a thing as that!"

"No—but there's an explanation for that, too. Come to think of it, I must have said a lot of things to her, that night, which seem now to her to fit in with this awful theory. Poor girl! I don't blame her."

John answered, after a pause: "There's no use of my saying anything to show you what a situation you are in, or to scold you for it. I suppose you realize it fully enough. What's more to the purpose, we must consider what is to be done. It is safe enough to assume that if Isabel thinks this, and has said it to one person, either someone else will think it, or she will hint about it to another. The thing is too terrible to have even one person, even if she were silent as the grave, think about it. The obvious thing, I should think, would be to have a post-mortem examination."

"I thought they always had them at inquests."

"No, the Coroner can dispense with one if he and the jury agree that it isn't necessary. Timms sent me word that he had decided to dispense with one in this case, 'out of consideration for the feelings of the family.' That means, of course, that he wants the *Banner* to help re-elect him next year. But now, out of 'consideration for the family,' we'll have to have one. Don't be so down in the mouth about it, boy; it will all come right, never fear!"

The brothers had reached the solitary building at the corners—a low, dingy store, with its sloping roof turned to the road, and a broad platform and steps stretching along its entire front. A horse and vacant buggy stood at the hitching-post. John proposed to go in and get some cigars, if Turner had any fit to smoke.

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Their surprise was great at meeting on the steps Mr. Beekman, of Jay County, who was coming out. After terse salutations had been exchanged, Beekman said:

"Lucky you fellows come daown jest ez yeh did. I come over this mornin' a-purpose to see yeh, 'n' yit I didn't quite like to go up to th' farm. I've got ever so many things I want to ask yeh, 'n' say to yeh."

He led the way over to the farther end of the steps, and following his example of sitting down on the platform, they waited curiously for him to proceed.

"Fust of all, I was daown to Tecumsy last night, 'n' saw Workman. He said you"—turning to Seth—"needn't worry yerself 'baout comin' back till yeh was ready. They kin keep th' paper runnin' fur a week or sao, while you stay up here 'n' dew yer duty like a Christian."

Seth said he was much obliged, and then asked how it happened that Beekman had posted off to Tecumseh—over seventy *miles*—and *returned so soon*.

"Well, there was some things I wanted to see 'baout daown there, 'n' more thet I'm interested in keepin' an eye on up here. So I kind o' humped myself."

"I'm glad to see you taking such an interest in Ansdell's campaign," said John.

Mr. Beekman's gaunt visage relaxed for a second: "So yeh calc'late *thet's* what I am buzzin' 'raoun' th' State fur, do yeh? Yeh never's more mistaken in yer life. I've heerd reports circ'latin' 'raoun' thet ther'd be an election a fortni't or so from naow, 'n' thet Ansdell 'n' I was concerned in it, but yeh can't prove it by *us*. We ain't s' much as give a thought to politics sence th' Convention ended. *We've* got somethin' else to occupy aour minds with b'sides politics. I got a telegraph despatch from him, sent from New York this mornin', thet I want to talk to yeh 'baout presently, but fust——"

"Ansdell in New York?" asked Seth, all curiosity now.

"Yes, he went on daown, while I got off at Tecumsy, 'n' I sh'd jedge from his telegraph thet he'd be'n on the go some sence he got there. But what I want to ask yeh 'baout is this: Do yeh knaow haow much money yer brother hed on him night 'fore last, when was —when he met his death?"

The brothers looked at each other, then at the speaker. "No," answered Seth, finally. "We haven't the least idea. Why do you ask?"

"I'll come to thet bimeby. Naow, next, do you knaow where he was th' day b'fore th' Convention—thet is, Monday."

"Yes, I can tell you that. He was in New York. He only got back Monday evening."

"Pre-cisely. Well, naow, do yeh knaow what he went there for?"

"No. Something connected with politics, I suppose, but I can't say for certain. He had business there very often, you know."

"Yes, I knaow. But he hed very special business this last time. Naow, look at this telegram."

The two took the oblong sheet, and read:

"NEW YORK, October 21st, 9.42 A.M. Unexpectedly easy sailing. Found clew to money almost without looking. Fancy now must been sixteen instead ten. Hope return to-night. ANSDELL."

"Well, still I am in the dark," John said, after reading and rereading the despatch. "What is it all about? I suppose you understand it."

"I'm beginnin' to see a leetle ways threw th' millstone, I think, myself," replied Beekman. "But it's all so uncert'n yit, I don't want to say nothin' thet I can't back up later on."

Seth, too, had been busily pondering the despatch, and he said now, with a flushing face: "*I* know what you think! You and Ansdell have got an idea there was foul play!"

"Well, yes, it ain't much more'n an idee *yit*," assented Beekman.

"What do you base your idea on?" demanded John, full of a nameless, growing fright lest there *might* be something further which Seth's confession had not revealed.

"Jest you wait one day more," said the Boss of Jay County, grimly; "one day more'll dew. Then I miss my guess ef we ain't in shape to tell yeh. Fust of all, there's got to be a post-mortem."

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John's impulse was to say that he and Seth had already agreed upon this, but a second thought checked his tongue.

"'N' it'll hev to be on th' quiet. Everything depends on thet—on keepin' it dark. There's some folks might get skeered, 'n' complicate things, ef it ain't kep' mum. 'N' thet's what I wanted to ask yeh 'baout. I've thought of Dr. Bacon over at Thessaly, 'n' Dr. Pierce daown at the Springs. They're both good men, 'n' got level heads on 'em. What d'yeh say to them?"

"I've no objection to them in the world, but the Coroner——"

"Oh, I know 'baout him. He's th' blamedest fool in th' caounty. Over in Jay we wouldn't elect sech a dumb-head to be hog-reeve. But you 'n' Ansdell kin fix it with him to-morrow; 'n' I'll drive to-day 'n' see both doctors, 'n' put 'em straight. 'N' naow yeh must prommus me, both of yeh, that yeh won't breathe a word of this to any livin' soul."

They promised, and he climbed into his buggy and gathered up the reins. "Oh, there's one thing more," he said, on reflection. "P'raps you wonder why I'm takin' so much on myself. I'll tell yeh bimeby. I've got my reasons. I'm mixed up in it, more'n you'd think."

He turned about, and drove off briskly toward Thessaly. The brothers stood in perplexed silence by the road-side for some minutes. There was surely enough to think about.

At last, with a frank gesture, John stretched his hand out to Seth:

"Old boy," he said, "I don't know how this thing is coming out, but we'll see it through together. You go down to the office and wait for me. You might do some things to fill up the paper this week, if you've got nerve enough. I'm going back to the farm."

CHAPTER XXX.

JOHN'S DELICATE MISSION.

WHILE Seth tried to divert his thoughts at the *Banner* office by going over the freshly arrived batch of morning dailies, and fastening his attention upon their political editorials and reports of speeches instead of their displayed and minute reports of the sensational tragedy in Tallman's ravine, John Fairchild retraced his steps toward the farm. He had a definite purpose in his mind—to confront and silence Isabel—and he strove hard, as he went along, to plan how this should be done, and what he should say.

He felt that his dominant emotion was wrath against this sister-in-law of his, and he said to himself, as he strode along, that he had never liked her. He could recall the summer, a dozen years before, when she came to the farm as a visiting cousin. He had been civil to her then, even companionable, for she was bright, spirited, in a word, good company; but it seemed to him now that even then he had suspected the treachery ingrained in her nature—that he had been instinctively repelled by those hateful qualities, dormant in her girlhood, which were later to plot infidelity to one of his brothers, and lure into trouble, shame, perhaps even crime, the other.

This latter phase of her work was peculiarly abominable in John's eyes. He was not going to get up any special indignation on the first count of the indictment; a bachelor of nearly forty who marries a sentimental young girl does it at his own risk, John felt, and Albert had invited just this sort of thing by exiling her to a farm and forcing her romantic mind to feed on itself. But that she should have selected Seth—her own husband's brother, the Benjamin of the flock, a veritable child in such matters—to practise her arts upon, was grievously unpardonable. To be sure, Seth ought to have had more sense. But then John, habitually thinking of him as "the youngster," thought he could see how he had been led on, step by step, never realizing the vicious tendency of it all, until he had all at once found himself on the brink of a swift descent. Then, to do the boy justice, he seemed to have stopped short, turned his back upon the siren, and, for the sake of further security, irrevocably committed himself to Annie. He had been sadly weak in the earlier stages of the affair, no doubt; but this last course appeared manly and sensi-

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ble—and wholly incompatible, too, with any idea of malice or crime on Seth's part. What fault there was belonged to the woman, and she should be told so, too, straight and sharp.

Thus John's thoughts ran as he entered the house and bade the Lawton girl tell her mistress he wished to speak with her. He had not seen Isabel since her husband's death—she having kept her room constantly—nor for a long time previous. They had, indeed, scarcely met more than half a dozen times since she came to live at the homestead, and then with considerable formality on both sides. As he stood by the stove in the living-room, awaiting her coming, he knitted his brows and framed some curt, terse words of address.

She entered clad in the same black and dark-gray wrapper, which his memory associated with his mother's funeral, and which gave the effect of height and slender dignity to her figure. Her face was pale and pathetic in expression, and the ghost of a smile which flitted in greeting over it for a second accentuated its stamp of suffering. She offered him her hand, and said, in a low, mournful voice:

"It was good of you to come to me, John. I have been expecting, hoping you would. Won't you take off your coat, and sit down?"

He had shaken hands with her, loosened his overcoat, and taken a seat before he had time to reflect that he ought to have ignored her greeting and her proffered hand. The sharp words, too, that he had arranged in his mind seemed too brusque now to utter to a weak, lone woman who was so evidently suffering.

"Yes," he said, "I thought I ought to talk things over with you. You've got nobody else."

"No—not a soul! I couldn't be more wholly alone if I were at the North Pole, it has seemed to me this last day. I have eaten nothing; I haven't slept an hour. So you must make allowances for me," she said, with a weak shadow of a smile, "if I seem nervous or incoherent. My mind goes all astray sometimes now, and I seem unequal to the task of controlling it."

He had thought at last of a question which might introduce the desired subject without wounding her feelings. "Do you happen to know," he asked, gently, "whether Albert brought a large sum of money with him from New York, Monday?"

"I haven't the least idea, I am sure. In fact, I only saw him for a moment after his return. And besides, you know, he never told me a syllable about his business arrangements. No one could be in more complete ignorance of his affairs than I have always been." There was the tone of resigned regret in her voice, which a wife might rightly use. "I do, indeed—there is one exception—know about his will. He told me that, not by way of confidence, but because it came out—in some words we once had about property of mine in New York. I might as well tell you. The will gives everything except my third to you and your aunt and—your brother. *He* has the lion's share. Don't think I am complaining, John. I wouldn't have had it altered if I could. I am more than independent, you know, apart from right of dower. If I had had the making of the will, it would have been just the same. It is only right that his money should go to his family."

John reflected for some moments before he answered. "I am almost sorry you told me," he said then. "It makes me wretched and ashamed to think of the injustice I have done him in my mind. It sounds brutal, in the light of what you have told me; but I am going to confess it to you—I suspected all along that he intended to come some game over us about the farm, and now, instead—. Oh, it's *too* bad! I wish he could hear me!" John continued, with a glance toward the folding-doors of the parlor, once more the chamber of death. "I wish he could know how I despise myself for having wronged him in my mind."

Isabel said nothing, but her responsive eyes seemed to express appreciation and sympathy. John lost all sense of wrath toward her as he went on:

"Yes, from the very start we wronged him. We didn't understand him. He was different from us. He was a man of the world, and we were countrymen,

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and we thought all the while that he held himself outside the family. I never gave him credit for good motives when he came to the farm; neither did Seth. We both thought he was playing his own game, for himself, and nobody else. And here, by George! he turns out to have had more brotherly feeling, more family feeling, than we ever had. It makes me miserable to think of it. It'll break Seth's heart, too; he'll always torture himself with the thought that the last time he ever saw Albert alive they parted in anger."

The words were out before he realized their significance. He stopped short, and felt himself changing color as he looked at her to see whether she, too, was thinking about that terrible night.

She made a motion as if to rise from her chair; then dropped back again, and returned his inquiring glance with a fixed, intent look.

"So you know something about *that*," she said. "Did Seth tell you?"

"Yes!" he answered, falteringly. "Seth told me. We had a long talk this forenoon. I think he told me about everything there was to tell. In fact, that is mostly why I've come back now to see you."

She was silent, but her eyes seemed to John to be saying disagreeable things.

He began again to realize that it was his duty to be indignant in attitude and peremptory in tone, but he was also conscious of feeling very sorry for Isabel. The village editor often described himself, and was uniformly characterized by others, as being "no hand for women." His own brief career as a married man—it seemed almost a dream now, and a very painful dream, with a short period of great happiness, then a slightly longer season of illness, poverty, debt, despair, and then the rayless gloom of death in his scarcely established home—had taught him next to nothing of the sex, and inclined him against learning more. The impressions of womankind which clustered about the memories of his girl-wife were, however, all in the direction of gentleness and softness. As he reflected, it grew increasingly difficult for him to put on a harsh demeanor toward his sister-in-law. She might deserve it well enough, but it was not in his heart to speak ugly words to a pretty and troubled woman at such a time. He stumbled on:

"Yes, the youngster is fearfully cut up about the whole thing, and he *had* to talk to somebody. He's always been used to telling me everything. He is not a tattler, though, and I'm bound to say he only told me because I questioned him and insisted on his making a clean breast of it. Then I sent him down to the office and I came back here, thinking it might be best for all concerned to have a frank talk with you about it."

She had a course mapped out now in her mind. "I am sure that your motives are good, John," she said, "and that you will be fair and candid. I confess I don't see what there is to be gained, specially, but you no doubt know best. What is it you wanted to talk over?"

"Well, it isn't easy to state it offhand. Perhaps I might as well begin by speaking of motives, as you did. I own that when I came in I wasn't so sure that your motives were good, as you say you are about mine."

"That is candid, at all events."

"I want to be perfectly open and above-board with you, Isabel. You seem to have got into your head yesterday—I won't say you have it now—some horrible and ridiculously wild suspicion of Seth——"

"I know what you mean!" she interposed, with nervous haste. "You mustn't think of that at all! You mustn't blame me for it! I was simply distracted—mad—out of my senses. I don't know *what* awful thing my fancy didn't conjure up. Don't pay any attention to that!"

"But the mischief of it is that you seem to have spoken of this to—to somebody else. It would have been unimportant otherwise. *This* complicates it badly. Don't you see it does?"

She made no answer, and kept her eyes on the figures in the carpet.

"Don't you see it does?" he repeated.

"How do you know that I spoke of it to anybody?" she asked, after a pause, and still with downcast eyes.

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"That has nothing to do with it, Isabel. It's true, isn't it, that you did speak of it?"

To his surprise and embarrassment, she began weeping and hid her face in her handkerchief. He sat mutely watching her, wishing that she would stop, and perplexed at encountering, on the very threshold of his inquiries and argument, this unmeetable demonstration of a woman's resources.

She presently sobbed out, from behind the perfumed cambric: "You *can't* hold me accountable for what I did yesterday, or what I said! I was beside myself! I scarcely know what I thought, or what I said! I acted like a crazy woman—and felt like one, too! It is easy enough for you to be cool and collected about the thing. You are a *man!*"

"Yes, I know, Isabel," he said, kindly, "I understand all that, and I can make all the allowances in the world for you, in your position. But still that doesn't alter the fact that the thing has been said, and the harm done. To be sure, I suppose the harm will be only temporary, but as it stands it affects the prospects of more than one person—of two persons, in fact, near to us—very materially. You know what I mean?"

"Yes."

"Well, what can be done to remedy it? That is the question. I am not going to blame you; but still the fault *was* yours, and the steps to set it right ought to be yours, too, oughtn't they?"

"What do you mean?" She looked up now, forgetting her tears.

"I am not quite sure what I do mean. I haven't thought over details. There is simply a given situation, with the question how to get out of it, and the onus of action on you. I want you to help me think what the best way will be."

"How logically you state it! Suppose I disavowed the whole thing, ignored it, refused to do anything or say anything. What then?"

"I won't consider that at all. You couldn't be so unfair as that—so ungenerous."

"Unfair! Ungenerous!" Isabel rose to her full height and frowned down at her brother-in-law, without a trace of tears in her eyes. "Fine fairness, distinguished generosity, have been shown to *me*, haven't they! There has been so much delicacy in regarding *my* feelings! I ought to leap at the opportunity of smoothing over matters between Mr. Seth and his lady-love. My husband's awful death, my position here, alone in the world, the shock and suffering of it all—these are mere trifles compared with the importance of seeing that their love-affairs are uninterrupted! Perhaps I might get a chance at the funeral to have them kiss and make up—or would you prefer me to leave my dead now and go——"

"*Your* dead!"

The brother had risen also, and taken his hat. The exclamation carried in its tone all the bitterness with which his mind had stored itself on his walk back to the farm. Pity for the woman, perhaps something, too, of innate susceptibility to beauty and grace, had restrained and covered up this bitterness so that he had supposed it gone. It flamed forth now, in wrathful satire.

As she put her handkerchief up again to her eyes, as a token of more tears, he went on, in a cold kind of excitement:

"You talk very cleverly—more so than any other woman I ever knew. But you should pick your strong phrases with more discrimination. For instance, when you want to produce a really striking effect upon me, it is unwise to use an expression which recalls to me at once things that you would rather I didn't think about. I wouldn't say '*my* dead' if I were you, especially when you are talking to his brother. It may do for outsiders, but here in the family it is a bad waste of words."

Her only answer was a gust of sobs. They failed to move him, and he went on:

"I don't know that I have any means of forcing you to do anything, or say anything, against your will. If you take that position, perhaps it won't be necessary. The wicked, ridiculous thing you thought, or pretended to think, and said to that poor girl, can be straightened out very easily. We can't prevent the pain it has already caused, but we can stop its causing more. But if you lisp it to another human being—well, I don't

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know what to threaten you with. It isn't easy to guess what considerations will weigh with a woman who has your ideas of wifely duty, and of her responsibilities toward young and foolish members of her husband's family, and——"

"How *can* you be so cruel, so mean, John? What right have you to talk to me like that? Everybody attacks me like an enemy. You never have been decent to me since I was married. Your whole family has treated me like an outsider, almost a criminal, since I came here. Your old cat of an aunt never looked at me except to wish me evil. Your brother—yes, if he could hear me now, from where he lies, I would say it!—never was fond of me, never tried to make a companion of me, never treated me as a wife should be treated, or even as his intellectual equal. *You* avoided me as if I were poison. The neighborhood disliked me, gossiped about me, and I hated them. Only one there was of you all who was pleasant with me, and good to me—and now that you have turned him against me, too, you come and insult me because I was pleased and grateful for his friendship. That is *manly*, isn't it?"

John had listened to the beginning of this impassioned speech with a callous heart. But he was a just man, and he had in almost unmeted degree that habit of mind which welcomes statements of both sides of a controversy. He might have been a wealthier man, and the owner of a more thriving paper, if he had had more of the partisan spirit. But to be strictly fair was the rule of his being. He would not criticise political opponents for doing things which in his heart he approved, and on the same principle he would not condemn unheard even this woman, if she had any justification. As she went on, he began to feel that there was considerable force in her argument. She certainly had been most disagreeably situated, connubially and socially, and her definition of the Seth episode was plausible, if that were all there was of it. He softened perceptibly in tone as he answered:

"No, I am sorry if you think I wanted to insult you. Perhaps I did speak too strongly. I apologize for it. But I feel very earnestly on this subject. I've always been a sort of father and big brother combined to Seth, and the idea of his getting into a mess, or doing foolish or discreditable things, cuts me to the quick. You can see my position in the matter. I am anxious not to hurt your feelings, but my first duty is to him. Perhaps the two need not come into conflict. After all, no real harm has been done, I fancy, except in this one case of repeating your hysterical suspicion of him. *That* was inexcusable; can't you *see* that it was? I'm sure that if you'll think it over calmly you'll be disposed to do what is fair and right. I'm not blaming you particularly for the other thing. You might have remembered that you were older than Seth, to be sure, but then I realize that you were not at all pleasantly placed——"

"Never mind what you realize! We won't discuss that at all. There is nothing to discuss. You and your aunt seem bound to make yourselves ridiculous about me. I won't demean myself by answering—or, no! I *will* say this much to you. There has never a word passed between Seth and me that every soul of you might not have heard, and welcome. He was simply pleasant and friendly to me; and I was grateful to him and fond of him, as I might be of a brother. Where was the harm? In no decent state of society would anyone ever have dreamed of suspecting wrong. But *here*—why, people live and breathe suspicion! It is the breath of their nostrils."

"I thought you used to correspond," John said, tentatively.

"Correspond! There it is again! What of it, I should like to know? Why shouldn't my cousin, my brother, write to me? I have all the letters—you may see them, every one. They gave me a great deal of pleasure. They represented my sole point of contact with civilization, with fine feelings and pretty thoughts. But you can go over them all, if you like. You won't find a single whisper of proof of your aunt's mean suspicion. I am almost ashamed of myself for having stooped to defend myself—but it is just as well to let you know the truth."

"Yes!" John breathed a sigh which was not altogether of relief, but carried

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a fair admixture of bewilderment. This ingenious explanation did not at all points tally with the inferences drawn from Seth's confession. Perhaps it was true enough in the letter, but he felt that as a revelation of the spirit it left much to be desired. He added:

"Well, I am sorry if I misjudged you. Probably I did. However, even if Seth had come near getting into a scrape, he's safe out of it now."

This complaisant conclusion nettled the woman. She went on, as if her explanation had not been interrupted:

"Of course, we had what you might call a 'community of grievance' to talk about, and draw us together. It wouldn't be fitting in me to say more now than that my life here was not congenial; you won't mind my saying *that* much? I had dreamed of a very different kind of married existence. Seth, too, had his trouble. In his boyhood, when it seemed assured that he was to remain the farmer of the family, his mother had planned a marriage for him. It isn't for me to say a word against Annie. She is a good enough girl in her way. But when Seth got out of his chrysalis, and learned what there really was in him, the thought that he was committed, in a sense, to marrying a farm-girl made him very gloomy. He used to talk with me about it, not saying anything against Annie, mind you, but——"

"That'll do!" said John, curtly. "We won't go into that. Evidently there was no limit to Seth's asininity. Let that pass. Whatever he said, or didn't say, during his vealy period, he's going to marry Annie now. There never was a time, and I fear there never will be one, when I would not call her his superior. The question is: Are you going to retract before her the false, cruel things you have said?"

"I am going upstairs again," she said. "I think I will lie down a while," and moved toward the stair-door.

The brother looked at her, amazed, pained, indignant. She had her hand on the latch by the time his emotions found words:

"I've wasted my time in pitying you. God forbid that any of our family, young or old, should ever fall in with such a woman as you are again!"

He pulled on his hat and left the house.

(To be continued.)

THE LOONS.

By A. Lampman.

Once ye were happy, once by many a shore,
  Wherever Glooscap's gentle feet might stray,
  Lulled by his presence like a dream, ye lay,
Floating at rest; but that was long of yore.
He was too good for earthly men; he bore
  Their bitter deeds for many a patient day,
  And then at last he took his unseen way:
He was your friend, and ye might rest no more.

And now, though many hundred altering years
Have passed, among the desolate northern meres
  Still must ye search and wander, querulously
    Crying for Glooscap; still bemoan the light
  With weird entreaties, and in agony
    With awful laughter pierce the lonely night.

Glooscap, the benevolent god of the Wabanaki, whom Mr. Charles G. Leland calls "by far the grandest and most Aryan-like character ever evolved from a savage mind." "The loons, who had been the huntsmen of Glooscap, go restlessly up and down through the world, seeking vainly for their master, whom they cannot find, and wailing sadly because they find him not."—Algonquin Legends.

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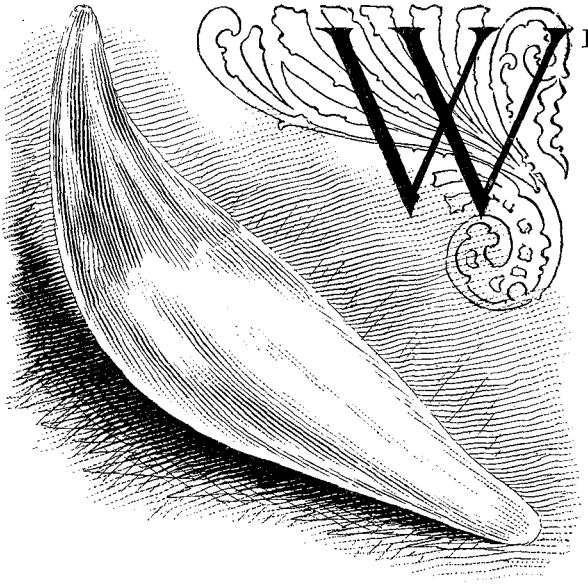
CAMPING AND HUNTING IN THE SHOSHONE.

By W. S. Rainsford.



A Grizzly's Tooth. Actual size.

WHEN only eighteen I killed, or helped to kill, my first buffalo; and having tried in vain, like many another greenhorn, to cut out his tongue (by forcing the clinched jaws apart, and coming to the Irishman's conclusion that he died of the locked-jaw), was fain to content me with cutting off his tail. At that time (1868) I spent part of the spring and all of the summer, fall, and early winter on the plains and among the mountains of British North America. Ever since I was able to read, it had been my dream that some day I should see the countless herds of buffalo wandering in their dark, dusty, string-like bands on the boundless plains, and I shall ever be glad that I lived to see my dream fulfilled. Then there were plenty of Indians, and buffalo, too, especially in the northern part of the continent. On the great plains of the Saskatchewan both were abundant. The buffalo were not the poor, skin-and-bone, mangy remnant of a noble race that survived even till 1884, hoof-worn with perpetual and rapid journeying, ceaselessly seeking a rest they could nowhere attain. Then the great herds moved leisurely, and leisurely the plain-Indian moved in their wake. Millions of buffalo there were that had never heard the deadly crack of the skin-hunter's rifle; and there at least remained in those northern lands some thousands of Indians who had never tasted the deadlier whiskey of the free-traders, as the men were called who pushed their way into the great territories where none but the Hudson Bay Company had hitherto come. (Let me say, for the honor of the Hudson Bay Company, in those years at least, that they never, on any condition whatever, supplied liquor to the Indians.) I have said I shall always be thankful I saw the buffalo in their glory, and saw the Indian, too, as he was—not the ideal Indian, I need scarcely say, but yet certainly not the debased hanger-on of a frontier civilization that he is to-day.

To enjoy an old-fashioned buffalo-run—to start with a hundred and fifty almost naked men and boys, in a helter-skelter race of miles, over ground full of holes and covered with thundering herds, while hunted and hunters were rolled in clouds of dust—is to have enjoyed something that can never be enjoyed again. Who that once joined in such a chase could ever forget it? The strange, motley company—the old chief, armed and mounted as well as any man in the tribe, but taking small part in the charge or slaughter; the young warrior, stripped almost naked, meaning business, and looking, every inch of him, what he meant; too poor to use the costly ammunition, that the Hudson Bay Company could alone

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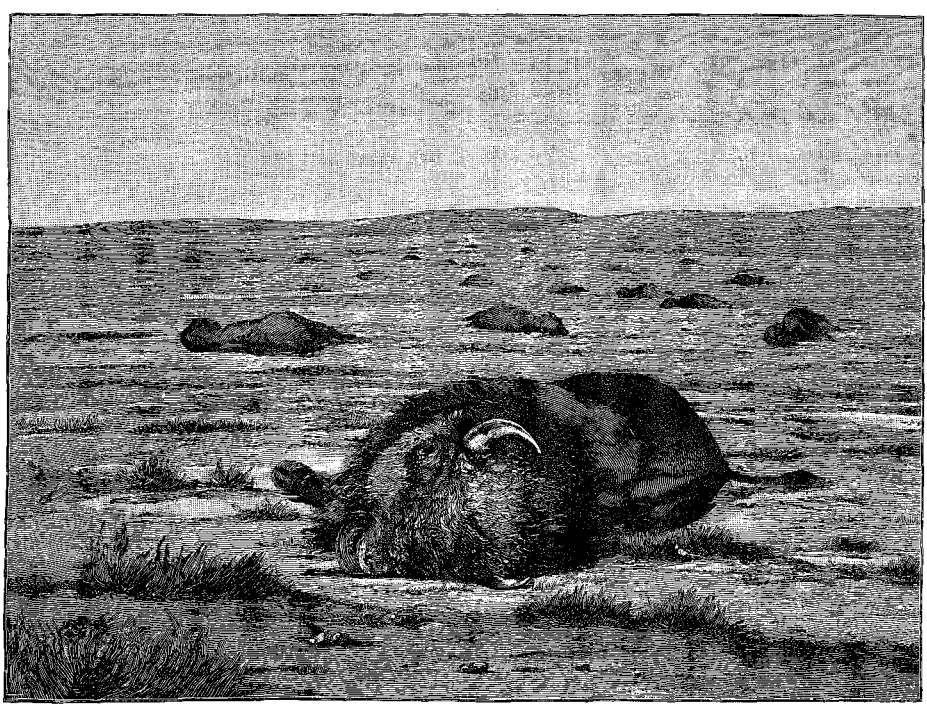
supply him with, on buffalo, and so relying on his short bow; the boy of fourteen, just old enough to bestride "a runner" and bend a bow; and last, but not least, the motley band of squaws, some still carrying their babies—though for them this was no mere holiday pastime—leading and riding ponies behind which the long tepee-poles, fastened securely at the sides, trailed for fifteen feet along the grass; then the cautious approach, the old man leading and signalling each movement of all our band. My heart almost thumps against my ribs again at the very remembrance of how it thumped that morning when slowly our long crescent of riders rose above the last swell of the plain that hid us from the outlying bulls, scarcely four hundred yards away.

One yell and we were off, each man for himself and the devil take the hindermost—a thing he was apt to do, for in the shape of badger-holes he lay in wait for those unlucky ones who, choked with dust that hid both herd and ground, floundered in the rear. The safest as well as the pleasantest place was in front.

But I do not desire to write an account either of the sport or scenery I enjoyed in 1868; suffice it to say, I there and then fell in love with the Rocky Mountains, as almost all who have hunted, camped, or been hunted among them have fallen in love. I would rather give some results of the five trips I have made during the summer and fall, since then, to those mountainous regions, lying within the bounds of the United States, that may be readily reached by the Northern Pacific Railroad, for here await those who will take the trouble to seek them magnificent scenery and, as yet, fair sport. Why do so few of our young men go West for recreation? There is no land where nature recreates a man as she does there. You literally renew your youth. The climate is invigorating beyond words. For nervously exhausted men, for weary brains, there is simply nothing to touch it. I have gone to the mountains thoroughly fagged out, unable to sleep well or eat well—life a burden, and work an impending horror. In a fortnight I have been eating as many meals a day



The Slaughter of the Buffalo. Drawn from a photograph.

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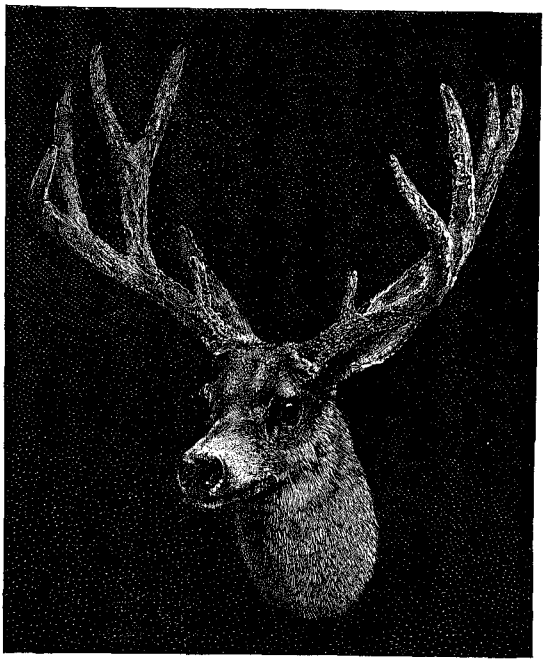

Head of a Black-tail Deer in Velvet.

as I could prevail on my men to cook, and have been glad to fill up chance spaces in my internal economy with raw bacon. Yes, many a time, after a monumental dinner, when we have gone into camp at five in the afternoon, have I eaten with relish that most lasting of all provisions—a piece of raw bacon—before turning in. It is true, some, at first, find the rarefied atmosphere of the mountains trying to chest or heart, and many also complain of loss of appetite and loss of sleep; but if the man is sound in limb and lung, and if he does not overdo it or overexert himself at the very beginning, but does take regular exercise, in ten days or so all life seems to awaken within him; he may not sleep so long or so heavily, for he has probably camped at an altitude of eight or nine thousand feet (excellent camping-places are sometimes found at a height of ten thousand feet or over), and he does not need as much sleep as though he were at sea-level. He may puff and blow like a grampus as he faces a moderate hill; for he has scarcely realized yet that the atmosphere is so rare that he must boil his potatoes (if he is lucky enough to have any) for at least two hours, and he will do better if he boil them all the morning, and that he cannot, by twenty-four hours' boiling, make beans soft enough to feed to his horse. But he is growing younger, not older. The world of cark and care seems very far away, walled out by the heavy mists that roll up from the plains. What a fool he was to bother his soul, as he did, with a thousand useless things! Now, having a good, warm flannel shirt, plenty of blankets, good meat, good bread, and coffee to make glad the heart of man, thoroughly congenial companions, glorious days and nights—what more can he want? Now, he needs no longer to cry,

"Oh, that a man would arise in me,
That the man I am might cease to be!"

for he does not want the man he feels he is to cease to be. The man he now is he could afford to go on with forever; for he is a good-natured chap, who never did, or never will do, an unkinder thing to anyone than to laugh at him when he gets into a scrape. Every day he can walk farther and eat more. His shoulder does not ache, as it did, to the steady pressure of his rifle. Somehow, the ground up in the mountains does not seem as hard as it used to be those first few nights on the plains, after he left the railroad, and when, hunt as he would, he could not find a square inch of anything softer than a flint on which to repose his weary hips. And now that he is in permanent camp, and the boys have time to chop up and lay under his water-proof great armfuls of the sweet-smelling mountain pine-tops, no spring-mattress ever afforded delights comparable to those his couch yields to him.

From six weeks of such living one returns to his work a new man—his muscles set, his eye clear, and his hand as steady as his appetite—thankful for the good time he has had, and thankful, doubly thankful, for the home and friends, or perhaps wife and children, that make the thought of return again so sweet.

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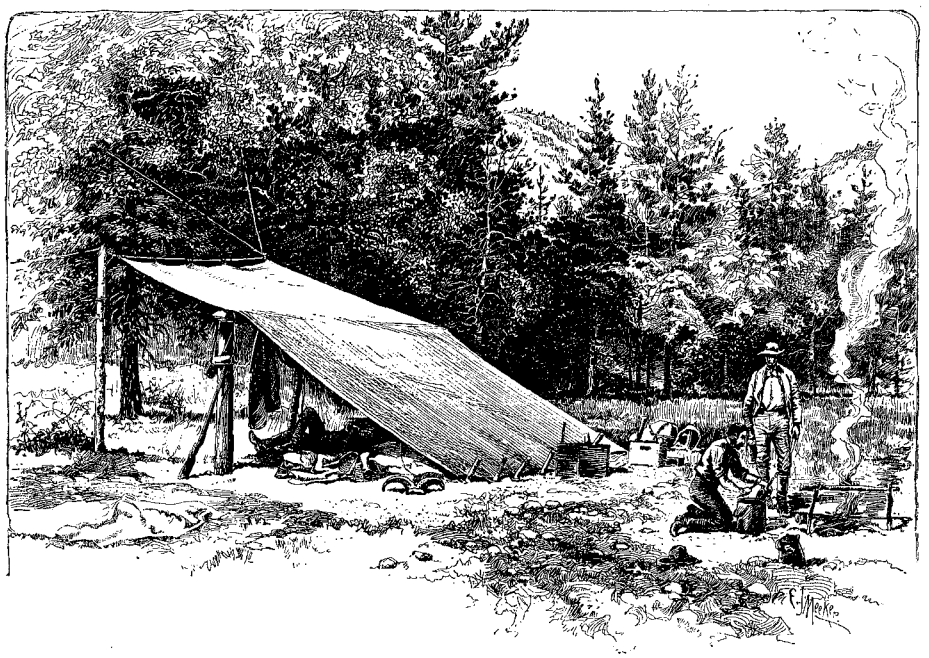
As to scenery, there is a grandness, a loneliness, a majesty about the views in the Rocky Mountains that cannot be surpassed. Here you have not snow to the same extent as in Switzerland, though I have seen a snow-field fully fifteen miles long and ten broad, and no one can guess how many hundred or thousand feet deep, in the almost unexplored granite range that lies between Clarke's Fork Mines and the Northern Pacific Railroad. But the rocky scenery is wonderful—wonderful in form, wonderful in color, and wonderful in size. The very solid earth seems sometimes to gape asunder; as you enter some cañon you can scarcely persuade yourself you are ascending, since the mighty walls of rock on either hand so lean over to each other that it seems as though the path led downward and not, as it does, upward. One of the finest bits of rocky scenery I remember to have seen anywhere is within three days' easy ride of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and on the road to Cooke City Mines. A long valley of some twenty-four miles leads easily up to the divide, from the East Fork of the Yellowstone, narrowing as it rises. Some seven or eight miles from Cooke, on the left as you ascend, a vast wall of basalt rises almost sheer from the bed of the stream. It cannot be less than three thousand five hundred feet in height, and I should fancy is over a mile along its base. When I first looked up at it, its great, dark breast was braided all over with a hundred milky, wavy, flashing water-falls. For a week we had almost continuous rain, and these warm showers, for it was July, had hastened the destruction of the snow-beds on its crown, and down to the valley fell or trickled, literally, hundreds of streams, separating, spreading, uniting, and spreading again, as they crept or thundered downward. No words can convey any idea of the mingled beauty and grandeur of falling water and immovable basalt, when smitten by the glory of the setting sun. One autumn evening, two years after, we camped at the same spot. We were smoking the last pipe of peace before turning in, when one of our party noticed a clear light falling on the summit above us. As we watched,



A Camping Outfit for Eight Men.

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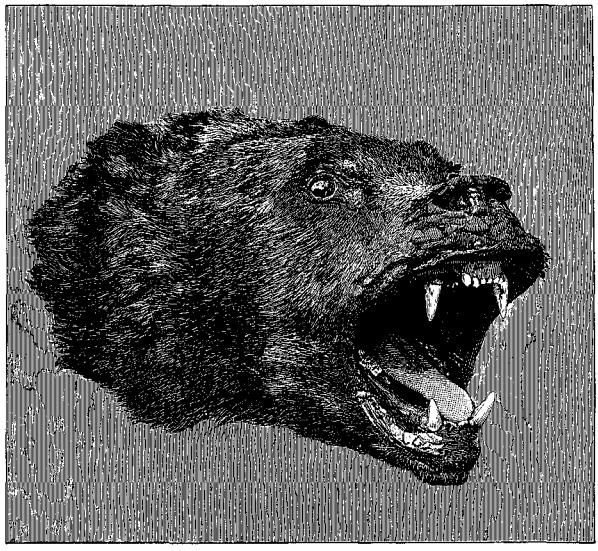
the light crept slowly downward; at first we scarcely realized that it was the moon. We were down, remember, in a veritable chasm, one side of which—the side before us—was about three thousand feet higher than the other, and thus the moonbeams lit up its edge long before they touched the little prairie at its feet, where our camp lay. A great belt of clouds lay on the rocky ridge at our back, and athwart these the moonlight passed, casting their moving shadows on the great, gray mirror we were looking up at. What grotesque shapes they took, as they wound and unwound their long folds! There we sat and watched them, until at last such moonlight as you can only see when you are almost seven thousand feet above the damper, denser air in which ordinary life is to be sustained fell full into the gorge.

I recall, too, another bit of rocky scenery as unlike this one I have tried to sketch as I can well fancy is possible, and I single it out of a possible score of such places because it, like the first, is accessible to ordinary travellers — the mouth of Clarke's Fork Cañon. Clarke's Fork River rushes to the plains through one of the grandest cañons in the Rocky Mountains. For fifteen miles an old and difficult hunter's trail leads down its precipitous sides; but this is not much used at present, such travel as does find its way to Cooke City Mines, from the eastward, going over the long, but comparatively easy, ascent of Dead Indian Mountain. At a first glance, the river-gorge is absolutely impassable; a sentinel-cliff seems to guard its mountain-solitudes and bar all human progress upward. I have heard my hunter say that, when trout-fishing in one of the deepest spots in that cañon, he saw clearly the stars at mid-day; and I believe it, for even where the steep trail passes—and it passes at a considerable height above the torrent, and so avoids the deepest gloom—it is murky enough.

But the view of the rocky gate-way to this chasm is alone worth a journey, and of it I wish to speak. Sheer from the water, without one break on its face, a silvery cliff, looking almost south, rises five thousand feet into the sky. I do not know, I am ashamed to say, the nature of the formation, but in the sunlight its sheen is most silvery. Opposite it stands a mountain so rocky and precipitous that no man or beast can ascend it—here and there belted with pine, and as dark as its brother-sentinel is fair. I saw these one early morning in September, when we had turned unwillingly homeward, resisting the strong temptation of a first tracking snow; saw them all crusted and crowned with their first winter icing. As we rode, we were not a mile from their bases, yet these were absolutely invisible, shut out by a solid wall of dense white cloud; but their heads, for the topmost thousand feet or so, were clear as sunlight could make them.

An ordinary hill of less than two thousand feet looks Alpine when you are near its base, if that base be hidden in fog and the crown be clear. Many who read this can doubtless recall experiences, on misty mornings, when on the canoe, or lake-shore or river-bank, they looked up at cloud-girdled mountains



Head of a Grizzly. (In the author's possession.)

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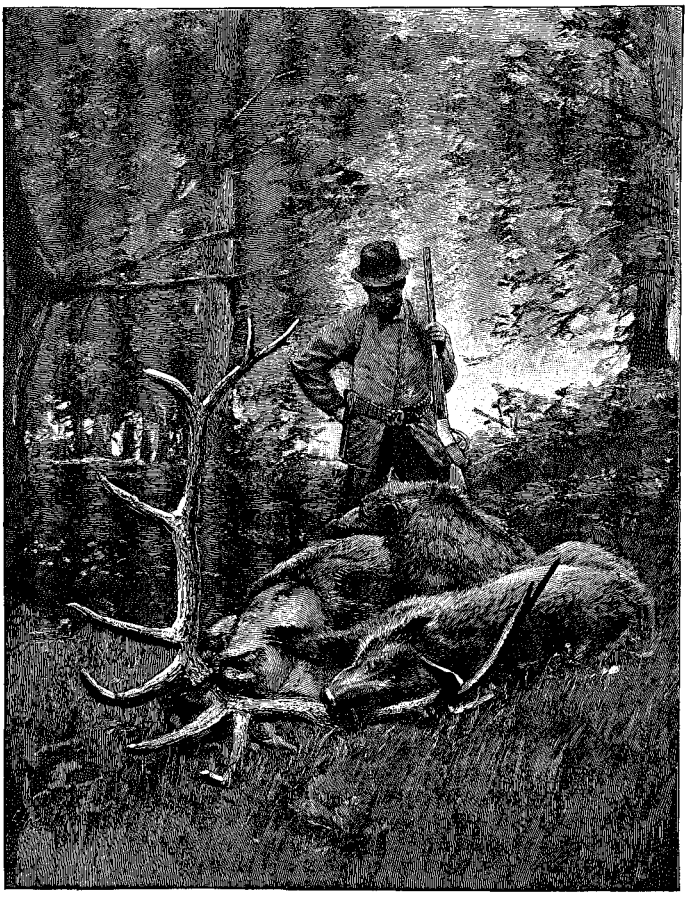

Caught in the Act.

that, when thus seen, seemed so vast in their proportions they could scarcely believe them to be the old companions of the night before. But these rocky solitudes, seen as we saw them that morning—well, I can liken them to nothing I know of. We were not an especially emotional party; but they did seem to us that morning, as they towered aloft into the limitless ether, to belong to another "land that is very far off."

Where can a more lovely series of mountain-lakes be found than those that lie hidden in the great forests that stretch for a distance of, say, one hundred and fifty miles by one hundred over that central plateau where rise the Yellowstone and Snake Rivers? Till within a few years the region was almost unknown. In 1868 I met a hunter who claimed to have seen a great lake, more than twenty-five miles long, and almost as broad, in the heart of the mountains, on whose margin great fountains of boiling water spouted, and where no Indian dared to go. Of course, he yarned considerably about cañons where lay the bones of herds of petrified bison, and gaping cracks whence steam and boiling mud rushed forth. Allowing, as you must allow out West, for the play of a hunter's imagination, there was a considerable substratum of truth in what he said, but none of us, and, so far as we could learn, no one that ever met him, believed a word of it. Of course, the existence of the extraordinary region of the Upper Yellowstone was known to a few; but there was very little accurate

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or certain knowledge of it. Indeed, the policy that the Government still pursues in regard to this great Alpine region seems curiously stupid. At various points, commanding natural western highways, are stationed small military posts; but the officers and men condemned to live in them, from year's end to year's end, are not only not encouraged to make themselves acquainted with the intricacies of the vast mountain-regions lying near them, but are so hampered by a cheese-paring policy that even a hunting-trip of a few weeks is almost an impossibility.

Now, an Indian outbreak may not be likely to occur in the future, but it is still far from impossible that it should occur. Were the Crows (who still have the best horses in the West, and claim perhaps three thousand warriors) to go on the war-path, there is no military force in that region that could prevent them reaching the mountains. Once there, for some months at least, they could subsist on scattered bands of cattle and game. Such an outbreak would be followed by terrible loss of life, for all the country is now studded with isolated ranches and small settlements, and to dislodge them from perhaps the most difficult natural fortress imaginable, with United States infantry, only accustomed to barrack-square tactics, and such cavalry as might be attainable, would be a costly task.

No smarter officers, no keener sportsmen, are to be found anywhere than can be found at our frontier posts, but, look longingly as they may toward the blue line on the horizon, transport is denied them; they are not, as a rule, men of large private means, and cannot afford to invest in transport for themselves, and so, if I may be pardoned the hackneyed quotation—metaphorically

> "Their limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
> But rusted with a vile repose."

It is well known, out West, that nothing but a lucky hit of one of its best guides saved from complete annihilation, during the Custer campaign, a very important command that had ventured after the Indians into the Big Horn Mountains. The Sioux corralled the soldiers, who were in great danger, and only escaped at last by night, on foot, leaving their fires burning and their horses tied in the timber. Thoroughly organized pack-trains used to be part of the establishment of all military posts near the mountains. Now almost all these have been broken up, the packers attached to them dismissed, and the very complicated gear that is absolutely necessary to carrying supplies on mule or on horseback is in such a state that it is, to all intents and purposes, useless for emergency service. Neither mules nor packers can possibly be secured in a hurry for such a work as a mountain-campaign implies; and to send troops, no matter how skilful or how ably handled, into the field without them, would be to send them to defeat.

In a formation such as that of the Rocky Mountains, the unexpected is the common. A "divide" looks as though you could march a regiment along it; you get up there, and, lo! it ends in a knife-edge; a great river swirls deeply and quietly at your feet; its pathway downward surely can afford you a trail upward. You come to a dead stand-still in a mile or two; and the reverse of this is true. From Sunlight (a pretty name, I think, for a pretty place and a most forlorn little log shanty, of which I am in part the proud possessor) a long valley leads up to one of the grandest groups of peaks I know anywhere. This Sunlight is quite well known in the Clarke's Fork region. The old trail from Billings, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, to Cooke runs through it; and to go from the park to the Stinking Water country and Gray Bull, where there is now a considerable cattle industry, you must pass by Sunlight. Prospectors, the best of all mountaineers and explorers, are supposed to have gone over every foot of that valley and its bold sides. It used, too, to be a favorite resort of meat-hunters, when the first rush to the mines carried hundreds on to the head-waters of Clarke's Fork; and yet, for all this, no one ever believed that a pack-horse could be led up the mountain at its head and over into the park. Prospectors and hunters were fain to go back to Sunlight, and thence by Lodge Pole Creek round to Cooke Mines, and down by Soda Butte

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A Load of Horns.

to the Yellowstone, a circuit of not less than seventy-five miles.

Two years ago we went up that valley after a band of elk, and, having killed some, set traps for bear and hunted sheep there for a week or more. One day Frank Chatfield, my hunter, and I discovered what seemed an easy pass up to the divide, and taking all the outfit along, soon after we easily made the ascent, without one mishap in a day's march. I mention this as an instance of the unexpected; for, standing ten miles farther down the valley, its head seemed one grand mass of precipitous rocks and snow-fields. We afterward came down from a camp, three miles on the other side of the divide, to Sunlight, making one of the longest mountain-marches I can remember having made in one day. It must have been thirty miles, if not more. I doubt if anyone since then has taken our trail. I know, at the time, none of the old-stagers thereabout would believe we crossed where we said we did. The old-time Tory is found out West, among hunters and prospectors, as he still survives in the more civilized East.

For several years Government surveys have been gradually mapping the Yellowstone Park, but the park itself (though here and there intersected or encroached on by mountains) is a great hollow, surrounded on all sides—more especially on the west and southwest—by a wilderness of the wildest mountains within our borders, almost unexplored, so far as the Government is concerned. Here only, in the park, so far as I know, has any thorough work been attempted. There are, of course, maps issued by the Office of the Chief Engineer, at Washington (the last one of these bears the date 1881); but to take a hunting outfit through the mountains by its help alone necessitates going

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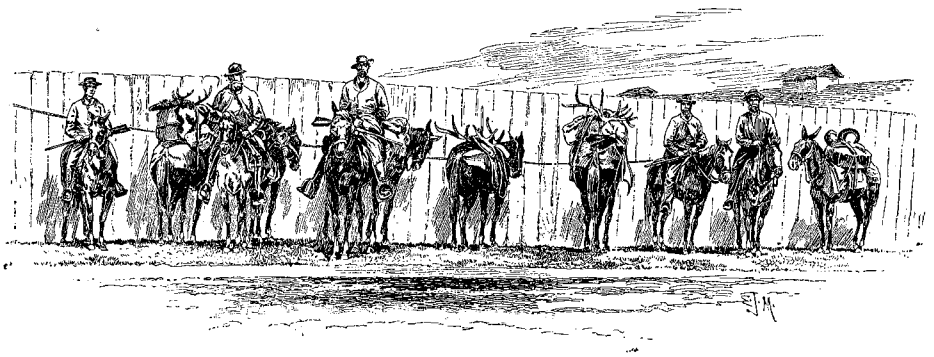
slowly and feeling your way. It would not be a safe guide by which to march a column of troops. The inaccuracies Once out for the day, men must stay together, and one timid or beaten man effectually clogs the movements of all.



The Outfit.

of these maps I know from actually having proved them.

Before I turn away from the region of Clarke's Fork, let me say, for the benefit of anyone who wishes to hunt sheep, that there are few places where he may hope for so good success. He is not obliged to invest in a large outfit, or undertake a long trip, since it is near the railroad. Five or six days from either Stillwater or Cinnabar would bring him well up Crandle Creek, or the north fork of Clarke's Fork; and on the heads of these streams, and a stream running almost parallel to them, called Dead Indian, there are to-day, and will probably be for years, a large number of sheep. During a trip of six weeks in that region my hunter and I counted over six hundred. Let him not, however, attempt this sort of hunting unless he is in pretty good trim and has his bellows in order; for, to hunt sheep with either success or safety, he must be able to carry both himself and his rifle up and down steeps as sheer as man can climb, for from eight to twelve or even more hours at a stretch, at a mean height of about nine thousand feet; not every man who comes West can do this. I have seen one who could hold his own with any in the Adirondacks play out utterly; and on these steeps, often slippery and very dangerous, over-fatigue adds an element of danger most undesirable, and spoils entirely the pleasure of the other members of the party. For this reason I never, when I can help it (*i.e.*, when I can get meat any other way), begin the trip by attempting hard sheep-hunting; better wait till regular and more moderate exercises have braced the nerves and muscles; better, too, wait till each knows pretty well what he can and cannot do. If you have patience, sooner or later you may get a ram in an easy place, and so secure your "head;" but remember that following this shyest and noblest of all Rocky Mountain game animals makes larger demands on your skill and patience, as well as on your steadiness of head and hand, than any other sport.

Three more pieces of advice let me briefly give: First, never go up or down any specially steep or dangerous piece of rock when you don't feel you can return the way you came. A fall on the rocks (like Mercutio's rapier-wound, that was not "deep as a well, but yet was enough") may not be from a height that you can call a precipice, yet may be quite sufficient to spoil the trip, not for yourself only, but for your companions as well. Second, be careful when you are on "conglomerate," a very common formation in mountains. No rock is so treacherous; its less compact formation admits of the loosening caused both by heat and ice. On limestone or on granite, or even on basalt, you can safely trust your weight to a very narrow foothold; not so with conglomer-

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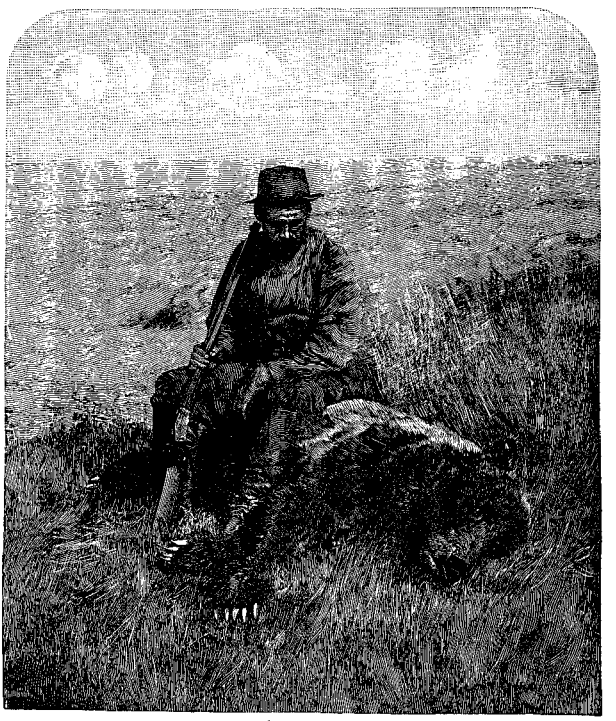
ate. Any tyro in mountain-climbing knows enough to make perfectly sure of his hand-grip before seeking a new rest for his foot; and then, again, make sure of the footing before reaching up or out with a disengaged hand. On the rocky formations I have mentioned there can be little danger if caution is not neglected, but on conglomerate extra care is necessary; hand and foot will sometimes give way suddenly and simultaneously. I had a fall in this way, two years ago, that came very near being serious; providentially, a heavy snow-field lay directly below me, and I plumped safely into its most charitable bosom. Charity was cold on that occasion, but more than comforting. It was entirely my own fault; I had broken the first rule of prudence, and had gone up a "chimney" where I could not possibly go down, and so was obliged to make a descent over a very dangerous and icy piece of conglomerate. I trust and believe I learned a lesson.

The third piece of advice is worth both the others: Go slow. Go slow when you are going up; all good walkers start slow. Once get thoroughly leg-weary, and all enjoyment for the day is over. I first learned the need of going slow in 1868; we were after goats, our first goats, too; there they were, not fifteen hundred feet above us, and an easy stalk. Between our camp and the mountain-foot a soft, boggy, mossy swamp, full of dead timber, stretched for above half a mile. We had Indians (never take Indians; they are not worth their keep as hunters). We had done nothing but ride for months; all our hunting had been on horseback, a poor preparation for work after goats. To make a long story short, those Indians started off on the dead-run. We had no fresh meat, I must say in extenuation of this proceeding. I fancied I could run if they could, and, too proud to confess my forebodings, I started off in their wake. Anyone who has tried running in a swampy Selkirk valley will sympathize with the experience I went through for the next fifteen minutes, and none who have not can. Suffice it to say, I got to the foot of the steep a badly pumped lad. There a youthful, fourteen-year-old urchin, weighing about ninety pounds I should say, and looking as fresh as paint, offered to carry my thirteen-pound double-barrelled Rigby. I blessed him and up we went, still at the run. What devilish power got into those Indians' legs I cannot, to this day, say; I only know that I went till first I could not speak, and then I could not breathe, and then I could not see; and when vision returned I was alone, without even the poor satisfaction of possessing a useless rifle. Of course, I never saw the goats again till they carried them into camp. But I learned two lessons—one, never to start off at a run, or



His First Grizzly.

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even a very rapid walk; the other, never to let a hunter I paid go ahead of me when near game. A slow, steady pace is the pace to tell. Don't stop to get your wind; second wind will come in time. Let not scenery or any other device of the evil one tempt you to sit down, or look around, or chat, etc. When you are after game that is in sight, first make your stalk, go to the highest point; the scenery is sure to look, if possible, better still when you have your game at your knees, and frequent pauses, when you are doing the hardest part of the work, do not really rest you, and do waste a great deal of time.

Perhaps there is nothing so intoxicating as a snow-slide; to shoot down, down, over the cool, smooth surface for a thousand, yes, sometimes two thousand feet at a time, and just enough of risk to make it interesting; but here, again, a new hand must go slow. My hunter, Frank Chatfield, than whom there is not a better shot, a better mountaineer, a better tracker, or a better man in the mountains, is a terrible fellow down-hill. How he keeps his balance on a snow-field, turning one foot into a toboggan, the other cocked up in front, while he steers with his rifle-butt, is to-day a mystery to me. I rashly once, and only once, tried to keep up with him on a snow-slide, and only succeeded in making myself feel, from my head to my heels, like a very-much-grated nutmeg. I almost broke my rifle, did tear my hand, and so hopelessly damaged my single remaining hunting-suit that when, clad in what was left of it, a fortnight after, I humbly sought to claim a place in the Northern Pacific Railroad dining-car, the conductor was for summarily ejecting me, and said frankly that such as I had no right to come in there.

Lay the lesson to heart, therefore, and if you want to keep your clothes, or get your dinner, go slow on snow; keep both feet down, put on plenty of brake, and you will have a delicious slide on your way to the valley. In this way, snow-slopes that seem absolutely precipitous from below, and even from above look too steep for safety, may be descended at a considerable pace and without risk. They are, however, I must confess, a little scaring at first, and I don't think a team of mules could have dragged me down the first I tried, had there been a possibility of getting home any other way. They are very unlike the snow-fields in the Alps, where the snow is much softer, and where I have seen them not nearly so steep.

Before referring more specially to camping and hunting in this life-giving region, let me add one word about the lake-system of the Upper Yellowstone. Where can such lakes be found as these? The great Yellowstone, Lewis, Shoshone, Jackson, and Heart Lakes, all lying within an area of sixty miles square, clear as only Rocky Mountain lakes can be, full of trout, still reflecting the stately antlers of the elk, and now and then the uncouth form of the moose, and still affording a safe home to the much-persecuted beaver. Fortunately these lakes, excepting Jackson, are within the boundaries of the park. If the suggestions of the gentlemen who have done such valuable work in surveying that region are adopted by the Government, the park will be doubled in size, and thus a safe retreat and, what is of more importance still, a safe summer breeding-place will be preserved as an inviolate sanctuary for our noble American game. None of these lakes is so little known, or more worth the knowing, than Heart Lake. It is not easy of access, as it lies in a dense forest ten miles due south of the Thumb of the great Yellowstone Lake, hidden by a short but steep range of hills that rise over two thousand five hundred feet above the unbroken woodland.

We were bound to get to Heart Lake; none of our men had ever been there. For days and days we had been in the timber—timber that stood as thick as Yellowstone pine can stand—and often were without a sign of a trail. We were having terrible bother with our packs, and the men wanted to get out of the timber at any cost; nothing would do them but a direct ascent of the mountain-ridge which I have just mentioned.*

Up we got at last, and at our very feet lay the lovely lake, blue as cloudless sky

* If you want to get on with your men, tell them where you want to go, where you will go at any cost, and then don't bother them about the road. Most greenhorns drive their men wild with perpetual questioning.

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and clear, unruffled waters ever looked. We had, as was not to be wondered at, a very bad time getting down, and then at the foot lay a "formation"—as hot-springs and geysers are called out there—full of treacherous spots. Into these, of course, two of the most troublesome pack-horses floundered. It was late in the day; the march had been long and very wearying, with constant shifting of packs in the timber and on the hill, and if there was a little more sulphur in the air, just for fifteen minutes or so, than the neighboring springs accounted for, Western men, at least, will make some allowances.

At last we were in camp, and such a camp! Circled by a belt of old pines, gnarled and twisted by the winter winds that had swept across the lake till their limbs were more like the limbs of oak than those of coniferæ. On one side a narrow strip of snowy sand; on the other a green meadow, down which flowed a clear stream, heated to about 70° by many hot-springs that flowed in farther up. The sandy shore ended in a little spit running out some four hundred yards into the water, and there, in perfect content and moved by a slowly awakening curiosity, sat a sedate family of geese—father and mother and some ten inexperienced but well-developed youngsters. South of us lay the water; east of us spread the unbroken forest, rising higher and higher till all vegetation fell away from the scarped and turreted summits of the main range of the Shoshonè; while on our right, to the west, sheer out of the lake rose Mount Sheridan almost ten thousand five hundred feet, its broad forehead still capped with snow, while a little farther on another summit rose, fiery red where the setting sun smote on its great cliffs, once clay, but now turned to red concrete by subterranean fire.

Our dinner of elk-steak, seasoned by one or two of the very last remaining onions, delicious bread (two parts flour and one part Indian corn), and, oh! such coffee, is a memory with me still. Then pipes were lit, and we laid us down "upon the yellow sand." And over the crest of the mountain peeped the horn of the new moon; not a sound broke the stillness, save when, at regular intervals of fifteen minutes, a geyser, hidden in the pines, about a half-mile away, burst into its brief tumult. Many lovely camps we remember, but, among them all, none were more beautiful than that by Heart Lake.

A Dead Grizzly.

My first ambition was, naturally, as I have said, to kill a buffalo; that task once accomplished, and repeated to the point of satiety, the aim and object of my life, during my two months' summer rest, was to slay a grizzly. My first hunting expedition included a trip from Saint Paul (then almost the eastern terminus of the railroad) to Vancouver Island, and during that long journey I never saw a grizzly. One day, coming on the very fresh trail of an immense

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fellow, the Indians promptly refused to take any part whatever in investigating the neighborhood ; and as I was a most untrustworthy shot, and had only a double-barrelled muzzle-loading rifle, all things considered, perhaps this action of theirs was an evidence of their proverbial sagacity.

My next essay was undertaken thirteen years after, in 1881. We had, my friend and I, a magnificent trip ; rode all over the Big Horn Mountains, and killed plenty of game—indeed, we could not help it. In those days the mountains were full of deer, elk, and bear, too ; but somehow none of us ever saw a grizzly. I cannot to this day understand our want of success. Four trips I have made since then, but I never saw half the amount of fresh signs which we saw on the western slope of those mountains, on a stream named, in the maps, Shell Creek. Had I known as much as I know now, I could have made a much larger bag than the one I made on my last trip, when I had extraordinary luck and killed eight grizzlies in three weeks, our party accounting altogether for twelve bear, two only of the twelve being trapped. I think this is the largest authentic score I have heard of, as made in late years, in so short a time.

I understand that the Big Horn region is still a good black-tail country, but elk are rare, buffalo extinct, and cattle have driven out bear. As a rule, you will only find grizzlies where elk are, or have recently been. The truth must be told : The first real grizzly we did see (we once shot a mule in mistake for one) was in a trap. In the Eastern woods bears are commonly trapped by baiting a pen, built of logs, with fish or offal, and setting before it a twenty-five pound spring-trap. I need not now speak of traps built of logs only, where a dead-fall is used ; none of these are sufficiently strong to hold or to kill a moderate-sized grizzly. To these traps, as they are set in the East, a short chain is attached, and this ends in a ring ; through the ring a strong stake is driven securely into the ground, and by this means the captive is held until his hour arrives. Out West the same trap is used, but instead of pinning it to the ground a long chain is attached, and the end of this chain is made fast around a log, with a "cold-shut" or split-ring, such as you put your pocket-keys on, and which can be fastened by hammering. As soon as the bear springs the trap, with either fore or hind feet, and so is fast, he begins to make things lively all around, slashing at the trees, biting at the trap, and dragging the log. This, of course, is an awkward customer to pull along, especially if it is made of part of a young, tough pine-tree, with the branches left on. It leaves a trail that is easily followed. Sometimes the bear will take in the situation very soon, and set himself to demolish, not the trap, but the thing that makes the trap unendurable. I have myself seen a pine-tree some fourteen feet long and eight or nine inches in diameter, perfectly tough and green, so chewed up that there was not a piece of it left whole that would weigh five pounds. In this case we were able to trail the bear by the trap-chain, and killed him farther on. The best way to fix a trap is the simplest : Scoop a hollow by the carcass of a dead elk, and, drawing up a pine, fix the end of it firmly to the trap. The branches of the tree half cover the dead game, and can be easily so arranged that, naturally, the bear will have, for his convenience, to approach on the side where the trap is set. Some old grizzlies, however, are extraordinarily cunning, and, though they cannot have had any extensive experience of traps—for none have been taken into the West till the last five years or so—seem to divine just where those dangerous hidden jaws lie, beneath the innocent brown pine-needles and bunch-grass. They will spring it again and again, and then feast to their hearts' content. One great fellow did this three times at the same carcass ; and as we could not induce him to come during daylight, we had reluctantly to give him up. After carefully examining the jaws of the trap, which each time held a few gray, coarse hairs, and such small traces of skin as you see on a horse's curry-comb, we came to the conclusion, and I think the correct one, that the old fellow deliberately sat down on the whole concern.

My first grizzly was trapped on the

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head-waters of the East Fork of the Yellowstone, within some few miles of a mountain called the Hoodoo. That country is now too well known and too much hunted to afford good sport; a blazed trail leads up to it from the park. Travellers who want to see an elk are almost invariably advised to go up there. It is a sort of jumping-off place. None of the park guides, I think I am correct in saying, know how to get out of it unless by returning as they came, at least they did not two or three years ago. In 1883 there was considerably more game in that region than can be found there now. Our party, the morning after getting into camp, separated; I went for sheep on the high ground, for there was plenty of sign, and my friend, taking an Adirondack guide we had with us, hunted the lower woody slopes. Toward evening I got back to camp, pretty well tired, having killed a ewe, for we wanted meat; and presently the rest of the party came in, almost too breathless to speak. They had seen a drove of bears, so they said; five of them, "and," added the Adirondack guide, "two were big as buffaloes." He had never seen a buffalo, and drew on his imagination for their size. This was exciting with a vengeance. They reported any amount of bear-sign on the slopes leading to the river. It was just before dark that they had seen this aforesaid family, which, unfortunately, at once winded them, and so quickly tumbled down the ravine, as only bears can tumble, and were lost in the cañon. We were poorly off for bait, but killed some porcupine and half roasted them (under these circumstances, I would have my readers remember that porcupine emit a powerful odor); and to these delectable morsels we added parts of sheep. Still it was a very poor bait. Bear will not, as a usual thing, come to a small carcass. We waited and waited, day after day; all the sheep cleared out of the neighborhood, and we, not having at that time one good hunter in the party, could not trail up any of the small, scattered bands of elk that kept, as they generally keep during the end of August, to the thick timber. Our grub gave out; our last morning came; and, save for that one brief moment, none of the party had ever seen a grizzly. All our impediments were stowed away, and nothing remained to pack but the forty-two pound traps. While the final tightening of the mules' *aparejos* was being done (we had a Government outfit on that trip), our guide rode off to see if the luck had turned. He was to fire one shot if the trap had been carried away. Fancy our feelings when, thirty minutes later, a single shot rang out on the early morning air. We made time to the ridge where the boys had seen the bear, and where the traps had been set fruitlessly for a week; and there, sure enough, he was—a fine fellow, too. He could not have been fast more than half an hour, for he had not gone far, but was "making tracks," dragging a great log after him, when the hunter saw him; and in an hour or two, at that pace, would have been well on his way down the cañon. Soon as mankind came in sight he took in the situation, and began to roar and growl. A grizzly's roar can be heard a long way in still weather. I must, in all truthfulness, say that that bear seemed to be thinking chiefly of his family. He made no charge; he wanted very badly to go home; and I ended his career with an express-bullet.

Not much sport in that, so it seems to me now. And yet, after longing and longing even to see a big bear, and never seeing him; after finding, sometimes, the ground near our camp all torn up over-night, as we used in 1868; after having had three bears cross the river I was fishing in, on Sunday morning (oh! charitable reader, a quiet little stroll by a silver, purling, singing mountain-stream, such as was Shell Creek, could not offend even the shade of Isaac Walton, though it were taken on Sunday)—yes, I went down that stream not more than three miles, and in the two or three hours I spent in filling my pockets with the trout no less than three bears, good-sized bears, too, by their tracks, crossed that stream behind me and between me and camp—after such a long time of probation, it was more than exciting, to see, here then, at last, the real thing, an unmistakable grizzly. There actually was such a thing as a grizzly in the flesh! We had begun to doubt it; not so big as a buf-

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falo truly, now I came to see him in daylight, but weighing, I should say, fully six hundred pounds.

As to bears' weights, I confess myself sceptical about the existence of a bear in the Rocky Mountains, this side of California (I cannot say anything about California grizzlies), weighing over one thousand pounds. Colonel Pigot, the most noted bear-hunter in the West, who has claimed royalty, I understand, on seventy grizzlies, thinks he never killed any over that weight. I understand, from one of the men who accompanied Colonel Pigot, that he carries a steelyard that weighs up to three hundred and fifty pounds, and by this means has obtained an idea, and a fairly accurate one, of the weight of some of his largest trophies. My prize animal, killed last year, measured nine feet three inches from his nose to his heels, and certainly, though in good condition, did not go over nine hundred pounds. My hunter thinks he has never seen one weighing more than a thousand, and he has killed as many bear as most men—outside of story-books.

The largest bear any of us ever saw was a cinnamon that came within an inch of killing one of my men, a good hunter and first-class guide—Charles Huff. (I may refer to the big cinnamon, too, as an instance of the danger that sometimes attends trapping the bear.) He had set his traps near Sunlight, in the spring, and was unable to visit them for a week. When he got to the bait, trap and log were gone. After taking up the trail, he soon found the remnants of his log chewed to match-wood; the bear, evidently a large one, had gone off with the trap. He followed his trail as long as he had light, but found nothing, and had to return to camp. Next day, very foolishly, he took the trail again alone, beginning where he had left off. After a long march he came to the steep side of a hill; the bear had evidently gone up there; on the soft, snow-sodden ground the trail was plain. Just as he was beginning to ascend, there was a rush and a roar, and the bear was on him. He had no time to put his repeater to his shoulder, but letting it fall between his hands, pulled the trigger. The bear was within a few feet of him, and by a great chance the unaimed bullet took him between the eyes. He had evidently tried the hill-side, and, worried by the heavy trap, had come back on his trail and lain behind a great heap of dirt, into which he had partly burrowed, waiting for his enemy. Among the débris of spring-tide—fallen stones and uprooted trees—a bear could easily lie hidden, if he was mad and wanted to conceal himself, till the enemy was within a few feet. It was a terribly close shave.

All animals are at times strangely hard to kill; this, I fancy, is especially true of the grizzly. Again and again he will drop to a well-planted shot, as will any animal; nothing that runs can stand up long after it has received a quartering shot—*i.e.*, when the bullet is planted rather well back in the ribs, about half way up, and ranges forward to the opposite shoulder. Such a shot, especially if the bullet is a fifty-calibre, will drop anything; but the point of the heart may be pierced, or even the lungs cut, and bear will often fight.

We stalked two small grizzlies in the "open" one evening. They were busy turning over stones, in order to get the grubs and worms underneath, and when we managed to get, unseen, within forty yards, at first fire each received a bullet broadside behind the shoulder; but, seemingly none the worse, they both turned down-hill, as bear will when wounded, nine times out of ten, and made for the ravine, whence they had evidently come. This gave me a nice open shot as they passed, and No. 1 rolled over dead; not so No. 2. Before he got a hundred yards away I hit him three times. My rifle was a fifty-calibre Bullard repeater, the one I have used for years—one hundred grains of powder and a solid ball. At the fourth shot he fell all of a heap, seemingly dead. To save trouble we laid hold of the first one, which lay about seventy yards above the second, and dragged him down the steep incline to where this second lay, for convenience in skinning. We got within a few feet of the bear, when up he jumped, and, on one hind leg and one fore, went for Frank. The attack was tremendously unexpected and sudden. At a glance

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you could see that the poor, plucky brute was past hurting anyone, for one arm was smashed and his lower jaw was shot almost completely away. Yet I tell the simple truth when I say that for a few strides he actually caught up to Frank, who made most admirable time; then he suddenly fell dead. We examined that bear carefully; he was a small one, not weighing more than two hundred pounds, and was shot all to pieces. Each of the five bullets I had fired had struck him; one hip and one forearm were broken, the lower jaw shot away; there was one shot in the neck, and one, through and through, behind the shoulder. It is never safe to fool with a grizzly; he may run away as fast as an elk, or he may not. He may drop to the first well-planted bullet, or he may stand up till blown almost to pieces.

I have used almost all sorts of rifles, and have satisfied myself that a good repeater is *the* arm—more accurate than an express, hitting hard enough to kill anything, and having nine shots instead of two. Very little observation or reading will satisfy anyone that the habits of game change considerably in a comparatively brief space of time. This is true of the grizzlies. Allowing for old hunters' exaggeration, and again allowing for the natural growth of the mythical, even in so far as it relates to *Ursus horribilis*, yet I think the modern grizzly is a more timid animal than his grandfather could have been. I have said it is not safe to depend on one of these animals retreating; but, unless wounded, if a path of retreat is left him, he will almost invariably take it. In the evening, on a trail, old hunters say that he often shows fight sooner than get out of the way. I have only once met a large bear alone in the evening, and on that occasion I did not wait to watch his movements, but fortunately rolled him over, hitting him in the heart with a snap shot.

The common idea still is that, in the fall, bear go down the mountains after berries. Some, I suppose, do; whether it is owing to the occupation of the river- and creek-beds (the usual place where choke-cherries and plums grow thickest) by cattle or not, I cannot say, but certainly the biggest do not seem to go down at all. They live on grubs, and more especially on pine-nuts—breaking up the stores which that pretty and provident little fellow, the mountain-squirrel, has laid by, and on his labor they grow very fat.

There is something to me beyond measure fascinating in hunting the grizzly, the hardest of all animals to approach, excepting perhaps the sheep; and the extreme difficulty of seeing him or finding him in the daylight, and the lonely haunts he has now retired to, make him more difficult to bring to bag than even the sheep. None seems in better keeping with his surroundings than he. It must be a poor, shallow nature that cannot enjoy the absolute stillness and perfect beauty of such evenings as the hunter must sometimes pass alone, when watching near a bait for bear.

One such experience I have especially in mind. What an evening it was, both for its beauty and its good-fortune! I think of it still as a red-letter day, and speak of it as

"One from many singled out,
One of those heavenly days that cannot die."

More than two thousand feet below, the head-waters of the Snake gather themselves, and in its infancy the great river sends up its baby-murmur. Behind me, the giant heads of the Teton cut the rosy evening sky, sharp and clear, as does the last thousand feet of the Matterhorn. I was comfortably ensconced in the warm, brown pine-needles that smothered up the great knees of a gnarled nut-pine, whose roots offered me an arm-chair, and round me, for the space of two or three acres, the short, crisp greensward, that is only found where snow has lain for months previously, was spangled and starred all over with such blue and white and red mountain-flowers as are nowhere else seen in this land.

I wish I had time and skill to write of those sweet mountain-flowers; there is nothing quite so beautiful in any other Alpine land I know of, our mountains altogether outstripping the Swiss or Austrian Alps in the wealth, variety, and sweetness of their flora. I don't know anything of botany, I am ashamed to say, but we have counted wellnigh a

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hundred different flowers in bloom during one afternoon's tramp. Amid the lush green of the rich valleys great masses of harebell and borage and gentian carpet the ground. Here and there, beautifully contrasting with their fresh, vivid blue, wide plots of yellow, purple-centred sun-flowers stoutly hold up their heads; while on the border-land of these flower-beds of nature, where the grass shortens in blade, and deepens to an intense shade of green, the delicate mountain-lily, with its three pure-white petals, fading to the tenderest green at the centre, reaches its graceful height of some nine inches. All this one has abundant leisure to observe, as he sits well to windward, by the way, of the bait —in this case a dead elk.

On this occasion I occupied an unusually good point of vantage. My arm-chair not only commanded a little sloping prairie, but the heads of two deep ravines leading to it, and the crest of the ridge, some three hundred feet above me, to my left. Hour after hour passed peacefully by. I tried to read Tennyson (I had a pocket-volume with me), with but poor success, and so gave myself up to the beauty of the scene. I realized, without effort, what a blissful thing it might be—nay, sometimes is—simply to exist. Such hours do not come to any of us often; but when they do, with them surely may come an over-mastering sense of that great truth Elizabeth Barrett Browning so tersely puts—

"Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God;
But only he who sees takes off his shoes."

Without cant, I trust, that evening I took off mine, as the old prayer came to mind: "We thank Thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life."

I was in a state of stable equilibrium, bodily and mentally (if it ever is given to a rector of a New York church so to be), when a mighty rumpus arose from the edge of the dark woods where our horses were lariatted, two or three hundred yards below. On his way upward, a big grizzly had been joined by a relative or acquaintance (history will never say which), and, as ill-luck would have it, they both came suddenly on the horses, hidden and securely tied in a little hollow. From where I sat I could see nothing, but running down a few yards I came in sight of two sturdy fellows surveying our plunging nags, as for one moment they evidently held a hurried consultation. The conclusion they arrived at was that they were out for venison, not for horse-flesh, especially when there was more than a suspicion of a dangerous smell around; in brief, they struck our trail, and scented the saddle, and so in an instant were off. Of course, we had settled on a spot toward which the wind blew from the ravine (Frank was a quarter of a mile away on the other side of the prairie); for bear almost always come up at evening from the deepest hiding-places,—and these bear ran off, quartering upwind, giving me a long, running shot, as they made great time among the tall, rank grass and flowers.

Sit down when you shoot, if it is possible. There is no better position than an elbow on either knee; you can shoot fast and straight, and the position is high enough to carry your head and rifle above small inequalities of the ground. I let drive and missed; shot too far ahead, I fancy. Always shoot too far ahead, rather than too far behind. Nine times out of ten a bullet plumped in front of running game will halt it for a moment; and so now it turned out. The leader reared up for an instant, and the instant's pause was fatal. The next bullet took him fair in the centre of the chest. He had just time to give his solicitous companion a wipe with his paw, that would have come near wiping out a strong man, when he rolled over.

Bear No. 2 concluded he had an engagement somewhere else, and was settling down to a business-like gait when he, too, came to grief. There they lay, not fifty yards apart—two in one evening, not so bad—though in honesty it must be confessed that such shots were more than ordinarily lucky. Skinning a tough hide is a very trying bit of work, but how willingly was it undertaken. What time we made down the mountain, tying first our trophies—heads left on—securely on the cow-sad-

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dles! What cannot a good broncho do when he wants to get back to the herd! For a couple of thousand feet we led the horses, and then fairly raced. What fun is a good scamper home when you have a stanch pony between your legs! The sure-footedness and hardiness of a well-trained pony are simply marvellous; give him his head, and if there is a ghost of a trail he will take it. Many an evening did we race home against time, determined to get over the three miles of twisted and fallen timber before the last glow vanished. Once out of the timber we could sober down, for all was plain sailing. Three or four miles more—among old beaver-meadows, where every now and then we heard, loud almost as a pistol-shot, the beaver smite the water with his broad tail, as he went down into his own quiet, clear pool—and the welcome blaze of the camp-fire promised rest, after refreshing and sufficient toil, as well as good companionship.

There is among Western men much controversy as to the various kinds of bear inhabiting our Western Alps; but the number of those who, from personal observation, are capable of forming an opinion, is very small. In the first place, for all the sanguinary talk around the stove, there are not a great many men who have made a practice of hunting bear at all. One such incident as that which occurred, two years ago, in the Big Horn scares a good many. A poor fellow there came on a bear, a small cinnamon, feeding on an elk he had killed. He fired and wounded it; the bear retreated, and he followed. Coming up with it, again he fired, when the bear charged him. Trying to reload (he used, I heard, a single-shot Sharp rifle), the extractor came off the empty shell, and, of course, he was defenceless. He evidently drew his knife and used it desperately; for when they found him the bear lay near him, dead, with many knife-wounds in it, but it had killed him first. In short, both on account of the danger and by reason of the great difficulty of seeing them, it scarcely pays to hunt bear alone.

There are comparatively few men, I say, whose opinion is worth much; and some of these seem to have an idea that, for the credit of the mountain-land they love so well, they are bound to people it with as many different species of bear as they can. Now, as a matter of fact, I believe that almost all the bears ranging in the Rocky Mountains occasionally breed together; certainly, brown and black sometimes do. Our party once shot a black bear with a large brown cross, extending from the tail to the back of the head and down each shoulder. Just as certainly, the brown and grizzly on occasions intermarry. My hunter assures me he has shot gray cubs with a brown sow. I may be wrong, but I cannot myself see any difference sufficiently marked to warrant the idea that the cinnamon bear of the Rockies is not the coarser, larger brown bear, the result of some crossing between the grizzly and the brown.

Then, some men insist that among the gray bear there are no less than three distinct varieties—silvertip, roachback, and grizzly. As I have said before, I cannot say anything about the California grizzly, though I do not think, from skins I have examined, he differs materially from his neighbor of the mountains; but as to these differences of color indicating a distinct variety, I cannot believe it. We shot three bears, feeding on one carcass, last fall, all three years old, and evidently of the same litter, and you could scarcely find greater varieties of color than those they represented. One was almost yellow, one a dark silvertip, and one almost brown. There is, among bear, a considerable variety in shape and outline sometimes, and, back of the tusk, in the lower and upper jaws, some few grizzlies seem to have a lesser and second tusk instead of the usual molar; but this is a rarity, I fancy. I only found it twice, and our men could not remember having seen it before.

I will end this rambling paper as I began it. Why does this splendid Alpine region of ours, so rich in beauty and in all varieties of interest, attract so few? For a party of two or three, a trip of seven or eight weeks amid its solitudes need not cost each one more than many spend during a couple of months at some fashionable sea-side resort.

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To get competent guides is the chief difficulty. The men who can or will take an outfit through a mountainous country, where they have never been before, are few and far between; and the so-called certificated guides, numerous enough in the park, know little or nothing of the country beyond it. The charges, too, in the park for transport are excessive. Cooke City, Gallatin County, Montana, the mining-camp I have referred to, is the best place I know for securing men. A railway will soon connect it with the Northern Pacific, and meanwhile, from June till December, a stage runs three times a week to the Mammoth Hot Springs. But some good hunters are still to be found at Billings and Bozeman on the Northern Pacific Railroad. On one of the most successful trips I ever made we had no guides at all. I steered the party by such aid as the map afforded. So long as we went slowly, sending one of the party forward, day by day, to hunt a trail, we did very well. We only got into one scrape that might have ended seriously, and that came from foolishly venturing down a cañon none of us had ever explored. Go slow; and go nowhere unless you are sure you can, at the worst, retrace your steps, and you will enjoy your trip.

Though a guide is not a necessity, a couple of first-class packers are. Any man, with some little experience of roughing it, can guide a party fairly well; but no mortal man, not to the manner born, can pack. No baby is more dependent on its mother than is the tenderfoot upon his packer. Day after day he stands, in wondering admiration, and sees this individual "throw" the marvellous diamond hitch-knot that fastens, as nothing else can fasten, the strange assortment of everything, from a Dutch oven to a stag's head, that may chance to form the pack; and when he has mastered the secret of the diamond hitch, he is still years from being a thorough packer. To see all the *impedimenta* of a hunting-camp for a party of four travellers and their men quickly done up into the neatest and tightest packages imaginable, and then bound, as none but a Westerner can bind them, on the back of an ill-conditioned Indian pony, to stay there, as I have seen packs stay, all day long, with just one tightening up, as up and down we go over rocks and against trees, is a wonderful instance of skill and careful planning.

Some days, of course, the packs won't "ride;" sometimes the devil has completely mastered the natures of horse and mule, as long ago he did the pigs. We once started from Big Timber Station across a level and stony plain, at five o'clock sharp, on a sweltering August morning. By four that evening we had made precisely two and a half miles. I think the outfit's survival as an outfit on that occasion is due to the fact that the clear stream of the Bowlder (full of trout, by the way) did not flow another quarter of a mile farther off from our starting-point than it did. I never had better packers or better animals than those we had for that trip; but we put too much on the mules. They were a splendid band, but had not been packed for two years, and so were soft and resented packing; and there just happened to be an evidence of advancing civilization, in the shape of half a mile of the newest and most barby barbed-wire fencing, midway between the railroad and the woody bend of the stream that was the goal of all our hopes. Against that half-mile of wire every one of those mules in turn lay down, stringing themselves well out, so that they would not be inconveniently close together, this manœuvre, of course, resulting in the rending and cutting of all that was cuttable about them, including their hides; and, in all honesty—for one must try to be honest even to a pack-mule—I must say, they rather seemed to like to have their hides cut, if they were only sure of cutting every flour, sugar, oatmeal, and coffee-sack, to say nothing of letting daylight into water-proof, tarpaulin, clothes, etc.

It is something to have had an exhaustive experience of any sort; and after going through those eleven hours of unceasing toil, during which I had ample opportunity to see what a mule could do, and to hear how thoroughly trained mule-packers could express their sentiments regarding everything and every person in general, and those immediate mules and circumstances in particular, I have

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no hesitation in affirming that in both these directions my experience *is* exhaustive.

Dead-beat and almost dumb, one of the men, sitting on a newly prostrate mule's head, summed up the situation concisely as he said, glancing at me reproachfully, "It's enough to make a minister of the gospel swear;" and had I gone through half the poor fellow had endured, I have no doubt I should have agreed with him.

THE SONNET.

By Julia C. R. Dorr.

TO A CRITIC.

"It is but cunning artifice," you say?
"To it no throb of nature answereth?
It hath no living pulse, no vital breath,
This puppet, fashioned in an elder day,
Through whose strait lips no heart can cry or pray?"
O deaf and blind of soul, these words that saith!
If that thine ear is dull, what hindereth
That quicker ears should hear the bugles play
And the trump call to battle? Since the stars
First sang together, and the exulting skies
Thrilled to their music, earth hath never heard,
Above the tumult of her worldly jars,
Or loftier songs or prayers than those that rise
Where the high sonnet soareth like a bird!

TO A POET.

Thou who wouldst wake the sonnet's silver lyre,
Make thine hands clean! Then, as on eagle's wings,
Above the soiling touch of sordid things,
Bid thy soul soar till, mounting high and higher,
It feels the glow of pure celestial fire,
Bathes in clear light, and hears the song that rings
Through heaven's high arches when some angel brings
Gifts to the Throne, on wings that never tire!
It hath a subtile music, strangely sweet,
Yet all unmeet for dance or roundelay,
Or idle love that fadeth like a flower.
It is the voice of hearts that strongly beat,
The cry of souls that grandly love and pray,
The trumpet-peal that thrills the battle-hour!

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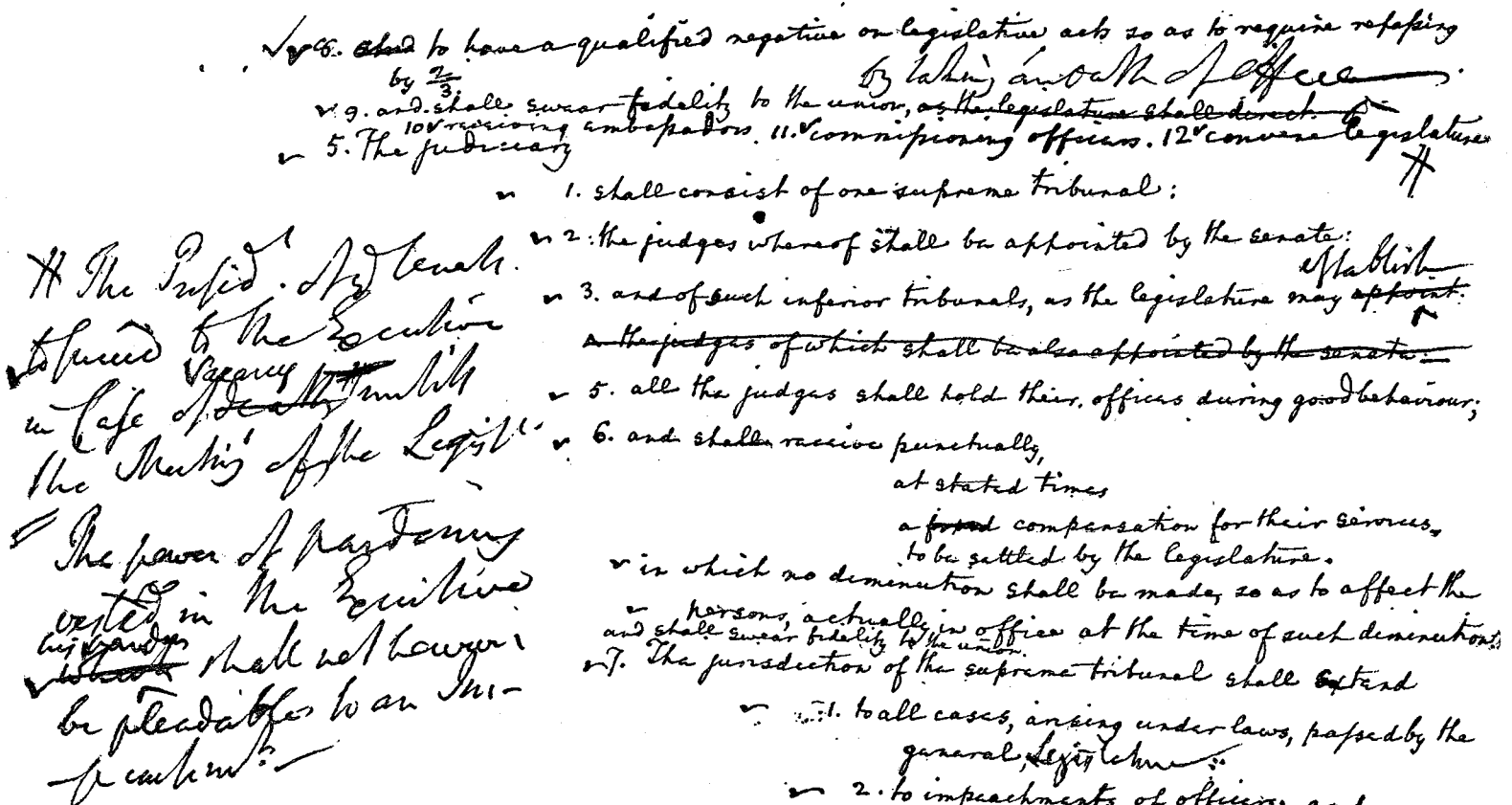

6. ~~shall~~ to have a qualified negative on legislative acts so as to require refusing by $\frac{2}{3}$ By taking an Oath of Office.
9. and shall swear fidelity to the union, as the legislature shall direct.
10. receiving ambassadors. 11. commissioning officers. 12. convene legislature.
5. The judiciary
1. shall consist of one supreme tribunal:
2. the judges whereof shall be appointed by the senate:
3. and of such inferior tribunals, as the legislature may appoint. establish
~~4. the judges of which shall be also appointed by the senate:~~
5. all the judges shall hold their offices during good behaviour;
6. and shall receive punctually, at stated times a ~~fixed~~ compensation for their services, to be settled by the legislature.
in which no diminution shall be made, so as to affect the persons, actually in office at the time of such diminutions.
and shall swear fidelity to the union.
7. The jurisdiction of the supreme tribunal shall extend
1. to all cases, arising under laws, passed by the general, Legislature:
2. to impeachments of officers: and
3. to such other cases, as the national legislature may assign, as involving the national peace and harmony,

* The Pres. of Council to preside in the Executive Vacancy in Case of death &c. until the Meeting of the Legislature.

The power of Pardoning vested in the Executive shall not however be pleadable to an Impeachment.

Fac-simile of a Part of Randolph's Scheme of a National Constitution. From the original manuscript discovered among the papers of Governor Mason.

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AN UNPUBLISHED DRAFT OF A

NATIONAL CONSTITUTION BY EDMUND RANDOLPH.

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF GEORGE MASON.

By Moncure D. Conway.

At the close of the Constitutional Convention of 1787, its Secretary, William Jackson, made a holocaust of the papers on his table. Many interesting materials of history so perished. But fortunately there were some who realized what momentous history was made in those months, and there has been found among the papers of George Mason, author of the Bill of Rights, a document of great importance. This is the draft of a national constitution by Governor Edmund Randolph, with annotations by James McClurg, one of his colleagues in the Convention of 1787.

I had already become convinced, in the course of the biography of Randolph, on which I have been engaged, that some such document had existed as this, which a descendant of the statesman of Gunston Hall has now placed in my hand. On April 8, 1787, Madison wrote from New York to Governor Randolph: "I am glad to find that you are turning your thoughts towards the business of May next. My despair of your finding the necessary leisure, as signified in one of your letters, with the probability that some leading propositions at least would be expected from Virginia, had engaged me in a closer attention to the subject than I should otherwise have given. . . . I think, with you, that it will be well to retain as much as possible of the old Confederation. . . . I am also perfectly of your opinion that, in framing a system, no material sacrifices ought to be made to local or temporary prejudices. An explanatory address must of necessity accompany the result of the Convention on the main object. I am not sure that it will be practicable to present the several parts of the reform in so detached a manner to the States, as that a partial adoption will be binding." These phrases suggest that Randolph was engaged on a constitutional scheme, and some of them that he had submitted to Madison parts of the draft now discovered. In it Randolph speaks of the plan as "the reform;" he urges the necessity of a Constitution that can be "accommodated to times and events;" he outlines "an explanatory address." This scheme cannot be confused with the general resolutions introduced by the Governor, as leader of the Virginia delegation, at the opening of the Convention, of which he said, "details made no part, and could not perhaps, with propriety, have been introduced." The document just discovered is one of details as well as general principles, and covers nine long folio pages in Randolph's small handwriting. It has evidently been used as a working draft, no doubt in Committee of Detail, each item being ticketed off when disposed of. There are numerous erasures and interpolations of his own, besides the notes of McClurg. There are indications of blank spaces afterward filled up. At one point the first legislative branch is styled "House of Delegates," at another "House of Representatives," and there are other vestiges of the development of the scheme at Philadelphia.

The title "House of Delegates," is one of several indications that the Governor began on the basis of the Virginia Constitution which he helped to frame in 1776, his twenty-third year. Now, in his thirty-fourth year, he was the most successful administrator of the State he had help to found. Dr. James McClurg, to whom this draft was submitted, owed his nomination to the Convention to Randolph, as did Richard Henry Lee. The Governor wished to give fair play to federalist and anti-federalist. For McClurg, six years his senior, Randolph

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had great regard, though their roads diverged a good deal in the Convention. After graduation at William and Mary (1762), he (McClurg) had studied medicine at Edinburgh and Paris, had written a celebrated medical essay, become Professor of Anatomy and Medicine at William and Mary (1779), and published a volume of *vers de société*. He had also served as a Member of the Executive Council. Madison wished to have him appointed Secretary of Foreign Affairs. Although his voice was heard in the Convention but three times, then in few words (Madison attributing this to his modesty), the annotations on this Randolph Constitution show that Dr. McClurg had carefully considered the questions which came before the Convention. He was, it seems, a federalist of the Hamiltonian, rather than of the Randolphian school; that is, he was inclined to repose national supremacy in the executive, rather than in the legislature.* These notes, and Randolph's spontaneous alterations—changes suggesting consultations with one or another leader—make this old document in some sort a composite Constitution, and it is rather in its relation to the forces and factors at work in the Convention, than to its connection with Randolph individually, that its chief interest lies.

The instrument opens with suggestions of a general kind. "In the draught of a fundamental constitution two things deserve attention. 1. To insert essential principles only, lest the operations of government should be clogged by rendering those provisions permanent and unalterable which ought to be accommodated to times and events. 2. To use simple and precise language, and general propositions, according to the example of the constitutions of the several states.

"1. A Preamble seems proper. Not for the purpose of designating the ends of government and human politics: this display of theory, however proper in the first formation of states' governments is unfit here; since we are not working on the natural rights of men not yet gathered into society, but upon those rights modified by society, and interwoven with what we call the rights of states. Nor yet is it proper for the purpose of mutually pledging the faith of the parties for the observance of the articles: this may be done more solemnly at the close of the draught, as in the Confederation. But the object of our Preamble ought to be briefly to declare that the present federal government is insufficient to the general happiness; that the conviction of this fact gave birth to this Convention; and that the only effectual mode which they can devise for curing this insufficiency is the establishment of a supreme legislative, executive, and judiciary. Let it be next declared that the following are the Constitution and fundamentals of government for the United States. After this introduction let us proceed to the

"2. First resolution. This resolution involves these particulars: 1. The style of the United States, which may continue as it now is. 2. A declaration that the supreme legislative, executive, and judiciary shall be established. 3. A declaration that these departments shall be distinct, and independent of each other, except in specified cases."

It is one thing to aim at "essential principles only," another to detach such from the incidents which events have raised into a semblance of eternal principles. No doubt it is largely due to the long struggle of the Virginia Burgesses to keep Governor Berkeley and his royal council out of their House that severe severance of the three branches had become the political creed. Like most creeds, it had to be harmonized with practical necessities. "Soup is not eaten so hot as it is cooked." Even in the Virginia Constitution of 1776 the independence is qualified: "The Legislative, Executive, and Judiciary Departments shall be separate and distinct, so that neither exercise the powers properly belonging to the other; nor shall any person exercise the powers of more than one of them at the same time, except that the justices of the county

* It has been generally supposed that Dr. McClurg's motion that the President should be chosen for life or good behavior was meant as irony. The notes he has added to this Randolph Constitution suggest that under his humorous phrase was a serious sympathy with the Hamiltonian principle. He was compelled to return to Virginia some time before the close of the Convention, which accounts for his signature not being appended to the Constitution.

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courts shall be eligible to either House of Assembly." Governor Randolph wished to make further exceptions from the creed, in the United States Constitution, but the doctrine had to be laid down. And next to it the doctrine of a bicameral legislature. "The mind of the people of America," said George Mason, "is unsettled as to some points, but settled as to others. In two points I am sure it is well settled—first, in an attachment to republican government; secondly, in an attachment to more than one branch in the legislature." Against the bicameral system Franklin stood alone in the Convention, where it was accepted almost without question. The first provision of this Randolph Constitution is for a Legislature which "shall consist of two branches: viz. (*a*) a House of Delegates; and (*b*) a Senate." The use of this word Senate might point Lord Bacon's famous saying about the power of words to entangle strongest men. I have before me a manuscript fragment by Edmund Randolph in which, alluding to the framers of the Virginia Constitution, (1776) he says: "The young boasted that they were treading upon the republican ground of Greece and Rome, and contracted a sovereign contempt for British institutions." "It may surprise posterity that in the midst of the most pointed declamations in the Convention against the inequality of representation in the British House of Commons, it was submitted to in Virginia without a murmur." Some of these young Romans lived to find housed in their "Senate" a peerage of States by which Delaware was made equal with Virginia. But the bicameral system did not originate in State equality, as is sometimes said; that equality of votes might have been combined with proportional representation in the House of Representatives, as it now is when a presidential election falls to that House.

"2. The House of Delegates shall never be greater in number than ——. To effect this pursue a rule similar to that prescribed in the 16th article of the New York Constitution." This New York article limited the Senators to 100, the Representatives to 300. In 1801 the Senators were further reduced to 32, and the Representatives to 150; twenty years later the latter were set at 128. The plan involved repeated redistributions. For its application to the United States Randolph proposed that "each state shall send delegates according to the ratio recommended by Congress: to ascertain this point let a census be taken," etc. The qualifications for Congress were to be twenty-five years of age and citizenship. Whereto Randolph appends: "Qu: if a certain term of residence, and a certain quantity of landed property, ought not to be made by the Convention a further qualification." The "delegate's" tenure was two years; the elections being held biennially, on the same day throughout the same State, at a place fixed by each Legislature, from time to time; or, in their default, by the national legislature. "The qualification of electors shall be the same with that in the particular states, unless the" [national] "legislature shall hereafter direct some uniform qualification to prevail through the states." Here are suggested as qualifications: "Citizenship; manhood; sanity of mind; previous residence of one year, or possession of real property within the state for the whole of one year, or enrolment in the militia for the whole of a year." But someone has run his pen through all of these except the first two, as "not justified by the resolutions." The Delegates choose their presiding officer. They shall vote by ballot, unless two-thirds choose to vary the mode. "A majority shall be a quorum for business; but a smaller number may be authorized by the House to call for and punish non-attending members, and to adjourn for any time not exceeding one week." "The house of delegates shall have power over its own members." "The delegates shall be privileged from arrest (personal restraint) during their attendance [and] for so long a time before and after as may be necessary for travelling to and from the legislature." To this is added, but struck out, "and they shall have no other privileges whatever." They shall be ineligible to any office under the authority of the United States during their term. Vacancies shall be filled by writ of their State governor or speaker. The two Houses were arranged much in the same way in the

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original draft, the provisions being quite legible through the multitude of erasures which followed the victory of unequal representation in the Senate. Until then "the Legislature" was written of as one body, and the only functional privileges of the two branches are, that the first is to have peculiar powers concerning money-bills, and the Senate those relating to treaties—of commerce, of peace, and alliance. The Senate is also to appoint the judiciary, and send ambassadors. The present rule of rotation in the Senate is taken literally from this Randolph scheme. The provision for its constitution was: "The Senate shall consist of—members, each possessing a vote." Each State was to use its own discretion as to the time and manner of choosing these "members," presently interlined "Senators." Dr. Franklin, having vainly appealed to the Convention to invoke divine assistance in settling the issue between the large and sr all States, proposed, as a compromise, that the latter should have their equality of representation if they paid for it. Randolph arranged another compromise, by which the States should vote as equals on a number of subjects that might affect them as States. But when he brought this into the Convention the small States had already gained the day. George Mason, with whom Randolph nearly always agreed, intimated a willingness to make this concession to the small States for the sake of the Union; but, in thus yielding, neither of these men contemplated the further powers presently vested in the Senate in combination with the Executive.

A curious provision was struck out of this document by which the Senators were to be paid per diem the average value of a fixed number of bushels of wheat, on the basis of its value for the previous six years as declared by a special jury of merchants and farmers summoned by the Supreme Court. In this the old tobacco payments of Virginia survive. The legislative power to raise money by taxation, "unlimited as to sum, for the past and future debts and necessities of the Union, and establish rules for collection," is given under exceptions: direct taxation must be proportioned to representation; any capitation tax must apply to all under this limitation, and every indirect tax be common to all. The power to "regulate commerce" is made (by McClurg) to include "foreign and domestick." Randolph having provided against duties on exports, and prohibitions or prohibitory duties on "importations of inhabitants," McClurg changes this to "no prohibitions on such inhabitants or people as the several States think proper to admit." This looks as if McClurg did not share the hatred of the slave-trade expressed by his colleagues. Randolph was a radical anti-slavery man for the time, and his clause about "inhabitants" (foreigners) had nothing to do with State privileges or with slaves. To include these, McClurg adds "people." When this McClurg clause was before the Convention, Randolph declared he would rather risk the Constitution than accept it. No navigation act is to pass unless by consent of eleven States (McClurg says, "two-thirds of the members present"). All war powers are intrusted to the Legislature; "it is to make war, raise armies, equip fleets; to provide tribunals and punishments for mere offences against the law of nations." It is to appoint tribunals inferior to the judiciary; "to adjust, upon the plan heretofore used, all disputes between the States." McClurg adds, "respecting territory and jurisdiction;" wherein he came in collision with Mason's protest against the doctrine that the territorial sovereignty claimed by the crown had descended to the Federal Government. To Randolph's provision that the Legislature shall have the exclusive right to coin money McClurg adds, that no State shall emit paper bills of credit without approval of the National Legislature, or make anything but specie a legal tender. It seems probable that, by granting the Legislature power to "coin money," Randolph wished to bear testimony against paper money, but perhaps not wishing absolutely to tie the hands of the general government on the subject—this being the position taken by Mason. The powers exercised by Congress under the present Constitution are here for the most part enumerated, and need not be recited.

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Governor Randolph was sharply asked in the Convention of 1787, by Pierce Butler, whether he meant to abolish State powers altogether. Although he honestly disclaimed such an intention, he shared with Hamilton—perhaps with Washington—the hope that the National Government would become, to use his own similitude, as a great oak beside which the State governments would appear as shrubs. Even in this scheme for a "reform" of the Confederation, he would ordain a "supreme" government—his word being struck out in the Convention. But he differed from Hamilton and Washington as to the nucleus of the central supremacy; he would vest it in a legislature, carefully filtered and checked, but independent of State governments still semi-colonial. But after the decision of the Convention giving equality of suffrage in the Senate, the States were all summoned "to their tents." "The vote of this morning," said Randolph, "has embarrassed the business extremely. All the powers given in the report from the committee of the whole were founded on the supposition that a proportional representation was to prevail in both branches of the legislature." Among several alterations in this Randolph scheme which followed that memorable July 16th may have been the erasure of the following: "All laws of a particular state repugnant hereto shall be void; and in the decision thereon, which shall be vested in the supreme judiciary, all incidents, without which the general principle cannot be satisfied, shall be considered as involved in the general principle." Now that the Supreme Court was to be appointed by the Senate—exclusively, as he supposed—such a clause might place a State at the mercy of a minority of the nation. The statesmen who wished to develop a strong popular government of the pure republican type, and those who desired a strong personal government, were henceforth compelled to sit aloof and silent while others framed on paper an impossible combination of State and National authority. The late Mr. Sothern, being driven one night, by a tipsy cabman, aimlessly about some London square, cried out at last, "Cabman, keep on in this square; I've been here so long, I begin to like it." "Do you mean," asked the man, "for me to go on driving round this square?" "Yes, as much as a man *can* drive round in a square." Since our constitutional fathers started to drive their ancient State chariot round in a square of national supremacy the inevitable corner collisions have come; but even now, so strong are political survivals, it is improbable that a constitutional amendment denying the right of State secession could be carried.

Along with this Randolph Constitution was found a carefully prepared paper, in the handwriting of George Mason, expressing his views in favor of a plural executive, as "the most effectual means of checking and counteracting the aspiring views of dangerous and ambitious men." Like everything else that came from that man the argument is vigorous, and no doubt it will appear in the coming biography of Mason by Miss Kate Mason Rowland. Since perusing that argument I have no doubt that Randolph's conversion to the idea of a plural executive—his advocacy of which made such an impression on Franklin—was due to Mason, and subsequent to their arrival in Philadelphia. The governor's draft now before me provides for a single executive. The title of the Executive appears to have been a matter of much discussion. Randolph (MS.) says that after the revolution many retained the use of titles because of "pride which would not suffer the new government to carry with it fewer testimonies of public devotion than the old." He here ignores every title, but McClurg suggests: "Governor of the United People and States of America." Randolph provides for election of the Executive by the National Legislature; McClurg adds—"By ballot, each House having a negative on the other." Randolph provides for a seven years term, with ineligibility thereafter. The Executive is to command and superintend the militia, to direct their discipline, and to direct the executives of the States to call them, or any part, for the support of the National Government. But McClurg would substitute: "To be Commander in Chief of the Land and Naval Forces of the Union and of the

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Militia of the several States." Randolph, like Madison, relied much on the power of impeachment. The Executive is to be removable on impeachment by the House of Representatives, on conviction of malpractice or neglect of duty, before the Supreme Court. For "malpractice or neglect of duty" McClurg substitutes, "treason, bribery, or corruption." Randolph would probably not have accepted this limitation, and he certainly did not agree to the doctor's proposal to give the Executive the pardoning power, even though one not pleadable to an impeachment. With Mason he tried hard to except treason from the offences open to presidential clemency. Many in the Convention recognized the danger of investing a President with the power that may be used to shield his own guilt. Madison soothed his fears here, as in the face of other risks, with contemplation of the tremendous efficacy he attributed to the menace of impeachment. Moreover, these patriots were in despair of finding any safer depository of the pardoning power. The time was not ripe for inquiring whether that power is not in itself an anomalous survival from the ages of autocracy, and whether it is wise to raise any individual into a Supreme Court of Appeal, able to revise and reverse decisions of the highest tribunals in criminal cases. However, Randolph may be credited by the heretical on this point with having omitted all mention of any pardoning power. Probably he would have reposed it, if anywhere, in the Chief Justice of the United States.

Randolph's long training as State Attorney—for a time he was also a judge—enabled him to prepare a scheme for the judiciary which met with general acceptance. Several powers, however, intrusted to the Supreme Court in his scheme, were taken from it, the most serious, perhaps, being its jurisdiction in cases of impeachment. The mention of "cases of impeachment" in the present Constitution, Article III., Section 2, defining jurisdictions of the court, looks like a relic of this original arrangement. The proceedings of the Convention with regard to the judiciary were followed unweariedly by this Virginia lawyer, and, as he had contributed so much to lay its foundations, he was summoned by the first President to assist, as first Attorney-General, its organization and inauguration throughout the country.

The next part of Randolph's draft is devoted to "Miscellaneous Provisions." The admission of new states is much the same as that finally adopted. McClurg requires a congressional majority of two-thirds for each such admission, and Randolph is careful to reserve full legislative discretion in each case. On the vexed question of "the guarantee," Randolph's Constitution engages the national government to (1) prevent the establishment of any government not republican; (2) to protect each state against internal commotion, and (3) against external invasion; (4) "but this guarantee shall not operate without an application from the legislature of a state." Although it is not quite certain how much was included by the words "this guarantee," in the last clause, it looks as if Randolph meant to empower the general government to interfere in the internal commotions of a state without any demand from the state, the latter condition being requisite only in case of external invasion. McClurg, however, has modified the section so that the guarantee against "internal commotion" shall operate only after application from the state legislature. So it now stands in our Constitution, with the proviso that aid may be invoked by the executive of a state when its legislature cannot be convened. But any internal commotion which should hinder a legislature from meeting might involve an executive also. Randolph's original plan does not appear to have been improved. At several periods of our history it has been shown that the national government might be seriously hampered under the vagueness of this clause, which may yet open visions to some fanatical or anarchical mob, headed by a governor, in the recess of a legislature.

There is a notable omission from this draft of any provision for religious freedom and equality. From an unpublished letter now before me, written by Randolph to Madison, I infer that Randolph had considered this whole subject, and reached the conclusion that religious

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liberty and equality could be best secured by absolutely ignoring the subject in the Constitution. Referring to the provision in Article VI. ("no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States"), Randolph expresses to Madison his fear that this clause may be interpreted as implying some general governmental power on the subject. This led to their agreement on the sixteenth and twentieth amendments which accompanied the Virginia ratification, and were combined in the first article added to the Constitution.

Randolph's Constitution provides carefully for ratification by the states, and amendment on application of two-thirds of the legislatures. It is somewhat amusing to find here and there the phrases "reform," "proposed reform," "ratification of the reform," surviving in this full-grown and powerful Constitution from the time when, as he tells us, he believed the confederation not so eminently defective as had been supposed. It was while writing this same draft, corresponding with and consulting the ablest representatives of the country, that he became "persuaded that the confederation was destitute of every energy which a Constitution of the United States ought to possess." The explanatory address with which the draft concludes was evidently written at an early stage of the production, and possesses a certain charm of simplicity.

"The object of an address is to satisfy the people of the propriety of the proposed reform. To this end the following seems worthy of adoption: 1. To state the general objects of a confederation. 2. To show by general but pointed observations in what respects our confederation has fallen short of those objects. 3. The powers necessary to be given will then follow as a consequence of the defects. 4. A question next arises whether these powers can with propriety be vested in Congress? The answer is, they cannot. 5. But, as some states may possibly meditate partial confederations, it would be fit now to refute this opinion briefly. 6. It follows, then, that a government of the whole on national principles, with respect to taxation, etc., is most eligible. 7. This would lead to a short exposition of the leading particulars in the constitution. 8. This done, conclude in a suitable manner.

"This is the shortest scheme which can be adopted. For it would be strange to ask for new powers without assigning some reason, it matters not how general soever, which may apply to all of them. Besides, we ought to furnish the advocates of the plan in the country with some general topics. Now, I conceive that these heads do not more than comprehend the necessary points."

In the beginning of this century, after his retirement from public life, Randolph employed himself in writing a history of Virginia. It has never been printed, but is of extreme interest. The picturesque conjunction of the queen's jubilee with the centennial of our Constitution lends a special interest to the following passage: "It has been often doubted, too, whether a written constitution has any superiority over one unwritten. This is a point of comparison between the English constitution and that of Virginia. An unwritten constitution can, upon the appearance of a defect, be amended without agitating the people. A written one is a standing ark, to which first principles can be brought as to a test. Whatever merit is due to either opinion, it should not be forgotten that the spirit of a people will, in construction, frequently bend words seemingly inflexible, and derange the organization of power. This has happened in Virginia, where the line of partition between the legislative and judicial departments has been so remote from vulgar apprehension, or plausible necessity has driven such considerations before it."

These words find imposing illustration to-day in the unwritten Constitution of the United States, under which some portions of the written one have succumbed. The glimpse obtained, through the draft just reviewed, into the workshop of the framers of the Constitution shows how much they depended on things destined to be transient. "Impeachment" is now a rusted blunderbuss. The plan of presidential electors, hailed as a means of securing independence, both of legislative cabal and the *popularis aura*, has proved the cumbrous fifth wheel to a

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coach. Despite the virtuous First Amendment, chaplains have their traditional "cakes and ale" in the capitol. Notwithstanding the constitutional testimony against titles of nobility, "His Excellency" of the White House demands audience of "Her Majesty" on her jubilee, and is the more powerful person of the two. Mason, Randolph, and Franklin, having vainly sought to distribute executive power so that no man should glory in the face of the republic, tried hard to surround the president with an executive council. The individual president is still able to glory, even all the more that he is surrounded by a cabinet—unknown to the Constitution—among whom he may distribute responsibility for his blunders. Some unwritten articles of our Constitution fulfil the hopes of the purest republicans of the Convention. The third-term heresy has been discredited; the right of the American people to their union has been affirmed; the right of the republic to protect the New World from encroachments of foreign despotism has become a doctrine. Lord Tennyson recently expressed his envy of the conservative restriction in our Constitution on change in the organic law; but the laureate sees us through illusions of distance. People have little more difficulty in reading their prepossessions into a constitution than sects have in finding their several creeds in the Bible.

A BRIDE OF A YEAR.

By Mrs. Fields.

She is white and slender and fair,
  Her eyes are aflame with desire,
Bright with lustre of youth is her hair,
  She is dew, she is starlight, and fire.

Thou birch-tree swayed by the wind!
  More gently swayed is her form,
For a breath can move her or bind,
  And his love is her sunlight and storm.

Her life is a vision, a dream,
  She sitteth apart with her joy,
Or down day's tumultuous stream
  Guides a shallop that none can destroy.

Her smile is the smile of the morn,
  Her beauty the coolness of eve;
O morning, art ever forlorn!
  Why, spirit of evening, dost grieve!

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A COLLECTION OF

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF THACKERAY.

VI.

[Fragment.] PARIS, 1851.

A Story with a Moral.

Last night I went to a party at the house of my mother's friend Madame Colemache (who introduced me to Madame Ancelot the authoress, who was dying to see me, said Madame Colemache, only I found on talking to Madame Ancelot that she didn't know who I was, and so was no more dying than the most lively of us) and coming down stairs with my Ma I thought to myself, I will go home and have an hour's chat with her, and try and cheer and console her, for her sad tragic looks melted my heart, and always make me think I am a cruel monster; and so I was very tender and sentimental and you see caressed her filially as we went down. It was a wet night and the fly was waiting, and she was just going to step in —but there entered at the house door a fiddler with his fiddle under his arm, whom when dear old *Mater dolorosa* beheld, she said, "O! that is Monsieur *un tel* who has come to play a duo with Laure; I must go back and hear him." And back she went, and all my sentimentality was gulped down and I came home and sent the fly back two miles for her, with Jeames to escort her in the rain. The Moral is that women with those melancholy eyes, and sad, sad looks are not always so melancholy as they seem; they have consolations, — amusements, fiddlers, &c.

. . . . . .

I am happy, as happy as I can be here, which is pretty well, though I am bored daily and nightly, and drag about sulkily from tea party to tea party. Last night my mother had her little T, and they danced, and it was not at all unpleasant *quand on y était*. I found an old school-fellow, looking ten years younger

Drawing by Thackeray in Mrs. Brookfield's possession. (Perhaps Lady Castlereagh ?)

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than myself, whom I remember older and bigger than myself twenty-eight years ago; and he had got a charming young wife, quite civilized and pleasant to talk to, and the young ladies had their new frocks and looked tolerably respectable, and exceedingly happy. They are to go to a party on Monday, and another on Wednesday, and on Thursday (D. V) we shall be on the homeward road again.

I had cuddled myself with the notion of having one evening to myself, one quiet dinner, one quiet place at the play; but my mother took my only evening and gave it to an old lady whom I don't want to see, and who would have done very well without me,—was there ever such a victim? I go about from house to house and grumble everywhere. I say Thursday, D. V., for what mayn't happen? My poor cousin Charlotte has a relapse of rheumatic fever; my Aunt is in a dreadful prostration and terror. "If anything happens to Charlotte," she says, "I shall die, and then what will Jane do?"

. . . . . .

There's a kind of glum pleasure, isn't there, in sitting by sick beds and trying to do one's best? I took the old G. P. to dinner at a *Café* yesterday, before the *soirée;* he is very nice and kind and gentle. . . . . .

Well, on Wednesday I am going to dine with the Préfet de Police, and afterwards to Madame Scrivanacks ball, where I shall meet,—I, an old fellow of forty—all the pretty actresses of Paris. Let us give a loose to pleasure. . . . .

Mamma and I went to see the old lady last night,—Lady Elgin an honest, grim, big, clever old Scotch lady, well read and good to talk to, dealing in religions of many denominations, and having established in her house as a sort of director, Mr. C. one of the heads of the Irvingites a clever, shifty, sneaking man. I wish I had had your story of Manning; that would have been conversation, but your note didn't arrive till this morning. Thank you, and I hope you are very well. . . . .

I hope you will like good old Miss Agnes Berry; I am sure you will, and shall be glad that you belong to that kind and polite set of old ladies and worthy gentlemen. Mr. Williams too, will approve of them, I should think. I don't know any better company than Foley Wilmot and Poodle Byng. Pass quickly Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday. Shall I let Kensington, with ten beds, to an Exhibition-seeing party and live alone? Will you take a lodger who will lend you a fly to go to the parties which you will be continually frequenting? Ah! that would be pleasant.

My cousin Charlotte was much better yesterday, thank God, and her mother quiet. I have been visiting the sick here,—one, two, three, every day. I want to begin to write again very much; my mighty mind is tired of idleness, and ill employs the intervals of rest. . . .

W. M. T.

——— and I are going out for a little ride in half an hour, so that I have plenty of time to send a letter to you. The place here is a neat little thing enough, small and snug, with a great train of *maison* and not more than twenty thousand acres about the house; nothing compared to Gulston, Rumbleberry, Crumply, and most of the places to which one is accustomed, but very well, you understand me, for people of a certain rank of life. One can be happy with many little *désagrêments*, when one sees that the people are determined to be civil to one. Nobody here but ——— and the Duchess, who don't show at breakfast, and—no, I wont go on writing this dreary nonsense, which was begun before I went out for a long walk and then for a ride. Both were exceedingly pleasant, for there is a beautiful park and gardens and conservatories, and only to see the ducks on the water, and the great big lime trees in the avenue, gives one the keenest sensual pleasure. The wind seemed to me to blow floods of health into my lungs, and the man I was walking with was evidently amused by the excitement and enjoyment of his companion. I recollect His Reverence at Clevedon being surprised at my boyish delight on a similar occasion. It is worth living in London, surely, to enjoy the country when you get to it; and when you go to a man's grounds and get into raptures concerning them, pointing their

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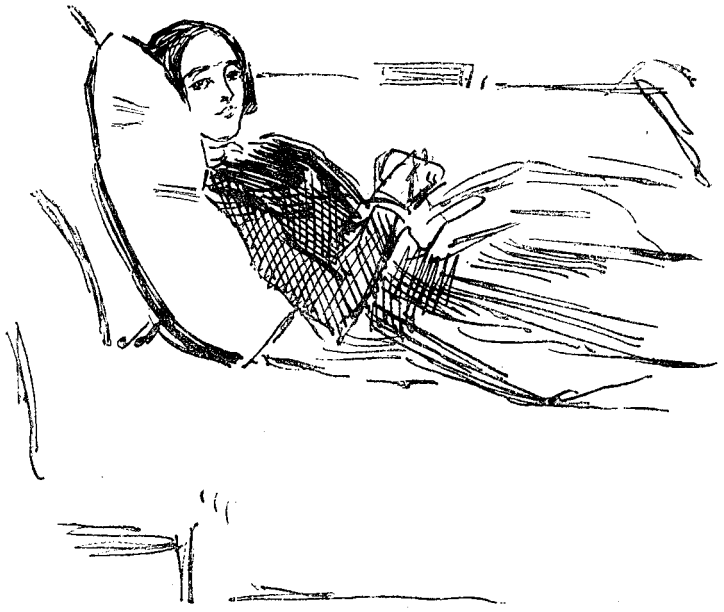

Sketch by Thackeray, belonging to Mrs. Brookfield.

beauties out with eagerness and feeling, perhaps the host gets a better opinion of his own havings and belongings.

At this juncture I actually fell asleep, being quite tired out with walking, riding, and fresh air. What a gale there is blowing, and what a night your sister must have had to cross! My lady has been uncommonly gracious, and has one of the sweetest voices I ever heard, "an excellent thing in woman." But I am not at my ease yet with her, and tremble rather before her. She is in a great state of suffering, I can see though, and fancy I understand the reason thereof. . . . . .

I rode with Lord Ashburton to Alresford, where I heard the magistrates' sessions held, and saw the squires arrive. It was very good fun for me. There was a sentimental case, which somebody would have liked; as handsome a young couple as I ever saw—the girl really beautiful, and the man a deceiver,—and, and,—there was a little baby, and he was condemned to pay 1/6 a week for keeping it; but Lord, what it would be to live in that dreary old country town! It is good to see though, and to listen to the squires, and the talk about hunting, and the scandal, and admire the wonderful varieties of men. We met the little girl and the baby trudging home, sometime afterwards, and the curate in her wake. There seemed no sort of shame about the business, nor love, nor tears, as far as one could see; not a halfpenny worth of romance; only when the child squalled, the mother, who was very fond of it, nursed it, and that made a pretty picture.

What a stupid letter I am writing! I have nothing to say; I left my portmanteau in London, at the station, and was obliged to dine in a frock coat. I hadn't enough clothes to my bed, and couldn't sleep much. . . . .

A Fragment.

From the Grange.

The Bishop and a number of clergy are coming here to-morrow and so I stay on for a couple of days. Yesterday it rained without, and I was glad to remain in my room the greater part of the day and to make a good fire and prepare myself for work. But I did none; it wouldn't come—sleep came instead, and between it and the meals and reading Alton Locke—the day passed away. To-day we have had a fine walk—to Trench's

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parsonage,* a pretty place 3 miles off, through woods of a hundred thousand colours. The Poet was absent but his good-natured wife came to see us ;—by Us I mean me, Lady Ashburton, and Miss Farrer, who walked as aide de camp by my lady's pony. How is it that I find myself humbling before her and taking a certain parasitical air as all the rest do? There's something commanding in the woman (she was born in 1806 you'll understand) and I see we all of us bow down before her. Why don't we bow down before you ma'am. Little Mrs. Taylor is the only one who doesn't seem to Kotoo. I like Taylor,† whose grandeur wears off in ten minutes, and in whom one perceives an extremely gentle and loving human creature I think—not a man to be intimate with ever, but to admire and like from a distance and to have a sort of artistical good will to. . . . We have Carlyle coming down directly the Taylors go away. Major Rawlinson arrives to-night. . . . I've been reading in Alton Locke—Baillie Cochrane, Keneally's Goethe—and a book on the decadence of La France proved by figures, and showing that the French are not increasing in wealth or numbers near so fast as the English, Prussians, Russians. Baillie Cochrane is an amusing fellow, amusing from his pomposity and historic air; and Alton Locke begins to be a bore, I think; and Keneally's Goethe is the work of a mad-cap with a marvellous facility of versifying; and I should like Annie and Minnie to go to my dear lady on Wednesday if you will have them.

1852.

March 18th, 1852, KENSINGTON.

MY DEAR WM. :

I have just received your kind message and melancholy news. Thank you for thinking that I'm interested in what concerns you, and sympathise in what gives you pleasure or grief. Well, I don't think there is much more than this to-day: but I recall what you have said in our many talks of your father, and remember the affection and respect with which you always regarded and spoke of him. Who would wish for more than honour, love, obedience and a tranquil end to old age? And so that generation which engendered us passes away, and their place knows them not; and our turn comes when we are to say good bye to our joys, struggles, pains, affections—and our young ones will grieve and be consoled for us and so on. We've lived as much in 40 as your good old father in his four score years, don't you think so?—and how awfully tired and lonely we are. I picture to myself the placid face of the kind old father with all that trouble and doubt over—his life expiring with supreme blessings for you all—for you and Jane and unconscious little Magdalene prattling and laughing at life's threshold; and know that you will be tenderly cheered and consoled by the good man's blessing for the three of you; while yet, but a minute, but yesterday, but all eternity ago, he was here loving and suffering. I go on with the paper before me—I know there's nothing to say—but I assure you of my sympathy and that I am yours my dear old friend aff'tly,

W. M. THACKERAY.

[1854]

I hope you will not object to hear that I am quite well this morning. I should have liked to shake hands with H. before his departure, but I was busy writing at the hour when he said he was going, and fell sound asleep here last night, after a very modest dinner, not waking till near midnight, when it was too late to set off to the Paddington Station.

What do you think I have done to-day? I have sent in my resignation to *Punch*. There appears in next *Punch* an article, so wicked, I think, by poor———— that upon my word I don't think I ought to pull any longer in the same boat with such a savage little Robespierre. The appearance of this incendiary article put me in such a rage, that I could only cool myself by a ride in the Park; and I should very likely have reported myself in Portman Street, but I remembered

* The Rev. R. C. Trench, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, was at Trinity College with Mr. Thackeray.

† Henry Taylor, author of Philip Van Artevelde,—afterwards Sir Henry Taylor.

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Sketch by Thackeray (his daughters and Major and Mrs. Carmichael Smyth). In Mrs. Brookfield's possession.

how you had Miss Prince to luncheon, and how I should be *de trop*. Now I am going to work the rest of the middle of the day until dinner time, when I go to see *Le Prophète* again; but it would please me very much, if you please, to hear that you were pretty well.

Always faithfully *de Madame le serviteur dévoué*

W. M. T.

Editor's Note.—For the purpose of keeping together in a single number of the Magazine the letters from America which form the remaining instalment of those selected by Mrs. Brookfield for publication, the Editor has printed this note on the *Punch* resignation here, though in strict chronological order it should follow and not precede the American visit. For the same reason he has placed here some recollections of Thackeray taken from an unpublished manuscript of Miss Kate Perry, which Mrs. Brookfield had arranged to accompany the publication—as a glimpse of "his charming ways amongst his intimates," which she felt would give pleasure to those who had been interested in the letters.

By the present arrangement the concluding (October) instalment will consist entirely of those Letters written from America in 1852–53.

In addition to the anecdotes quoted from Miss Perry, Mrs. Brookfield herself sends two of the early days of her acquaintance with Mr. Thackeray, which are thoroughly characteristic:

"When, soon after our marriage, Mr. Brookfield introduced his early college friend, Mr. Thackeray, to me, he brought him one day unexpectedly to dine with us. There was, fortunately, a good plain dinner, but I was young and shy enough to feel embarrassed because we had no sweets, and I privately sent my maid to

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My dear Madam
It was as I fared
on Friday, the
little Printers
devil barred
my door and
I could not
come out
as I should have liked very much to meet Colonel
Crowstade Colonel Bowes I mean, whom I have
already had the pleasure of meeting at your house
with an exterior wh. the world would call crusty

A Note and Sketch sent by Thackeray to

the nearest confectioner's to buy a dish of tartlets, which I thought would give a finish to our simple meal. When they were placed before me, I timidly offered our guest a small one, saying, 'Will you have a tartlet, Mr. Thackeray?' 'I will, but I'll have a two-penny one, if you please,' he answered, so beamingly, that we all laughed, and my shyness disappeared."

"On another occasion, also very early in my friendship with Mr. Thackeray, he was at our house one evening with a few other intimate friends, when the conversation turned on court circulars, and their sameness day after day. A few samples were given: 'So-and-so had the honor of joining Her Majesty's dinner party with other lofty and imposing personages,' invariably ending with Dr. Pretorius. 'By

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I know of no person who is invariably so richly endowed as M de Crowtade.

Meeting Kinglake yesterday (& no the day before) in the Park, he agreed that I should ask you if you would be so good as to receive me at dinner, or T if your table is full, on Friday: it is the first day I have when I am disengaged.

As I am in the act of writing this very last line the post man brings me your note. but on Wednesday I am going to a party of authors: and must not be faithless to my friends & brethren. Is there no hope for me dear Miss Berry?.

Always most faithfully yours
W M Thackeray

Mrs. Elliot. (In the possession of Miss Kate Perry.)*

the way, who is Dr. Pretorius?' somebody asked. A slight pause ensued, when a voice began solemnly singing the National Anthem, ending each verse with,

"God save our gracious Queen,
Send her victorious, happy and glorious,
Dr. Pretorius—God save the Queen."

"This was Mr. Thackeray, who had been sitting perfectly silent and rather apart from those who were talking, and had not appeared to notice what was said."

* This note and sketch, and the two which follow were written and drawn for my friends Mrs. Elliot and her sister Miss Perry, who has kindly sent them to me, to add to my own letters, as they belong to the same period of Mr. Thackeray's life. The little sketch of the cupid [p. 328] was sent to Miss Perry unfinished as it is, as an acknowledgment for some grapes which she had given to one of his daughters who was not well. J. O. B.

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EXTRACTS FROM MISS KATE PERRY'S RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. THACKERAY.

My acquaintance with Mr. Thackeray began at Brighton, where I was staying with my eldest brother, William Perry. In most cases there is a prelude to friendship — at first it is a delicate plant, with barely any root, gradually throwing out tender green leaves and buds, and then full-blown flowers—the root in the meanwhile taking firm hold of the earth—and cruel is the frost or

cutting wind which destroys it. But Mr. Thackeray and I went through no gradations of growth in our friendship; it was more like Jack's bean-stalk in a pantomime, which rushed up sky-high without culture, and, thank God, so remained till his most sad and sudden end.

In the earliest days of our friendship he brought his morning work to read to me in the evening; he had just commenced "Vanity Fair," and was living at the Old Ship Inn, where he wrote some of the first numbers. He often then said to me: "I wonder whether this will take, the publishers accept it, and the world read it?" I remember answering him that I had no reliance upon my own critical powers in literature; but that I had written to my sister, Mrs. Frederick Elliot, and said, "I have made a great friendship with one of the principal contributors of *Punch* —Mr. Thackeray; he is now writing a novel, but cannot hit upon a name for it. I may be wrong, but it seems to me the cleverest thing I ever read. The first time he dined with us I was fearfully alarmed at him. The next day we walked in Chichester Park, when he told all about his little girls, and of his great friendship with the Brookfields, and I told him about you and Chesham Place." When he heard this, and my opinion of his novel, he burst out laughing, and said: "Ah! Mademoiselle (as he always called me), it is *not* small beer; but I do not know whether it will be palatable to the London folks." He told me, some time afterward, that, after ransacking his brain for a name for his novel, it came upon him unawares, in the middle of the night, as if a voice had whispered, "Vanity Fair." He said, "I jumped out of bed, and ran three times round my room, uttering as I went, 'Vanity Fair, Vanity Fair, Vanity Fair.'"

Afterward we frequently met at the Miss Berrys', where night after night were assembled all the wit and beauty of that time. There was such a charm about these gatherings of friends, that hereafter we may say: "There is no salon now to compare to that of the Miss Berrys, in Curzon Street." My sister and I, with our great admiration and friendship for Mr. Thackeray, used to think that the Miss Berrys at first did not thoroughly appreciate or understand him; but one evening, when he had left early, they said they had perceived, for the first time, "what a very remarkable man he was." He became a constant and most welcome visitor at their house; they read his works with delight, and, whenever they were making up a pleasant dinner, used to say: "We *must* have Thackeray." It was at one of these dinners that Miss Berry astonished us all by saying she "had never read Jane Austen's novels, until lately someone had lent them to her. But she could not get on with them; they were totally uninteresting to her—long-drawn-out details of very ordinary people," and she found the books so tedious that she could not understand

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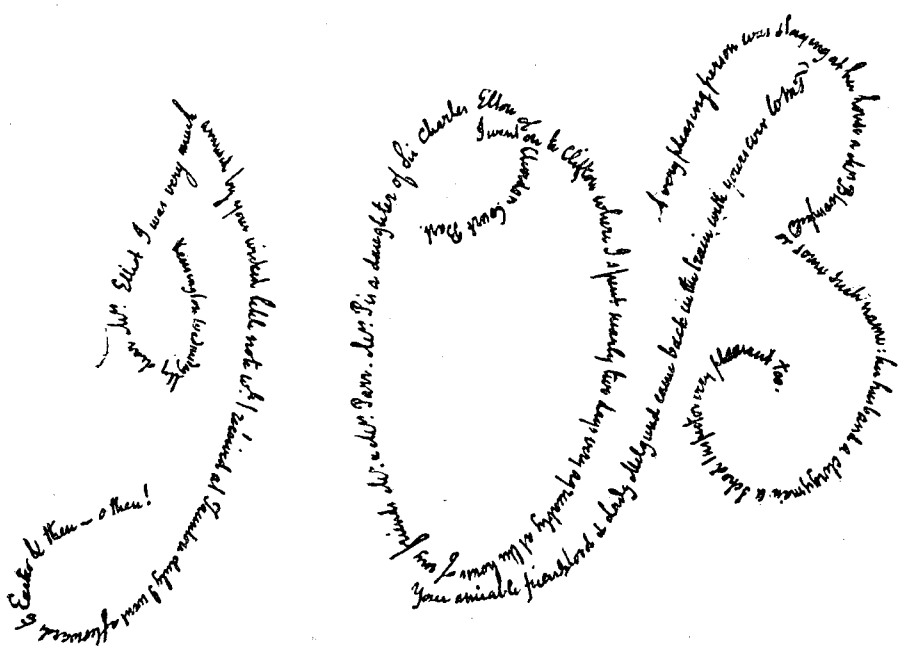

KENSINGTON, Wednesday.

MY DEAR MRS. ELLIOT,

I was very much amused by your wicked little note, which I received at Taunton duly. I went afterwards to Exeter, & then—O then! I went on to Clifton where I spent nearly two days very agreeably at the house of my friends Mr. & Mrs. Parr. Mrs. P. is a daughter of Sir Charles Elton of Clevedon Court, Bart. A very pleasing person was staying at her house, a Mrs. Bloomfield, or some such name: her husband a clergyman & School Inspector, very pleasant too. Your amiable friends Lord and Lady Melgund came back in the train with yours ever

W. M. T.

Note sent by Thackeray to Mrs. Elliot.

their having obtained such a celebrity as they had done. "Thackeray and Balzac," she added (Thackeray being present), "write with great minuteness, but do so with a brilliant pen." Thackeray made two bows of gratitude (one, pointing to the ground, for Balzac). Those who love to pore over old memoirs will find Miss Berry's name associated with Horace Walpole's; but when they met he was very old, and she was very young. She accepted his admiration with pride and gratitude, but had no aspiration to be the mistress of Strawberry Hill.

Miss Agnes Berry adored her elder sister; *she* had considerable clearness and acuteness of perception, and Thackeray always maintained she was the more naturally gifted of the two sisters. In her youth she was a pretty, charming girl, with whom Gustavus Adolphus danced at one of his court balls, and was admired and envied by the other ladies present. These two remarkable women lived together for nearly ninety years.

Thackeray's love of children was one of the strongest feelings of his heart. In a little poem, "The Golden Pen," published in his "Miscellanies," which is, perhaps, the truest portrait of him which has ever appeared, he writes:

> "There's something, even in his bitterest mood,
> That melts him at the sight of infanthood;
> Thank God that he can love the pure and good."

This sympathy with the little ones was not only proved by his immense devotion to his own most gifted children, but extended to the little "gutter child," as the trim board-school girl of to-day was called then. For this waif of society he felt the tenderest pity and in-

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terest. He used often to visit a school where my dear sister had collected nearly three hundred of these neglected children, feeding, teaching, and clothing them, and, with the help of other kind souls, preparing them in some degree to fight the battle of life, in which there are many crosses—but few Victoria ones. Turning his steps one day to this large, rough-looking school-room, he entered it just as these little Arabs were commencing, with more heartiness than melody, Faber's beautiful hymn :

"O Paradise! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that love are blest?"

He turned to the lady superintending them, and said, "I cannot stand this any longer—my spectacles are getting very dim."

One day, some few years later, I had been engaged in summing up the monthly expenses of the same school, and had left open on my writing-table, the much scored-over Soup Kitchen book. Mr. Thackeray was shown into the room, and was for some minutes alone before I joined him. After he left, I resumed my labors, and found on the first page of the book a beautifully executed pen-and-ink sketch of little children crowding round the school-mistress, who was ladling out, into mugs of various sizes and shapes, the daily meal of soup, above which was written, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not."

Another day, I found a sovereign under a paper containing the names of some friends of the school who had joined in a subscription to give the children a day's holiday in the country. I said to my servant, "Mr. Thackeray has been here," and found from him this was the case. I knew my instinct was right, that it was his hand which had placed the money there. His charity was very wide, in the fullest sense of the word. He has been known to discover, in some remote corner, the hapless artist or dramatist who in his palmy days had not thought much of that night—old age—"when no more work can be done." Thackeray would mount the many steps leading to the desolate chamber—administer some little rebuke on the thoughtlessness of not laying by some of the easily gained gold of youth or manhood, and slipping, as in one instance, into an old blotting-book, a £100 note, would hurry away.

"I never saw him do it," said poor old P——. "I was very angry because he said I had been a reckless old goose—and then a £100 falls out of my writing-book. God bless him!"

These good deeds would never have come to light but for the gratitude of those who, though they had the gentle rebuke, received also the more than liberal help. I know he has been accused of extreme sensitiveness to blame, either about himself or his writings, but the following story proves that he could forgive with magnanimity and grace when roughly and severely handled. This once occurred at my sister's dinner-table. Thackeray, who was almost a daily visitor at her house, for some time took it into his head, to be announced by the name of the most noted criminal of the day. Our butler did this with the greatest gravity.

On this occasion Thackeray had been asked to join some friends at dinner, but not arriving at the prescribed hour, the guests sat down without him. Among them was Mr. H——, the author of some of the most charming books of the day.

The conversation being more literary than otherwise, Thackeray (then at the very height of his fame) came under discussion, and, some of his greatest friends and admirers being present, he was spoken of with unqualified admiration. Mr. H—— was the exception, and dissented from us, in very unmeasured terms, in our estimate of Thackeray's character. Judging, he said, "from the tenor of his books, he could not believe how one who could dwell, as he did, on the weakness and absurdities and shortcomings of his fellow-creatures, could possess any kind or generous sympathies toward the human race." He concluded his severe judgment by saying that, "He had never met him, and hoped he never should do so."

We were all so occupied by this fiery debate that we did not observe that, under the sobriquet of some jail-bird of the day, Thackeray had slipped into his chair, and heard much that was said, in-

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cluding the severe peroration. A gentle tap on Mr. H——'s shoulder, and, in his pleasant, low voice, Thackeray said, "I, on the contrary, have always longed for the occasion when I could express, personally, to Mr. H——, the great admiration I have always felt for him, as an author and a man." It is pleasant to think they became fast friends thereafter.

I find it difficult to check my pen from being garrulous as I remember the many instances of the kindness and generosity of his nature, though, at the same time, I feel how inadequate it is to do justice to all his noble and delightful qualities. His wit and humor and playfulness were most observable where he was happiest and most at ease,—with his beloved daughters, or with his dear friends the Brookfields, who were the most intimate and valued of those he made in middle life. I am proud to say, also, that he was aware of the admiration in which he was held by every member of my sister's home, where his ever ready sympathy in all our troubles and pleasures was truly appreciated—and when he passed away, and the place knew him no more, a great shadow fell upon that house. KATE PERRY.

BANKRUPT.

By Louise Imogen Guiney.

PAST the cold gates, a wraith without a name,
Sullen and withered, like a thing half-tame
Still for its jungle moaning, came by night;
Before the Judgment's awful Angel came.

"Answer, Immortal! at my high decree
Glory or shame shall flood thee as the sea:
What of the power, the skill, the graciousness,
The star-strong soul the Lord hath lent to thee?"

But the lone spectre raised a mournful hand:
"Call me not that. Release me from this land!
What words are Heaven and Hell? They fall on me
As on a sphere the fooled and slipping sand.

"Discerning, thou the good mayst yet belie;
By last, large tests, the sinner sanctify.
My guilt is neutral-safe, like innocence!
No boon nor bane of deathless days gain I

"Whose life is hollow shell and broken bowl,
Of all which was its treasury the whole
Utterly, vilely squandered. O most Just!
Put down thy scales: for I have spent my soul."

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By E. H. House.

I.

BOUT an hour after noon, on one of the sultriest summer days of 1880, a group of anxious and agitated women stood clustered upon a small plateau of one of the hills which encircle Kioto, the ancient capital of Japan. They were perhaps half a score in number, and the natural and genuine youthfulness of their appearance was exaggerated to almost an infantile effect by the circumstance that the hair of every one of them was cut close to the round little head. Certain peculiarities of their costume indicated a condition of life entirely apart from ordinary Japanese society. They chattered with purposeless volubility, as is the habit of their race under excitement, while some of them endeavored by signals of alarm to hasten the approach of two members of the party who had fallen behind the main body.

The elder of this couple was a striking and truly majestic figure—one of the few, probably, in all the land to whom such a description could be accurately applied. She was not tall, but the dignity and loftiness of her bearing denoted a character in which the lighter graces of her sex had but a slender share. The

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lines upon her brow told of a careworn and burdened mind, but her beauty was nevertheless of a rare and impressive quality. She was attired like the others, excepting that she wore a coif of rich crape upon her head.

The younger, a girl of seventeen, was a charming representative of the fairest type of youthful Japanese womanhood. That she was her companion's sister was apparent from the resemblance between the two, but her bloom and buoyancy bore testimony to a joyousness of disposition which no sorrow had clouded. Her dimpled face shone and sparkled with varying expression, like a fountain dancing in the sunlight. Of all the party, she alone retained her abundance of glossy hair, and her dress differed in no respect from that of her countrywomen in general.

As these later comers reached the spot of level ground, the confusion of voices was stilled and a space was opened, disclosing the object of solicitude. It was a young foreign gentleman, stretched motionless upon the ground, his head uncovered, and a thin stream of blood trickling from his forehead.

"Oh, *nei-san* (elder sister), is he dead?" whispered the young girl, in awe.

The stately lady, whose supremacy over the others was obvious, bent beside the prostrate man and examined him intently. Kneeling, she touched his pulse, laid her hand lightly on his chest, and cautiously raised his eyelids.

"The wound is nothing," she said; "only a scratch caused by his fall. It is the heat that has stricken him down, and the blow is heavy. Go you, Shodo San, to the nearest house for a water-vessel. Kogen San, dip your scarf in the stream beneath the tree, and bring it quickly. You, Rioi San, hasten to my father, and ask him to come hither; then go onward to the Scottish doctor, Donnell, and beg him also to attend. Take a *jin riki sha* for speed. Jionin San and Suisho San, you are strong; help me to lift this sick man's head and open his *kimono*. That is well."

She placed him in an easier position, and moistened his face with the wet cloth that was brought her.

"Will he recover, Teishin San?" inquired the younger sister, her voice tremulous with compassion.

"I trust so, but perhaps not soon."

"Can I do nothing?"

"If he becomes conscious you can speak to him for me in English, but there is little chance of that at present. Let me consider."

She drew her brows closely together, and appeared to reflect deeply. After a short space she said, in a tone of resolution:

"Antoku San, you will go to the farmer Harada and tell him I need the service of two of his men. Take them to Torin Ji, and let them bring hither the longest *kago* (litter) that we have. Give instruction that the south room in the new building be made ready for an occupant."

The messenger started at once upon her errand, but a murmur of amazement was heard from those who remained.

"Is it possible, *nei-san?*" exclaimed the young girl; "will you take a stranger —a foreigner—to Torin Ji?"

"Shall we leave him to die, Ina?"

"Oh, no; I spoke unwisely; it was only my surprise. I am glad that he goes with us."

"There is no cause for gladness; I hope there will be none for regret. It has never been done, but we must loosen our strict rules when life is in danger. If it is wrong the fault is mine, and I shall atone for it by prayers and penance."

"Shall I hasten forward and prepare the room?"

"No; if he speaks you will be needed here."

But the sufferer opened neither mouth nor eyes; nor did he betray a sign of consciousness while he was raised upon the palanquin and carried by stout peasants along the course designated by the lady in command. Diverging from the main pathway of ascent into a lane shaded by bamboos and tall camellia, trees, they soon entered a richly carved gate and, passing through a spacious garden, in the exquisite design and arrangement of which it would have been hard to find a flaw, reached a neat and graceful structure that seemed to stand in some subordinate relationship to a much more extensive mansion nearer

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"The stately lady bent beside the prostrate man and examined him intently."

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the portal. Here the living burden was deposited on a veranda, and thence drawn carefully to the bed awaiting it. A crowd of light-footed, gentle-tongued women, all as destitute of capillature as those who had made the first discovery on the hill-side, looked on in wonder and pity, and exchanged subdued ejaculations until the hand of authority waved them away with a quiet gesture. Then all was silent, excepting the rustle of branches stirred by the wind without, and the faint echo of voices at a distance, rising and falling together in a plaintive chant whose cadence was accented by the soft vibrations of melodious bells.

II.

Bryan Halithorne was a young American, pleasantly on the way to the age of thirty, who, more or less wearied by what he felt to be the social monotony of his own country and Europe, had come to Japan to spend some of the leisure which weighed heavily upon him elsewhere, and of the money which he possessed in rather unnecessary profusion. His plans were originally laid for a visit of perhaps three months, but the fascinations of a single city—the Eastern capital—and its environs had held him for two years in agreeable detention. Recognizing the expediency of extending his range of observation, he had recently made the overland journey from Tokio to Kioto, and had no sooner arrived in the noble old home of the Mikados than he lamented his failure to acquaint himself with its beauties at an earlier period. Thereupon he began a course of exploration on a scale wholly unsuited to the physical powers of one unused to the exhausting summer heats of that locality. On the day when this record opens he had undertaken, alone, a tramp to the summit of Dai Yama, one of the chain of giants which guard the valley wherein Kioto lies. Long before reaching the steepest part of the ascent he paused in the shadow of a pine-tree which overhung the road, and thus opened conversation with himself:

"This is slow business. I ought to be at the top by this time. See what comes of crowding the work of a month into six days. I must give it up."

He seated himself on a convenient bowlder, removed his hat, which he proceeded to use as a fan, wiped his forehead, and continued to soliloquize.

"Halithorne, my man, you are overdoing it. The long journey from Tokio should have taught you a lesson. Human endurance has a limit, and you will find it out some day."

Searching his pockets, he produced a flask, which on examination proved to be empty.

"Reserves exhausted," he resumed. "That settles it. I'll go no farther. Of all absurdities, the worst is to wear one's self out seeking for variety in a region where every single point of view commands a hundred lovely outlooks. What can I want better than this?"

He set himself to enjoy the prospect, his face lighting with enthusiasm at the enchanting scene before him. Presently he became conscious of an obscurity in the distant outlines.

"Rain on a day like this? Impossible!"

He gazed more intently, and the misty shadows disappeared. At the same instant the buzzing of insects seemed to ring in his ears, as if he had intruded upon a mass-meeting of disputatious locusts. A minute later he felt himself gently sliding from the rock on which he was resting.

"Hold fast! This will never do," he exclaimed, recovering his balance with an effort. "I must get myself to the inn. I was a fool to leave it in this blaze."

Thrice he attempted to rise, and thrice he fell back, his legs refusing to sustain him. The first failure vexed him. The second alarmed him. At the third he was conscious only of a mild surprise, mingled with curiosity at the unwonted activity of the landscape, which began revolving about him with singular celerity. Then a dull cloud came over his senses, and he ceased to concern himself with passing events.

After an interval, the duration of which he had no power to compute, he was aroused by the sound of voices. Opening his eyes, he found himself no longer beneath the pine-tree, inhaling its aromatic fragrance, but lying upon cushions in a bright and daintily decorated

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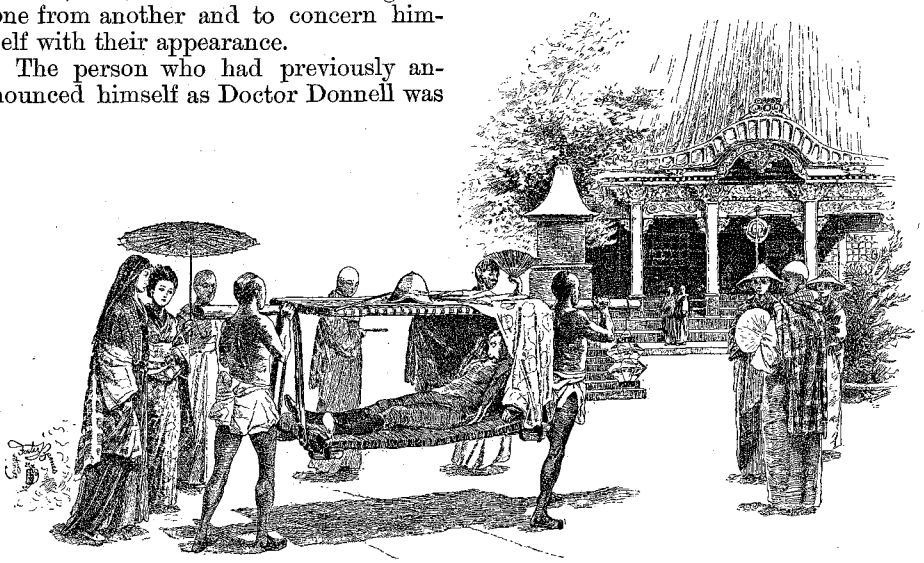
Japanese apartment, the atmosphere of which was pervaded with a subtle and unfamiliar perfume, and in the presence of four individuals who regarded him with interest and compassion. One of these, an elderly foreigner, at once addressed him.

"Ask no questions, my friend; I will tell you all that it is good for you to know. I am Doctor Donnell, and you are under my care. You have had a sunstroke and a touch of fever, but you are in excellent hands, and we see our way quite clearly. In a day or two, perhaps to-morrow, you shall talk, but not now."

Having neither strength nor inclination to disobey, the patient closed his eyes submissively. When next he looked about him, his situation was unchanged, and the same persons surrounded him. Whether a day had passed since he last saw them, or only an hour, he could not tell. But his sight was certainly improved, for he was able to distinguish one from another and to concern himself with their appearance.

The person who had previously announced himself as Doctor Donnell was



of the usual type of "medical missionaries," but, as was afterward apparent, considerably above the usual standard in scholarship and acquirements. Beside him stood a middle-aged Japanese gentleman, benign and intelligent of aspect. At a distance two young women knelt upon the floor. One of these impressed the invalid chiefly, at the moment, by the statuesque severity of her demeanor. Concerning the other, who appeared to him little more than a child, he declared to himself that her smile was the sweetest he had seen in a land where sweet smiles seem to come by nature and bear no trace of artifice or pretence.

"Come, we are getting on," said Doctor Donnell; "now you may ask as many questions as you like."

If the doctor had been alone Mr. Halithorne might have felt himself unequal to the strain of conversation; but when his eye rested upon the kneeling figures he became sensible of a marked augmentation of resources.

"Tell me everything," he murmured.

"What, everything? Well, to begin, let me make you acquainted with your friends and protectors. This gentleman is my colleague, Shiroyama, who has watched your case with me from the beginning. This lady, Teishin San, is his daughter, and, for the present, your hostess. The little one is her sister, O-Ina San—or we will call her, as she speaks English, Miss Ina."

The father bowed courteously, and the sisters bent forward slowly, touching the mats with their foreheads.

"But when—how——" stammered Halithorne, bewildered.

"Listen to me, first," said the doctor.

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"These ladies, with some attendants, came upon you by chance, a couple of weeks ago, as you were stretched insensible on the road-side, about an eighth of a mile from this spot. They didn't much like the looks of you, to tell the truth, for foreigners lying speechless in mura's inn; we know that much. By the by, your traps have been brought over here. There is nothing in the way of your getting well, now, wherever you may be, but I advise you not to leave your present quarters. The house is full of the nicest nurses; Teishin San is

Japanese thoroughfares are not, as a rule—but never mind that. Teishin San has a steadier head than most of us, and when she saw you were really ill and suffering, your removal hither followed as a matter of course. I must say you were in great good-luck, Mr. Halithorne. If you had been left alone, or had fallen into unskilful hands, you would—we should have had trouble with you."

"Then you know who I am," said Halithorne.

"They gave me your name at Nakaas good as a doctor any day, and Miss Ina, here, will interpret for you and make you at home."

Mr. Halithorne might have said, with truth, that the lady's services in that capacity would be superfluous, but he was too languid to assert and demonstrate his acquaintance with the Japanese tongue. Moreover, it occurred to him that if the doctor's beneficent project were really to be carried into effect, such an avowal might rob him of the companionship prescribed for him. So he simply asked:

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"Are you in earnest, sir?"

"We are all in earnest, friend Halithorne; are we not, O-Ina San?"

"Oh, most truly, in very earnest," replied the young girl, blushing to find herself called upon except as a medium of communication for others.

"And is this lady, Teishin San, willing?"

"I will answer for her," said Doctor Donnell. "You have been here a fortnight already; why not another week or so?"

"But, excuse me, can I be sure it is with their father's sanction?"

"I am glad to hear you ask that, but Doctor Shiroyama shall speak for himself."

The question, being translated, was answered with a warmth and profusion of affirmation which left no room for suspicion of insincerity, and the invalid, whose heart was touched by the unlooked-for kindness, attempted to express his gratitude in becoming terms. But after a few incoherent words his lips refused to execute his purpose, and tears began to roll down his cheeks; whereupon Miss Ina's bright eyes promptly overflowed, obedient to a law of sympathetic contagion almost universal in Japan, and her father, advancing, imparted confidence and composure by alternately patting the sick man's shoulder and feeling his pulse. The elder daughter looked on in undisturbed serenity.

"Never mind, my poor fellow," said Doctor Donnell, "a week hence, with Ina San's aid, we will have you as lively as her own little self. Why, Ina, what is the matter?"

"Do not heed me, young lady; the only trouble is I don't know how to thank you," said Halithorne, bringing into play the skeleton of a smile, in response to which the little maid smiled quite cheerfully again.

"Not 'young lady,' if you please; I am Ina," she answered; "and to speak of thanks—oh, never! Always glad, too glad, if we can only help."

"Good girl!" said Donnell. "You see you are in clover, Mr. Halithorne. I shall not be needed, except to look after your food for a day or two. I wish you could get some honest red wine, but that is a luxury you haven't money enough to buy in this city. Come, good people, our patient has had enough of us. Be near at hand, Ina, but do not let him talk much."

The ladies bowed once more, rose, and withdrew. Shiroyama followed them, and Donnell would have done likewise had not Halithorne begged him to remain. As soon as they were alone the invalid exclaimed, in an eager and excited tone:

"I don't understand this, doctor; I don't understand it at all. Tell me what it means."

"Why, surely, Mr. Halithorne, you ought to be satisfied for one day. Wait till to-morrow."

"No, don't trifle with me. How is it that strange Japanese, in a strange place, treat me with such kindness? I believe they have saved my life."

"There's not a doubt of that—they have."

"But why? What claim have I upon them? Who is this lady, Teishin San? Has she a husband? Whom shall I thank, first of all?"

"Only herself and her associates. The place is under her command."

"But there is her father."

"Oh, he has no control. He does not even live here, though of course his influence counts. They all wish you well; make yourself easy."

"I never thought to find such hospitality—such humanity—in a Japanese house."

"I don't see why not. But in fact you are not in an ordinary Japanese house, that's the truth."

"Doctor Donnell, no more concealment, I beseech you. Tell me where I am."

"There is no concealment. You are in a Japanese convent."

Feeble as he was, Halithorne almost sprang from his bed.

"It is incredible," he cried; "you are mocking me!"

"It is perfectly true," replied Donnell, "though I do not wonder at your surprise. Of course this is an unusual proceeding. No foreigner has ever before seen the inside of this little nunnery, except as a casual visitor. To speak plainly, it is not every foreigner I would

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willingly see brought to such a place, no matter what the extremity might be. But when that high-souled creature found you senseless in the road, her first thought was to get you here and to rescue you from death. These people are not like most of their sisterhood, who merely practise religious formalities and cling to unmeaning ceremonies. They are known everywhere as healers of the sick. Teishin San took it for granted that you must be kept till you were cured, and when Shiroyama and I saw the plight you were in we had to give our approval. I don't expect you to discredit my indorsement, after what Teishin has done for you. She is a noble woman. They are all good as gold, every one of them."

"And the little one; she who speaks English?"

"Ina? She, too, is a gem. She is not one of the band, or at most she is only a novice. Her sister means to make a nun of her, in good time, but not yet—not while she is such a child. And by the by, Mr. Halithorne, I wish you to understand that they are all children, in a sense; that is, they have absolutely no knowledge of the world—our world. No honorable man could fail to respect their simplicity and guilelessness. They are ladies by birth, and have the education which belongs to their station. That isn't much, as you probably know; but they have at least been taught to do all the good they can, in their modest and humble way. Don't forget that they are children—all except Teishin San, who has had a larger range of experience."

"I shall remember everything you would wish me to," said Halithorne, not a little moved by the earnestness and feeling which the doctor threw into this admonition.

"I am sure you will," answered Donnell. "And so, good-by for twenty-four hours."

III.

When he awoke the next morning, after a dreamless and refreshing sleep, the invalid's attention was caught by a tray at his bedside, upon which were

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grouped several articles of usefulness and ornament, evidently with care, but not displaying precisely the taste in selection and harmony of arrangement that usually distinguish the Japanese handiwork. Delicate Kioto cups stood in coarse saucers of British importation. Exquisite native flowers were clustered in cheap tumblers from afar. Sheffield knives and forks protruded their ugly handles from a bowl of matchless Satsuma ware. To a tiny bronze bell, faultless in form, and curiously inlaid with gold and silver images, a roughly improvised wooden handle was attached. The most prominent object was a tall bottle, plastered with mendacious labels, and filled with the horrible crimson fluid which dwellers in the East are called upon—not always, unhappily, in vain—to recognize as the wholesome product of Burgundy or Bordeaux.

While he gazed at this incongruous array, he noticed that one of the *fusuma* or sliding-doors at the end of the room was moving noiselessly in its groove at the rate of perhaps half an inch a minute. Watching its silent progress, he presently discerned through the slender aperture a section of a human face, with one eye turned full upon him. Without waiting for further disclosures, he waved his hands and cried:

"I see you, O-Ina San; come in, if you please."

The *fusuma* were pushed aside, and the young girl entered, all brightness and vivacity.

"Oh, you have wakened yourself," she said. "Good-morning, Mr. Ha'thorne. It pleases me very much to see you better."

"I am better," he answered; "I shall soon be quite well, thanks to you and your sister."

"No, no; not that," she protested; "it is all the wise doctor. We do very little." Then, turning her pretty head aside, like a bird, she added, somewhat laboriously:

"It is our fervent supplication that within an abbreviate period the powerful constitution shall restore the deprived invigoration."

"Oh!" said Halithorne, "exactly. And I am persuaded that your gracious solicitude will contribute materially to the realization of that same beneficent supplication."

She looked puzzled for a moment; then, observing the expression of his countenance, laughed gleefully, clapped her hands together, and exclaimed:

"He has found me out! That is too bad. But was it not right? I made it last night from my conversation-book. I thought it was beautiful."

"So it was, O-Ina San; nothing could be better. Only I saw it was not your usual way of speaking, and so I had my jest. Pray forgive me."

"Oh, never ask such a thing. I shall tell sister; it will make her smile. But now you must take food—some breakfast. We have eggs for you, and milk, and tea—yes, our tea is truly good—and I can make toast. There is also the wine, which you need. I shall pull away the cork."

"Don't think of it," said Halithorne; "I can't touch that."

"I hope you will," she said, earnestly; "it is all for you, because you are sick."

"But indeed, Ina San, it is impossible; you do not understand."

"Yes, I understand," she replied, hastily, while the color deepened in her cheek. "This wine, it is not—it costs not—it is paid. You will not be displeased; I have bought it. I know it will help you. Do not deny."

The sensitive child made no effort to conceal her disappointment. Her lips trembled as she spoke.

"The fates be merciful to me," said Halithorne to himself. "I suppose it is rank poison; but I can't resist that pleading face."

"Not one little cup?" she persisted.

"Why, surely," he answered, "since you have taken so much pains it would be very ungrateful in me to refuse. Of course I will drink it."

"So glad, so glad!" cried the creature of impulse, quite joyous again. She ran out, and speedily returned, accompanied by several of the convent sisters, each of whom brought some contribution to the morning meal. They were all blithe and beaming with good nature, and while their guest enjoyed his repast with the keen appetite of convalescence, they sought to entertain him by various ver-

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bal courtesies, of which O-Ina San was the transmitting channel.

"How kind they are," said Halithorne; "bless their smooth, shining little heads—and warm hearts."

"Shall I tell them that?" inquired Ina San, doubtfully.

"Dear me, no; they might think I intended to be disrespectful."

"Never, Mr. Ha'thorne; they would not be so rude as to think that."

"A lesson for you, Bryan Halithorne," said the young man to himself. "Here are people who call it rude merely to admit the suspicion of rudeness in others. And I pretend to belong to the most civilized race in the world."

"I meant," he continued aloud, and somewhat lamely, "that it would not be proper to allude to their—to their want of hair."

"Why not?" she responded; "they would not care."

Turning to the assembled nuns, she said in Japanese that the visitor was talking of their shaven heads. They laughed in chorus, and some of them vouchsafed explanations.

"They say it is simply their habit," translated Ina San; "and by and by it will be mine."

"Yours," cried Halithorne; "oh, monstrous thought! Do not dream of such a thing."

"But I cannot become a priestess of Fudo Sama and keep my hair."

"Who is Fudo Sama?"

"He is the God of Fire—the deity of this temple."

"Ina San, the idea is dreadful."

"Why dreadful? I do not understand?"

"In the first place," ventured Halithorne, not quite sure of his ground, "consider the cold in winter."

"Oh, in winter we have *zukin*."

"Yes, you have *zukin*, certainly. I suppose they do keep your heads warm, and I know they are infinitely becoming to those who wear them properly. But you cannot have them on forever. And then—the heat in summer."

"In summer we have fans and umbrellas."

She drew from her girdle one of the first-named agents of protection, which in Japan is even more an instrument of all work—or all play—than in Spain, and, opening it, proceeded to ward off imaginary rays of the sun, with graceful poise of arm and turn of wrist.

"That is very pretty," said Halithorne; "but you need not cut off your hair to show that you know how to use a fan. And, pardon me, Ina San, the ugliness of it. Now, I know I am rude, but I cannot bear to think of such disfigurement for a face like yours."

"You must not say those words to me," she protested, a pretty and honest confusion stealing over her countenance. Then addressing her companions she remarked:

"He says I shall be ugly with my hair cut."

This was accepted with the extremest good humor.

"Are we ugly?" they demanded, unanimously.

"Of course not; how is it possible? You are all so young—by the by, Ina San," he inquired, seizing the opportunity to escape from a difficult position, "how is it they are all so young—even your sister? Does nobody grow old here?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, with a hesitation which he afterward had reason to remember; "many of us are old. You have not seen—perhaps hereafter——"

"Ina San," said Halithorne hastily, "if I ever say anything I ought not, you will know it is because I am ignorant of your customs. Do not suppose I could willingly make you uncomfortable."

"Who could be so unjust?" she said, simply and sweetly; and was about to proceed when the colloquy was interrupted by the entrance of the head of the establishment, gravely affable, but still impassive and reserved to a degree which seemed curiously inconsistent with her obvious youth and her personal comeliness.

She questioned the patient kindly and intelligently, and congratulated him on the prospect of a rapid recovery. It should be her duty, she said, and that of her associates, to minister to all his wants; and in order to keep him from lapsing into gloom or melancholy, she added, with a slight relaxation of her stern features, she should trust to the

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little butterfly who served him as interpreter.

The butterfly fluttered with something like anxiety as Teishin San's eyes rested upon the bottle of hypothetical wine near Halithorne's elbow. The elder sister was evidently surprised at the sight, but remarked only that such beverages should be used with caution. In due season, breakfast being at an end, the ladies took their leave, and a body of servants appeared, to paint the lily and gild the refined gold of neatness and cleanliness everywhere prevalent. Half an hour later Ina came once more upon the scene, laden, on this occasion, with books that had been sent by Doctor Donnell. Her instructions were, she announced, to leave the patient to the tranquil and solitary pursuit of literature, or to "burden him with her foolishness," as he might elect, until he should be overcome by sleep. So far as he was able to understand his own case, it was imperative that he be burdened with her foolishness, as she had chosen to put it; or, as he more gallantly expressed it, he should die of low spirits if he had not the sunshine of her brow and the music of her speech to encourage and sustain him.

Perhaps she was not very wise, this little bud of tender humanity, and certainly she was not learned; but in her frank simplicity and the innocent unshrinking trustfulness of her nature the foreigner found a charm which he did not remember to have encountered in the sphere of his conventional experience. For an hour or more he chatted with her, constantly diverted with the quaintness of her outspoken fancies, sometimes vividly interested by the keenness and activity of her intelligence, and often touched by the modesty and humility of her disposition. Notwithstanding an instinctive feeling that he was pushing inquiry beyond the boundaries of delicacy and discretion, he reverted to a subject which had taken a prominent place in his reflections.

"Then it is settled, Miss Ina, that you are to become one of the ladies of Torin Ji?"

"It is settled, but I shall not join this year, nor the next, I believe."

"You think it will be a happy life for you?"

"Surely it ought; look at my friends, are they not all happy? If I can be as good as they, I hope to be as happy."

"Do you really imagine, now, that it is possible for you to be good under any circumstances?"

"You say that in sport," she answered, smiling; "but I may listen seriously. I must grow much better and wiser before I am worthy to serve Fudo Sama."

"Are you so full of faults, Ina San?"

"I feel that I have many. Now, as I talk with you, I remind myself of a great one."

"Then I am to blame for suggesting it."

"Not so; but when I speak English I remember my pride and joy at school; my hopes—oh, such wild and foolish hopes—I am not peaceful when I look back to them. Yet they are all to be forgotten."

"Why so, Ina San; why should your innocent ambition be crushed out? It is a sin."

"It is a sin for a priestess to think of vanities like that, but it is not easy to lay them aside. My sister knows how hard it is, and she helps me with her strength and courage."

"Sheer barbarity, I call it!" exclaimed Halithorne, giving freedom to his indignation.

"What does it mean?" said Ina, not clearly comprehending, but a little frightened at his vehemence.

"I was wrong to speak so violently," he said; "forgive me, but do your wishes count for nothing in all this?"

"My father and my sister know what is best. I have no wishes but to obey them. And I might tell you—but I am not sure——"

"Say nothing, Ina San; I have asked too much, I fear."

"No; for myself I have no secrets, and you are like a friend, Mr. Ha'thorne. But I am a girl who knows so little. Never in my life before have I spoken to a stranger—a gentleman—except once or twice in Tokio, long ago. So you will not be angry if I am silent. Only about this—nothing besides."

"You are wholly right," he replied; "let us speak of other things."

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But his mind persistently returned to this single theme, and the conversation gradually languished until he contented himself with watching her complacently while her nimble fingers flitted over the work on which she was engaged. After a time the unwonted exertion of the morning began to tell upon him, and, yielding to a lassitude which he was as yet unable to control, he fell asleep.

He was alone when he awoke, but the sound of voices in an adjoining room assured him he was still under guardianship and surveillance. The superior of the convent and her young sister were conversing in their own language. As every word was audible through the thin partition, he felt himself bound to announce without delay that he was not as unfamiliar with their speech as he had carelessly allowed them to suppose; but the dialogue suddenly took a turn which he could not bring himself to interrupt. Fair or unfair, his curiosity must be gratified, and he would take a more convenient opportunity to settle with his conscience.

"The guest has asked me a difficult question," said Ina. "He wondered why the sisters were all young. I was obliged to tell him there were some older, whom he had not seen. He will think it singular if the days pass and they do not go to offer greeting."

"If necessary," replied Teishin, "we will make excuses for them."

"They would go if you requested it," suggested Ina, timidly.

"It is true, but I do not wish to urge them against their convictions. Even his admission here has caused them great sorrow."

"I am glad, *nei-san*, that you would not listen to them."

"I could not do that, Ina, as you know. Your instruction in foreign schools has taught you what I have learned from other sources—the error of evil superstition."

"Those lessons did not harm me, *nei-san*."

"Do not pain me, Ina. I understand you well, but I have no power to sanction other studies than those of our religion. I could justly oppose the narrow views of these aged nuns, for I have the authority of Shaka for practising mercy and charity to the unfortunate; but I cannot make my own sister an exception to the ancient rules of Torin Ji. All would rise against me, not the elders alone. Nor would my solemn judgment approve. The thoughts of a young priestess must not wander from her duty."

"You have made us happy in our duties, Teishin San, by allowing us to help those who suffer."

"That shall always be the law of Torin Ji, whether the sufferers be lofty or lowly, of our own land or strangers from beyond the seas. The frown of Fudo Sama will not threaten us, although these venerable women are in terror lest his fiery breath consume us in punishment for what they call my rash defiance of the sacred precepts."

"If they should see the sick man they would not be so wickedly unkind."

"Hush, Ina; they have no wish to be unkind. They are not of our day, and the path they walk in is not broad, but their experience in holy things is large, and their piety entitles them to our respect. When the visitor leaves us they will be at ease again, and Doctor Donnell says he need not long remain. Did you give him the books the doctor sent?"

"I did."

"And the wine; I saw you had given him that."

"Yes, *nei-san;* but the doctor did not send the wine," said the young girl, in an altered tone.

"How, then, did it come?"

"Doctor Donnell said it was necessary for our patient's cure. He was very particular about that. And since it was so important—you heard him say how important it was?"

"I heard something, but I did not think he considered it important. It does not matter, Ina; go on."

"So I thought if I should bring it he would be made well sooner."

"Where did you get it, Ina?"

"At the shop of Yoshimura, below the hill."

"It would have been better to let a servant bring it. I did not know you had money enough to buy wine. What was the cost?"

"One *yen* and a half," replied Ina, after a moment's pause.

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"One *yen* and a half! Surely you had no such sum. You know that by our rules it is not permitted to purchase without immediate payment."

There was trouble in the young girl's humble tone as she answered:

"I did pay—at once."

So long a silence followed that Halithorne was on the point of calling out and taking a part in the discussion; but before he could shape the intended phrase the elder sister spoke again, this time with more than her customary gravity.

"You do not wear your coral *kanzashi* (hair-pin) to-day. It is the first time I have seen you without it."

"Oh, *nei-san*," said the child, in piteous accents, "do not speak coldly. Have I done wrong? I did not mean to do wrong. He is poor; the good doctor told us so. 'Poor fellow'—those were his words. And he said the foreigner had not money enough to buy wine. It is nothing to spare the *kanzashi* for a few days. Do not be displeased. If you are harsh I shall be so unhappy."

"Am I ever harsh to you, Ina? If your sister can help it you shall never be unhappy. No, you have done nothing wrong. My *imoto* cannot be wrong; but she is young, and may make mistakes, and for that reason she should take no strange step without consulting those who know better what is prudent. It is easy to make mistakes and sometimes hard to repair them. Who told you that you could borrow money by means of your coral?"

"Haru; she took it to the pawning-place for me."

"Haru! Do not again confide in a servant. We have money enough; come always to me when you wish for any. And at all times remember that I am now your mother as well as your elder sister. Hide nothing from me. Let me know all that is in your heart."

"You will forgive me, Teishin San?"

"There is nothing to forgive, truly nothing. But it will grieve me if you forget what I have said. Now, where is Haru?"

"Pray do not chide her; the fault was wholly mine."

"I know; it is hard for any of them to gainsay you. I shall not chide her—this time. But I must send her to bring back the *kanzashi*."

Halithorne had listened with a variety of sensations.

"The dear little soul," he meditated. "She gave up her treasure, the pride of her toilet, in order that I might have the wine which she thought I was too poor to buy. What am I to do? I can't tell her, now, that I know all about it. Since that adamantine abbess has laid down the law, she will be overwhelmed with shame. Then there is the objection of the old ladies to my presence here—another cat let out of the convent bag. I must question Donnell about that; we can reconcile the difficulty in some way, I fancy. It would torment the child if she suspected I had heard. But I will not let her fret herself with the delusion that I am poor—the dear, generous little soul."

"Are you near me, Miss Ina?" he presently cried out.

She came, upon the word, though not with her wonted gayety.

"Are you busy?" he asked.

"I am not busy unless I have something to do for you," she answered; "that is my only duty to-day."

"Then you can listen when I tell you what I have just been dreaming. I thought I was rich."

"That is pleasant to dream. I wish true, also."

"Yes; I imagined I had bought this beautiful temple, with all the gardens—there are gardens, of course?"

"Many gardens. By and by you will see. But there is no clover."

"No clover?"

"Clover does not grow here; the doctor forgot. He said you were in clover. I am very sorry. Is it a beautiful flower?"

"Oh, he did not mean that. Don't you know, Ina San, what an idiom is?"

"I do not know 'idiom.'"

"Come, have you never been told about figures of speech?"

"Yes; that I understand—a little."

"The English language is full of them. Our words have often many different meanings. You have studied wonderfully well; but there are a few things you will yet learn."

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"It cannot be so, Mr. Ha'thorne."

"Shall I not teach you a little, while I am here?"

"I pray you not to speak of it."

"Well, well; let it pass. Doctor Donnell wished to say that I was very comfortable here, nothing more. And so I am. I think I have never been so comfortable anywhere else. Suppose I carry out my dream, and build me a place just like this, and live forever on a mountain-side in Kioto. Would you come to see me sometimes?"

Ina's eyes expanded.

"But that is too much to dream. Nobody is rich enough to make a place like Torin Ji."

"What would it cost, do you think?"

"How can I tell? More than I can guess. *Dai-koku* (the god of wealth) alone knows. Perhaps five thousand *yen*."

"Then I will build it this very year, and you shall be the chief priestess, as your sister is here. That is settled."

"What wonderful things you say in sport."

"This is not sport. I am in earnest."

"But, oh!—the money; is it true? Are you so—so——"

"Why, Ina San, all countries are not alike. In America, a man may have five thousand *yen* to spare, and not be a miracle of opulence."

"Not be—I beg your pardon, Mr. Ha'thorne?"

"Not be very rich, I mean."

Her face grew red and pale alternately.

"I thought you were poor," she said. "I was sure of it. The doctor called you 'poor fellow.'"

"Very likely he did. That was another idiom. When we say 'poor' we are not always thinking of poverty. Sometimes it is a term of pity."

"How stupid I am," she faltered; "I am a simpleton. I should have asked. Oh, if you knew what I—but I did believe you were poor. If I had only understood!"

"You don't despise people for being poor," he said.

"Despise," she exclaimed; "never say such dreadful things. But you are not in earnest now. It is not possible."

"You are too good a child for this naughty world," said Halithorne. "But you won't despise those who are not poor, I hope. That would be hard upon me."

"Surely not; I think it is very fine to be rich. If we were rich we might have many—perhaps ten—schools. We have only one, now."

"Well, we will turn the new temple into schools—ten schools—and you shall teach them all."

"Now you are laughing at me. I shall go and tell Teishin San that you are quite well, and making mirth of everybody."

"I have taken one weight from her precious little heart," reflected Halithorne. "She will not make herself miserable with the notion that her patient is a pauper, any more."

In truth, the girl could not readily have told whether she was miserable or happy. New thoughts were growing in her mind, and new influences, which she could neither understand nor control, were hovering about her. She was glad the strange gentleman was rich—of that there could be no doubt. But it had been a joy to believe that he was poor, and that she could help him from her vast abundance. She could never have that pleasure again. Had she known, in all her life before, a pleasure equal to it? Yet, as she now reviewed her act, a little intrusive sense of shame came creeping over her. She had done a foolish thing. Her sister had reproved her, and if the foreigner should hear of it, he would deride her. That would be a hard punishment for her error. Perhaps it might be better if he had indeed been poor. Then he would not be offended — not much. Would he be *very* angry now? The question filled her with sadness.

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY.

By George T. Ladd.

NEITHER of the two most attractive and promising methods which ordinarily lie open for the discussion of a question like this, can in the present instance be followed exclusively. These two methods may be styled the descriptive, or historical, and the speculative, or ideal. By following the first method one would be led to state what the university *has been* and *is* in this country, and in other parts of the world whose civilization most nearly resembles our own; and then to show by what modifications the institution, as it now exists, might be made what it should be. Even in this way, however, it is plain that one would have to set up some ideal standard, in accordance with which any proposed modifications should take place. In following the second method one might feel emboldened at once to state what the prevalent form of the university *ought* to be; but one would then have to show how our existing educational institutions may be changed in order to bring them into conformity with such an ideal standard.

Now, in this country, up to the present time, there has existed no form of an educational institution which we can call "the American university," if by this term we intend to designate something other and higher than "the American college," with its possible attachment of one or more professional schools. Anyone possessed of the requisite information knows at once what is meant by the university of France, the English universities, or a German university; but no one can become so conversant with facts as to tell what an American university is. It would by no means be fair, however, to sum up the history of the development of this institution with the curt sentence: "There are no universities in America." To be sure, it is hardly twenty years since the rector of Lincoln College, Oxford (Mark Pattison), wrote: "In America scientific culture has never been introduced. It has no universities such as we understand by the term." But the same writer speaks of Yale University as "stated to be a poor and hard-worked seminary," and marvels at the extent and variety of its required curriculum. Since Mr. Pattison's writing, a large number of schools have sprung up in our West, some private and some State institutions, most of which have but veiled thinly over their deficiencies in scientific quality, equipment, and force and aim in teaching, by putting on the title of "university." Yale (and, to a greater extent, Harvard) has changed rapidly in the effort to validate this title. Johns Hopkins has made a noble start toward the realization of a high ideal, and various other institutions have given notice of their claims to be, or intentions to become, genuine universities. Still, it is scarcely less true than it was a score of years ago that, although there may be universities in America, no one can tell what an *American* university is.

On the other hand, there is no lack of theory and counsel as to the important inquiry, what the American university should be. Perhaps it would not be unfair to say that, as a rule, the less the amount of study which a man has given to the many difficult problems that enter into the development of the highest-class educational institutions, in this country, the prompter and more certain is his response to this inquiry. Men who have a million or two of money, and who, from the training of their lives, have come to think all things—save heaven, and scarcely save that—purchasable with so goodly a sum, are peculiarly tempted to try the experiment of founding and calling by their name the one genuine and great American university. If the general theory of the purchasableness of all things which enter into a university were true, it would

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still have to be said that the ordinary estimate of the amount required is inadequate. But surely, as long as the primary and indispensable prerequisite of a genuine and great university, wherever under the sky it may be located, is a body of teachers and pupils rightly trained, and united and animated by the right spirit, the actual result attainable by merely giving large sums of money will not fulfil a worthy ideal.

The speculative method, when employed by persons informed in the principles and practice of education, is, of course, far safer and more valuable than when employed by the ignorant. Yet I can never forget that institutions, unlike systems of abstract truth, are not wisely treated in the purely speculative way. A university is, at most, an *institution;* it is a complicated system of means through which one set of persons operates upon another set of persons for the accomplishment of certain ends. But every means must afford an answer to four inquiries: Out of what material can it be constituted? Who or what is to use it? Upon whom or upon what is it to be used? For what end is it to be used? To inquire as to what the American philosophy should be, savors of irrationality; and the inquiry would have the same savor if it took the form, What should the Scottish, or French, or German, or Sandwich-Islands philosophy be? For the only answer to all these inquiries is that philosophy is not a matter for adjustment, as a means, to national requirements, but every nation and individual that cultivates philosophy should aim at having a true philosophy. On the contrary the inquiry, "What should the American university be?" is not an irrational inquiry, for it is an inquiry after the best means to an end. For the same reason it cannot be raised and answered as a purely speculative inquiry; since the nature of the material out of which the American university must be constituted, if it is constituted at all, imposes upon every ideal some very hard and unavoidable limitations.

Accordingly, I shall abstain as carefully from speculating about an unattainable ideal as from describing a nonentity. Since neither the historical nor the speculative method can be pursued exclusively to their final results, let us be content to go only a little way into the subject by the use of both methods. For although there is no history, as yet, of the development of the American university, there are colleges and professional schools and other institutions of the so-called higher learning in this country, and all these institutions have a tolerably rich and instructive history. If we are ever to attain a distinctive university education, such as can be properly called "American," these institutions, their existing and prospective structure and work, must be chiefly taken into our account, for they furnish the material from which, and the conditions on which, the development of the university must, for the most part, take place. If this material and these conditions are dealt with ill, no amount of talk and enthusiasm will save us from pursuing an unattainable or an unworthy ideal.

One word more should be premised upon this point. The American university must be developed on its own soil, and out of the existing materials, and under the existing conditions. It cannot be imported, or constructed *de novo*, as it were, from the brain and purse of any one man, or of any small number of men. "The University of Oxford," says Mr. Maxwell Lyte, "did not spring into being in any particular year, or at the bidding of any particular founder; it was not established by any formal charter of incorporation." Particular institutions bearing the name of universities may, of course, be founded in this country in a particular year, and at the bidding of a particular founder. But these will not give us the true norm or type. This will come only as the result of a living development.

Nor can I believe that it will be possible to create our university by using large importations of finished foreign goods. Would that the German model might furnish us certain of the more important and vital factors of the ideal toward which we resolve to grow! Yet the proposal at once to import largely from the methods and constitution of the German university would be likely to result in failure. There are many features of the University as already es-

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tablished in Germany, which we should not wish to imitate if we could. The more important commendable factors—the thorough secondary education of those who matriculate, the scientific character of the teachers and the scientific and free quality of their teaching, the relative disregard for what we incline so much to overestimate, namely, the pursuits that fit directly for some form of practical life (*Brodstudien*)—we can gain only in time and by paying the price for them. Many things in the French university system, also, and especially what Matthew Arnold calls "too much requiring of authorizations before a man may stir," unfit it to be our model. Nor can we think of taking very freely and directly from those great English institutions of Oxford and Cambridge, to which we should most naturally look for our models. The expensive character of the education they impart, the dominance of the tutorial system in their colleges to the detriment of the university, the large amount of sinecurism which they permit and encourage, the distinction between "pass" and "honor" examinations, and between the one-quarter who come to study and win prizes and the three-quarters who come chiefly to gain the social distinction of a degree—prevent our imitating them. As to the Scotch universities, I cannot avoid thinking that following them is most of all to be deprecated. For this reason it should not escape our notice that certain modifications now taking place in the constitution and working of the American college are liable to encourage in this country some of the worst features of the Scotch universities. At present, however, it is safely within the limits of truth to say that the degree of M.A. in a Scotch university does not necessarily signify (with the exception of logic and metaphysics) so much of training or acquisition as is required for admission to a first-rate American college. To model after the Scotch universities would accordingly be to lower the college as we already have it, and not to develop the university as we should desire to have it.

The development of the American university involves the progressive settlement of two questions concerning the best general method of education, which have been of late much discussed both here and in Europe. These are the nature and amount of choice which the person under education shall exercise as to the subjects and method of his education, and the kind and proportion of knowledges and disciplines which ought to enter into a so-called "liberal" education. In this country both these questions have generally been debated in a rather narrow way. The first has ordinarily been proposed as follows: How much of the college curriculum should be required, how much optional? The second has ordinarily been reduced to a strife over the point, whether Greek is necessary to be studied by everyone who shall be entitled B.A. The limits of this paper do not, of course, permit me to elaborate and argue my opinion on either of these two questions. Nothing more than an intelligent and defensible *opinion*, appealing to probabilities in the light of past experience, can be gained upon such subjects of discussion. The purpose before me, however, makes it desirable that I should briefly state my opinion upon both these subjects.

The question as to the choice which the person under education shall have in the material and form of his education is one both of degrees and of expedients—that is to say, it is a question as to how much such choice shall be allowed, and at what time it shall begin, as well as a question concerning the best means for guiding the choice and for taking the expression of it.

For the sake of convenience I will speak of the grades of education which may be secured at present in this country as four in number; these are the primary, the secondary, the higher, and the university education, the last being understood to be in a very inchoate and unformed condition. By the primary education we will understand such as, whether gained in public or private schools, deals with the most common and elementary subjects, and is not designed in itself to fit the pupil for the higher education. By the secondary education we will understand such as is expressly designed in preparation of the higher education; this will include those courses in the best high-schools and

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academies which fit pupils to enter the colleges and first-rate scientific schools of the country. These latter (excluding all *merely* technical schools) give what is entitled to be called the "higher" education. Beyond all this lies so much of the more strictly university education as is mingled with the later years of the higher education, or is taught in so-called "graduate" courses or in professional schools, so far as the latter are conformed to the university idea. It will appear in the sequel that one difficult problem connected with the development of the American university concerns the right separation of the higher education into the two parts of which it has actually come to consist, so that, by combining one of these parts with the secondary education as it now exists, we may gain a broad and solid foundation upon which to build the university education. The university part of the higher education as it now exists will, of course, then have to be joined with the other kindred elements in so-called "post-graduate" courses, so as to furnish a genuine university education in the greatest possible wealth and solidity. When this problem is practically solved, therefore, we shall have three instead of four grades of education; these will be the primary, the secondary, and the higher or university education, but the two latter will probably have far more of significance than they now have.

Looked at in the light of the foregoing distinctions, the question of the place and amount of the pupil's choice which should enter into his education appears to me not so difficult of solution. With regard to the strictly primary education no choice whatever should be permitted, either to the pupil or to his guardian—that is to say, I would have each youth compelled by the State to go to a certain distance along paths common to all, without permission to decide whether he will go at all, or whether, if he go, he will go by just such paths rather than others. Of course, the guardian of the pupil should have the exercise of discretion as to the mode of teaching, whether public or private, and perhaps as to the age at which the primary education shall have been accomplished. Opportunity for exceptions in the cases of the incapable or sickly should also be given. But the State should compel so much of education as seems necessary for the safe and intelligent exercise of the citizen's rights, and for his decent intercourse with his fellows. No doubt opinions will differ as to the amount and kinds of subjects which should be included in the primary education, and as to its methods, text-books, etc. But the settlement of such questions should not be left to the dull or dishonest wits of the successful politician of the ward or district; they should rather be settled by commission of the most notable experts in education, appointed for that purpose by the highest authority of the State.

The element of the pupil's choice should enter somewhat largely into the secondary education, but even here by no means in an unlimited way. In the first place, liberty of choice should be allowed in deciding whether the secondary education will be entered upon at all or not, and also, if entered upon, to what extent it will be pursued. In my opinion, also, near the beginning of the secondary education there should be given that opportunity for "bifurcation" which must certainly come at some time in the course of mental training. The principle of this bifurcation is now tolerably plain and pretty generally acknowledged. In the words of Matthew Arnold, the prime, direct aim of education is "to enable a man *to know himself and the world.*" Corresponding to this twofold aim of education there is in most men, dormant or already dominant, one or the other of two great "aptitudes;" these are the aptitude for the more subjective and reflective studies, and the aptitude for the studies of external observation. In other words, among youths who take to anything in the way of study, some take more naturally to letters and philosophy, and some take more naturally to physical and natural sciences. The secondary education should recognize this difference in aptitudes for one or the other part of the prime twofold aim of education. Such recognition should provide for two main courses of study, in one of which letters and the so-called humanities should predominate, and in the other

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mathematics and the physical and natural sciences. These courses should themselves, however, be fixed without making a frequent appeal to the choice of the pupil; they should be fixed in accordance with the world's accumulated wisdom as to the best way to teach a man "to know himself and the world," in harmony with his particular aptitude. The secondary education, in all cases where it is to lead up to a university education, should be long and thorough enough to secure what the Germans strive to secure as a preparation for their universities—namely, the general scientific culture, or formation (*allgemeine wissenschaftliche Bildung*), of the pupil.

The higher or university education should permit and encourage the greatest possible freedom of choice on the pupil's part; but it should not be open (except as a matter of courtesy or privilege of visitation) to those who have not satisfactorily finished the secondary stage. To this subject, however, I shall return later.

A word is pertinent in this connection as to the much-debated question of the amount of optional courses to be allowed in the present college curriculum. The American college was formerly a secondary school, pure and simple, and properly, therefore, did not admit the university method and the university idea. The American college has now developed out of the stage in which it was strictly a means for secondary education, without having yet developed into the higher or university stage. It contains, however, certain elements of the university idea. These elements are to be welcomed as existing in the place of something better but yet unrealizable. In so far as the college can wisely admit into itself, for a time, the elements of a university education, it may have, and should have, so-called "optional" courses. But the education which most American colleges give is still chiefly of the secondary order and kind. This is necessarily so, because the opportunity for such an education as should already be possessed by every candidate for matriculation in university courses cannot be obtained in this country outside of the colleges.

The chief part of the present college curriculum, therefore, cannot wisely be made optional, for it belongs on the other than the university side of the college; it belongs to the secondary education. It is an indispensable part of that training which enables the youth, where universities do exist, to exercise such choice of subjects and teachers (*Lernfreiheit*) as belongs to the university education. To make this part of the college education optional would not advance us one step toward converting the college into the genuine university. My objection—and it is an objection which seems to me unanswerable, except by raising greatly the standard of secondary education outside the college—my objection to making the entire college curriculum elective is the necessary sequence of the facts. The freshman in the best American college, irrespective of his age and his wisdom, whether in his own eyes or in the eyes of others, has not had (except in rare instances) a secondary education of sufficient extent or thoroughness to fit him to enjoy the privileges of the university idea. Place the average Harvard or Yale student who has just passed his entrance examinations beside the German student who has just gone through with his *Abiturienten-Examen*, and compare the two. The latter is greatly superior to the former in respect of "general scientific culture"; he is even superior to the average Harvard or Yale junior in this respect. However, we are rapidly approaching the time when we may make the secondary and relatively compulsory education end earlier than it now does; unless, alas! we lose our fast-ripening fruit by plucking it prematurely.

Into the question of the means by which to secure and guide the pupils' choice I shall not attempt to enter. To permit the student who is really in the secondary stage of education to make up from term to term, or year to year, whatever *potpourri* he will of elective courses, is perhaps of all methods least likely to prove satisfactory. It should also be noticed that the effort to secure the right kind and amount of work in the secondary stage of education solely or chiefly by insisting upon "pass" examinations results in making "crammed"

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men instead of "formed" men. *Perverse studet qui examinibus studet*, Wolf used to declare. "The country of examinations," says M. Laboulaye, speaking of Austria, "is precisely that in which they do not work hard." But the remedy does not consist in abolishing all examinations, but rather in stimulating thorough teaching and in requiring from the pupil the preparation of daily and organically ordered tasks.

The question as to the amount and kind of knowledges and disciplines which are necessary to a "liberal education" is, both in theory and in fact, closely connected with the development of the university. No one would think of claiming that the university man ought not in all cases to be a man liberally educated. But one essential part of the idea and practice of a genuine university education is freedom of choice, on the pupil's part, as to the kind, if not the amount, of knowledges and disciplines in which he will attain his scientific culture. If, then, any particular knowledges and disciplines are to be required as *necessary* for a liberal education, the enforcement of this requirement belongs to the secondary rather than to the university stage of education. In other words, if one hold that a "liberal education" should comprise a certain knowledge of, and training in, any branches of learning, one must also hold that such branches of learning should be rigidly required of the pupil in the preparatory school and early years of his college course. For, as we have seen, the preparatory school and the early years of the college course have hitherto constituted, and do still constitute, our means of secondary education in this country.

I have no hesitation in stating my conviction that a goodly amount of certain kinds of knowledges and disciplines is necessary for every education worthy to enjoy the distinction of being called "liberal." Therefore I am compelled, also, to hold that both the main courses of secondary education should require of all their pupils at least a certain amount of particular kinds of mental acquirement and culture, as a prerequisite to entrance upon university studies. This amount should be notably greater than that now exacted for admission to our highest-class colleges. In my judgment, it should be even somewhat greater than that now attained by the average junior in such colleges.

It is at once objected, to the proposal to enforce a considerable amount of training in definite branches of learning and culture upon every pupil, that the number of modern sciences is far too great to require even a smattering of them all in the secondary education. And, it is added, a smattering of many sciences is equivalent to no science; it is even positively injurious to the mind of the learner, while the attempt to enforce it makes a *potpourri* of education which is quite as unreasonable as that composed for themselves by some of those pupils who enjoy the freest exercise of choice. All this and more is undoubtedly true in objection to a certain way of working the principle of compulsion through the whole of the secondary education. But I have not urged that a certain large number of particular sciences should be enforced in the secondary education of every pupil. I have only spoken of an amount and number of knowledges and disciplines which *are* requisite for such a secondary education as will serve for a foundation to a genuine university education. If there is any such amount and number of studies, then we cannot successfully develop the American university without settling this basis of requirement upon which the development must rest. The settlement of this question will not take place, in fact and life, through the dictum of any one man—not even though that man be learned in the theory of education or in a position favorable for forcing his convictions upon others. The settlement of this question will come only in time (and perhaps in a long time), as a growing *consensus* of the opinions of those most competent in such matters. The opinion which I have to express shall be modestly expressed; at most, it is only one man's opinion, *except so far as it is in accord with the consensus of opinion* already formed on the part of the most competent authorities.

A "liberal education" seems to me to include, of necessity, a goodly amount of four great branches of human knowledge and discipline—these are language,

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including literature; mathematics and natural science; the science of man as an individual spirit who feels and thinks and acts in relation to the world of nature and of his fellows, and to God; and the development of the human race in history. All education preparatory to the university should require these studies to have been already pursued liberally; but the education of the university should leave every learner free to follow any special examples of one or more of them, according to his aptitude and choice. At the same time, even in the secondary education, a generous allowance should be made—as I have already said—for differences in aptitudes, in view of the twofold aim of all scientific culture. But this allowance should not be made subject to the choice of the pupil from term to term, or from year to year; if for no other reason, still because a real continuity or organic and vital connection cannot be secured in this way for the different parts of the secondary education. Nor should the allowance be made in the form of a great variety of parallel courses among which the pupil must choose. This plan is open, though in less degree, to the same objection as the foregoing. Moreover, unless it is further limited, it does not secure thorough training in the four great branches of learning and discipline of which I have spoken. And, finally, it inevitably results in the repetition, in the small, of the same attempt at compulsory imparting of a smattering of many knowledges, of which the unrevised college curriculum in this country has been accused. The secondary education should, then, consist of required studies in all these four branches; but it should be arranged in such a way as to be thorough in a very few examples under each, and it should be divided into two great courses in which, by laying greater emphasis upon some one or more of the four, a general allowance can be made for the pupil's aptitude. Further as to some of the details of this plan of a secondary education, which should be required as a necessary preparation for university studies, I shall speak later on.

Substantial agreement upon the points hitherto discussed will insure a good measure of agreement upon those which are now to follow. There need be little dispute, since the subject has in late years received so thorough an historical examination, over the essential nature of a genuine university. Since the American university must, in any event, be a "university," although it may have certain peculiar features which may be called *American*, the noun will set limits to the adjective beyond which the peculiar features cannot grow. What, then, is the norm according to which, and the ideal toward which, we must develop our higher education? In other words, what is the true university idea?

Although intelligent persons need not dispute over the true idea of the university, there is current a great amount of unintelligent opinion on this subject. One prevalent thought obviously is, that a university is a school, or collection of schools, where a great lot of subjects are taught and a great crowd of pupils go. And there are elements of truth in this opinion. A number of faculties and free concourse of students, perhaps of many nations and from many places, are intimately connected with the university idea. But there are large schools, in this country and elsewhere, that are not universities; and there have been great universities with a relatively small number of students. The grade and method of the teaching, and the spirit and previous training of the students, are important factors in the university idea. Again, the *universality* of the university has been thought to consist in this, that the scope of its instruction should include all subjects; thus the idea toward which the American institution should strive is held to be that of a place where anybody can come to learn anything that can be taught anywhere. Now, historically considered, this view is absurd. The phrases in which the word *universitas* occurs, if thus interpreted, would (it has been pointed out) be equivalent to speaking of the university as "an institution for studying everything where they study nothing but law." Moreover, this interpretation of the word misses the spirit of the reality. For example, a school of veterinary surgery, or a school for learning to sing and to play the piano, may be a convenient adjunct or appendage of a university. But cer-

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tainly neither of these schools can ever become an integral part of a genuine university. The study and teaching of comparative anatomy and physiology, or of zoölogy, including the structure of those valuable domestic animals, the horse and the cow, is a legitimate and important part of a university. But such study must constitute a part of general scientific culture, and be conducted as such.

It is the *scientific* spirit to which the university education primarily appeals, and which it encourages; it is the large and free pursuit of science, as science, which it is bound to yield. This is true even of its professional schools. Even the study of surgery and medicine, or of theology, is primarily and preëminently scientific in the genuine university. For the same reason the call for chairs of "journalism," "telegraphy," etc., in the American university, and the complaint that our university instruction does not teach men to speak French and Italian, are both quite out of place. Journalism and telegraphy can never properly enter into the instruction of the faculties of the university, for they can never be regarded as broadly inductive or speculative sciences. The modern languages have no place in university instruction, except as they are used for the study of language and of literature, or are made the means of getting at other sciences through the works written in these languages.

The history of the word "university" has now been very thoroughly investigated. This history throws no little light on the meaning of the word, the content of the idea. It is connected with the history of the term *studium generale*, which the word *universitas* came to supplant. "The name *studium generale*," says Savigny, "has been interpreted to intend the whole collective body of the sciences, but incorrectly." "The name rather refers to the extent of the scope of operation of these institutions, which were intended for pupils of all countries." "It meant," says Professor Laurie, "a place where one or more of the liberal arts might be prosecuted, and which was open to all who chose to go there and study, free from the canonical or monastic obligations and control." It was, therefore, a school of high grade, where the spirit of freedom, in both teacher and pupil, prevailed. It afterward came to mean "both a school for liberal studies and a school open to all." The word *universitas*, on the other hand, was originally applied to any association of persons acting somewhat permanently together. It has been said that, in a papal rescript, *vestra universitas* often means scarcely more than "all of you." As applied to a *studium* it came to mean a literary and incorporated community. But when these schools began to act under some express grant or charter the two terms tended to become identical; and, finally, the word university came to take the other's place and be exclusively used.

It appears, therefore, that the primary thing in the university idea, both in time and in thought, is the association in a certain way of the teacher and his pupils. "Universities," says Dr. Döllinger, "originated as free associations of respected teachers and eager scholars." This does not, indeed, sufficiently define the modern university, but it describes an essential and indestructible factor of it. Now, if we attempt further to describe the modern university in the light of the ancient idea, we find that it differs from the university of the Middle Ages chiefly with respect to the extent and variety of means in command for the realization of this idea. The idea to be realized, and the general conception of the method necessary for its realization, remain the same. The idea to be realized is the highest scientific culture of the individual, and the method deemed necessary for its realization is the right association of the teacher and pupil. The one word which, beyond all others, describes this method is "freedom."

The university teacher must have freedom in investigating and teaching; the pupil must have freedom in investigating and learning (*Lehrfreiheit* and *Lernfreiheit*). But freedom that does not degenerate into license is secured in the teacher by selecting a man of formed character, who has himself gone over the same path of patient, conscientious, wide, and deep research by which he offers to lead the pupil. He still travels daily in this same path. The pupil, on

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his part, is free to choose his teacher and his subjects of research; and his freedom is secured, as much as possible, against license by his having been prepared for freedom through the rigorous training, under law, of the secondary education, and through the example and inspiration of his teacher and of the entire community of which he forms a part. He must learn to "know from experience," as says Professor von Sybel, "what is the meaning of emancipation of the individual mind, scientific thoroughness, and free depth of thought."

Such freedom in scientific research and teaching as the university uses to attain its end of the highest scientific culture is not, however, to be considered as separable from character. For, in the words of another German professor, "genuine science is the foundation of genuine freedom of spirit. Universities are, therefore, places for the formation of genuine freedom of spirit. They could not be this if they were directed in a one-sided way to the setting free and forming of intelligence. Freedom of spirit without the formation of character is not conceivable. Only the unity of the formation of intelligence and character is genuine freedom of spirit."

The true end of the university is, then, the highest scientific culture of the individual, and its peculiar method is the most intelligent and highly trained freedom in research, in teaching, and in learning. This end and this method served at the beginning to distinguish the schools of the university order from the monastic and ecclesiastical schools; they may fitly serve still as setting the ideal to which the American university must conform itself. Writers so widely divergent in their views and ways of thought as Matthew Arnold and Cardinal Newman are in substantial agreement as to the end at which the genuine university aims. This end is not, then, primarily the preparation of the pupil for any particular employment or profession, or even for being a good and useful citizen in general. University culture does, indeed, tend strongly to produce good and useful service of every kind, and good and useful citizenship; but this is its indirect tendency rather than its direct primary aim. For example, Professor Payne, in pleading for a science of education, reminds Englishmen of Sir Bartle Frere's conviction that "the acknowledged and growing power of Germany is intimately connected with the admirable education which the great body of the German nation are in the habit of receiving;" as well as of the declaration of a writer in the *Times*: "I think the maintenance of our commercial superiority is very much of a schoolmaster's question;" and of the statement of another writer that "the Germans are outstripping us in the race for commercial superiority in the far East." These advantages of a liberal and university education, widely diffused, are not to be directly aimed at, for, like happiness, they are likely thus to be lost. They are to be secured as the indirect but sure result, so far as the university is concerned, of the attainment of its direct aim in the highest scientific culture of the greatest number possible, and especially of all those placed in positions where they are trusted and followed by the people.

Choice by the pupil as to what he will study, and as to where and of whom and how far he will study it, belongs of right to the university idea. The university itself, however, must decide how much of secondary education the pupil shall have in order to admission to its freedom, and also how much of the highest scientific culture he must attain to win the mark of its approval as his *alma mater*. Beyond these restrictions, the more generous the freedom permitted and encouraged the more worthy the compliance of the university with its own ideal. In so far as professional studies constitute an integral part of the instruction of the university, since the degree conferred upon the student of them is a guarantee of a certain amount of scientific culture of a particular kind, such studies may be prescribed. Yet even in these cases the same end and method must be adhered to with the utmost possible strictness. A theological seminary or medical school where freedom of instruction and learning is not regnant cannot become a proper part of a genuine university; it must remain of the nature of a sectional, or monastic and ecclesiastical, school.

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It is chiefly because the German universities most worthily realize the ideal of the highest free and scientific culture that they are confessedly superior to all others—confessedly, on the part of the most thoughtful and well-informed educators under rival systems. "The danger of France," says M. Renan of its university, "consists in this: We are becoming a nation of brilliant lecturers and fine writers." "It is," says Professor Pattison, of England, "as if our universities were destined only to teach in perfection the art of writing leading articles." No one, however, would for a moment think of implying what is involved in remarks like these with reference to the poorest German university; for every university in Germany, by its theory and custom alike, undertakes worthily to realize this admirable ideal.

Supposing that those upon whom falls the task of developing the American university have grasped the right conception, the actual attainment of the ideal will inevitably encounter many difficulties. They have certain problems before them which are embodied in hard matter-of-fact. No amount of fine writing or generous planning will do away with the necessity of encountering these problems one by one, and of giving them a progressively better and better practical solution. The whole condition of education in this country, as it stands in the minds of the people and in the existing educational institutions, from highest to lowest, is concerned in the development of the university. I shall treat of only two of these problems. But these two are perhaps the most difficult, and they are so closely related to each other as to constitute in some respects one and the same problem. They are the present condition and future development of the secondary education of the country, and the constitution and fate of the American college.

No one would contend that the secondary education in this country is in a satisfactory condition. It is undoubtedly lacking in thoroughness, in balance, in organic unity, and progressive character. By the "secondary" education I now mean such education, in addition to that primary education required of everyone by the State, as the university must require for admission to its privileges. But—as has already been pointed out—the whole circuit of secondary education is at present, in this country, divided into two sections, one of which lies in courses preparatory for college or for the highest-class scientific school, and the other in the curriculum of the college or of the scientific school. This latter section is supposed to constitute the "higher" or highest education. Neither of these two sections of what, in its entirety, virtually represents the secondary education of the country—the education which must be required in preparation for the university—is in a satisfactory condition.

No one who is acquainted with the subject would think of claiming that (with a few exceptions) the high-schools and academies and other places for fitting youth for college are doing their work in a satisfactory way. This fact, however, is by no means wholly due to fault or deficiency on their part; indeed, education is so much of an organic unity that, if any of the stages or elements of it be defective, the deficiency is felt throughout all the subsequent growth of the entire organism. The secondary education is so unsatisfactory partly because of the condition of that primary education on which the secondary must be built. For, here again, no one acquainted with the subject would think of claiming that the public and private schools which start the process of education are in anything like a satisfactory condition. Probably the average public school of the primary grade is, on the whole, more effective than the average private school of the same grade. But what is the condition of the public schools of the primary grade in this country? To speak the truth plainly, they are in many cases too much managed by political powers that have no kind of fitness for the work, and the instruction is too much given by immature girls who have themselves received no thorough education and who, far too frequently, teach only as a makeshift until they can secure release by way of marriage.

How, then, can the best and truly progressive secondary education be built upon a foundation laid by such hands un-

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der such circumstances? Substantially the same things are true, however, of a considerable part of the secondary education itself; only in this case the managing political powers come into contact with certain subjects which strike them with somewhat of the mysterious awe which belongs to all unknown subjects, and with a few teachers who make themselves felt as strong and thoroughly educated persons alone can. But, even in those subjects which are more especially selected as the knowledges and disciplines whose acquaintance must be made in a generous way before the youth can be ready for the freer and higher scientific culture of the university, the few really fit teachers must spend much of their time in teaching the pupil what he should have been taught long ago, but has not learned, and in helping him to unlearn a large part of what he has been taught. How can such a secondary education compare for a moment with that given by teachers every one of whom has had a thorough education, and arranged in courses intelligently selected and organically united by the highest learning and skill?

The other section of the secondary education of the country—viz., that which lies within the curriculum of the college, or the highest-class scientific school—is also as truly, if not as largely and obviously, in an unsatisfactory condition. The best fitting-schools, whether academies or high-schools, are not infrequently better off, with respect to the character of their teachers, pupils, courses of study, and means for handling their courses, than are the greater part of our so-called colleges. Still, almost all the colleges are constantly making important changes for the better. No doubt the colleges of the first rank are, considering the material from which their pupils must be made, on account of the unsatisfactory condition of the early part of the secondary education, doing excellent work. I think it would not be extravagant to say that the American colleges are now giving to the average pupil a more thorough education than is bestowed upon any but their honor-men by any of the universities of Great Britain. But these colleges, too, are prevented, by certain conditions which lie partly within and partly outside of themselves, from doing the best work in the way of continuing the secondary education. Accordingly, the best approach to a true university education which they can make at present is by way of offering certain elective courses as a part of the later years of the college curriculum, and by inducing a few pupils to gather for the purpose of pursuing so-called "post-graduate" courses. But in many cases (at least, with the exception of three or four institutions) these graduate (better so called than "post-graduate") courses are without satisfactory beginning or ending.

It is obvious, then, that the progressive reorganization of our secondary education—a subject full of many difficult practical problems—is an indispensable prerequisite or, rather, accompaniment of the development of the university. But since part of this education now lies, and for a long time to come must lie, within the college curriculum, the reorganization of the secondary education is connected with the fate of the college itself.

I will now briefly indicate the lines along which the work of reorganization should proceed. The entire secondary education should, as far as possible, be made into a connected and organic whole; and the aim should be to have it finished at the end of what is now sophomore year in the colleges of the first rank, or at the end of the entire required curriculum of the scientific schools of the first rank. It should be arranged in two great courses, both of which should be, in respect of all their studies—what, how much, and what order—*carefully prescribed.* Both of these great courses should include all the four kinds of knowledges and disciplines which are considered as indispensable parts of a liberal education, and as necessary preparation for the range and freedom of university studies. But these knowledges and disciplines should be taught in different proportions by the two courses. The course which leans toward, or places the emphasis upon, language and the humanities should comprise no less of mathematics, and even more of the physical and natural sciences, than it now contains. It should comprise more, not

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less, of the classical languages, of both Latin and Greek, and of the literature and antiquities which belong to these languages. But these languages should be taught very differently from either that petty but strict way or that pretentious but loose way which have too much predominated hitherto.

The other one of the two great courses in this bifurcated secondary education should place the emphasis upon mathematics and the physical and natural sciences. As a condition of entering the higher scientific school there should be required no less of mathematics and the natural sciences than is now required, but there should also be required much more knowledge of literature and of at least one of the classical languages. The thorough study of at least one of the classical languages should be an indispensable prerequisite of beginning the university education, because the study of language and literature is an indispensable requirement of beginning such education; and no other languages than Latin and Greek offer anything like the same advantages for the study of language as the medium of the spirit, and for the study of the spirit that moves in such written language as has escaped the envy of time.

It should not be objected to this plan that it will necessarily postpone too long the time at which the secondary education may be finished. For, given men of the highest cultivation to arrange and to teach the studies of the earlier portion of the secondary cultivation and there will be no difficulty whatever in bringing youth, at the average age of seventeen, to the point where the college or scientific school now receives them. This is none too early for a boy to be as far advanced and as well trained as our students now are at the close of freshman year in the institutions of the highest rank. At least two years within college, and at least three years in the scientific school, will be required for a long time to come in order worthily to complete the secondary education. The aim and method of these years should be precisely the same as the aim and method of the preceding part of the secondary education; the studies, also, should be largely the same.

Into both of these great courses, whose primary aim is to teach the pupil to know himself and the world by enforcing "the general training and invigoration of the mind," there must enter at some time the other two of the four kinds of knowledge and discipline which compose a liberal education. These are the knowledge of the individual human mind, and the knowledge of the development of the race in history. The former should include the subjects of logic, psychology, and ethics; the latter should comprise an outline sketch of general history and a more special study of one or more epochs or nations, in order that the pupil may have some real experience of the spirit and method of genuine historical study. Both courses of the secondary grade should include these subjects, though possibly in different proportions. With the right arrangement and better teaching of the entire secondary education, there would be no insuperable difficulty in accomplishing at the average age of nineteen or twenty all that I have indicated as necessary in preparation for the university education. Indeed, the pupil thus trained should be quite as well fitted for that freedom in research and learning which is the way to the highest scientific culture as the average graduate, at present, of our best scientific schools and colleges.

During all these years of secondary training no pretence should be encouraged in the pupil that he is accumulating new and rare knowledge. Both teacher and pupil should understand that the latter is under the former as his *pædagogus*, to lead him to the higher freedom which is coming. Any attempt prematurely to introduce the methods of the university education, or to lower the standard of the education preparatory to it, will be prejudicial to the development of the true ideal of the university. For example, to lower the standard of minimum requirement for admission to college will have the effect of degrading the high-schools and academies which now fit youth for college, and of either diminishing the whole amount of the secondary education or crowding more of it into the college curriculum. It will doubtless, also, increase the inefficiency and carelessness of both pupils

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and teachers in reaching even this lowered standard. The similar attempt at Oxford resulted so that, in 1863, Mr. O. Ogle wrote to the vice-chancellor: "The standard has been sensibly lowered, and the proportion of plucks has sensibly increased." Moreover, to convert the college into an imitation of the university —especially in its earlier years, when its pupils and instruction are not, and cannot, be of the university order—will secure only the temporary satisfaction which the bestowal of titles sometimes brings; it will postpone rather than hasten the realization of a worthy ideal.

The second difficult practical problem which must be solved in order to the development of the American university is the fate of the American college. How this problem must be solved has already in part been indicated. Such of the education now required by the college as can justify its claims to be required at all in preparation for the advanced and free scientific culture of the university must be retained as a prescribed part of the secondary education. Such of the college curriculum as is now modelled after the university idea must be withdrawn from this curriculum, remodelled, and united with the so-called "post-graduate" courses; and the whole thus formed must be enlarged and raised to the standard of this idea. It will at once be objected that this plan will divide and alter the present constitution of the American college. I reply, precisely so; this is what must come to pass in the development of the university. But let it be observed that the destined passing away of the *present* constitution of the American college in no respect detracts from its past services or alters the propriety of adhering closely to its best elements in their present combination until the better arrangement of both our secondary and our higher education can be secured. Nor is a change of the present constitution of the college equivalent to an abandonment of the idea of college education.

There can be no doubt that the curriculum of the American college is today in a condition of exceedingly unstable equilibrium. Such a condition is by no means wholly due to intelligent objections to this curriculum; but neither is it due to wholly irrational objections. The amount and kind of studies now required by this institution can by no means be clearly justified. The permission to elect, with respect to the amount and kind of studies to which it applies, is plainly given in many cases as a matter of accident or of temporary convenience rather than as a conclusion based on reason and experience. The result is that the present position of the curriculum of the American college is anomalous; and the higher the grade of the college whose curriculum we examine, the more anomalous is its character. Such a condition cannot be regarded as anything better than the best temporary expedient—a creditable makeshift devised in the effort to advance, but not to advance too fast or in the wrong direction. Inevitably, those institutions which have admitted most of the university principle into their college courses have obtained the largest mixture of the secondary and the truly higher education.

At the same time that a variety of elective courses has been introduced into the college curriculum of our institutions of the first rank the same institutions have been making the effort to develop a true university education outside of and farther up than the college curriculum. In other words, they have instituted graduate courses open only to those who have the requisite amount of secondary education. The development of these graduate courses has encountered several almost insuperable obstacles. The most hard and obstinate of these obstacles are the following: The prevalent low esteem of the highest truly scientific culture; the excessive estimate of what is called "practical" in education—of bread-and-butter studies (*Brodstudien*); the poor condition of the secondary education, and so the impossibility of offering the best to even the graduates of most of our colleges; the impatience of our American youth and of their guardians, that is quite opposed to that quiet continuous growth which the noblest learning and mental discipline must undergo, etc.

It appears that those colleges which have found themselves in condition to enlarge greatly the university part of the college curriculum are, as a rule, the

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ones which have also done most to provide graduate instruction. But thus far even these institutions have been obliged to leave the two halves, as it were, of a possible university instruction, separated by the graduation from all study of most of their pupils at the close of the college senior year. These institutions must as rapidly and completely as possible unite the two thus far separate halves into an unity of the university kind; for it is to these institutions that the country should look for the development of the genuine university.

The methods by which the accomplishment of this combination of the *post-* and the *ante-*graduate elements of the university shall be brought about cannot, of course, be described speculatively in detail; but some hints concerning them, and concerning their probable working, are clearly in place here. I wish, in the first place, then, to call attention again to the inseparable connection which exists between the development of the secondary education, both within and without the college curriculum, and the management of that curriculum so as to develop the university education. And now let us suppose that the earlier part of the secondary education has been rearranged and thoroughly well taught; it will thus become perfectly feasible to put into the last two years of this secondary education —the two years corresponding to the freshman and sophomore in our colleges of the first rank—all the required work in physics and natural science, in history and literature, in logic, psychology, and ethics, which constitutes the staple of the instruction at present given in the junior and senior years of the college curriculum. Let the first five or six years of the secondary education be well arranged and well taught, upon the basis of a sound primary education, and let the last two or three years of this education comprise subjects now reasonably required in our college curriculum, and let these last years be organically connected with the preceding five or six years, and then it will be perfectly feasible to prepare the average American youth at nineteen or twenty for beginning a *true university education.* Indeed, let the secondary education be properly reformed and duly elevated, and then the youth who has well accomplished it will be better fitted to enter upon a university education than is, at present, the average youth of twenty-two who has just graduated from a first-class American college. And the youth of twenty, thus well educated in the secondary stage, will be more likely to desire to have a university education. If he sees before him the offer of three or four more years of training and research in subjects and under teachers that he may select with perfect freedom, he will probably wish to accept that offer. If he or his guardians have wealth or a competency, he and they will certainly be more ready to spend the money as well as the time upon his higher education, when it becomes clearer in this country what the best scientific culture means for the individual and for society. If he and his friends be poor, he will be more likely to be willing to struggle hard and to deny himself, somewhat as large numbers of German students do, in order to enjoy this highest scientific culture. The choicest and most promising of these youths thus engaged in a university education may also be expected to do creditable original work, and thus enrich the scientific knowledge and literature of the country; and to institute valuable courses of instruction, and thus enrich the teaching of the university. And, in my judgment, it will be far worthier and more profitable for the country to raise at first a few, and then a larger and larger number, by the steps of a thorough enforced secondary education, to the level of a genuine university culture than to bring the *name* of university culture to the level of those who are really only low down in the secondary stage of education.

This department of more general philosophical and scientific studies, to which the educated youth of twenty is invited, should be placed parallel with the courses in the professional schools in order to form the whole circuit of university education. Such relations should be instituted and maintained between it and the more strictly professional schools of the university as that each shall assist and enrich the other. In this way, on the basis of a secondary

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education attained at the close of what corresponds to the present sophomore year, the young man in the advanced academical courses should have the privilege, not only of selecting such of these courses as are most nearly akin to his future professional life, but also of beginning the professional courses themselves. The young man in the professional school should also have the opportunity of enlarging the scope of his professional studies by free access to all the more strictly academical, the philosophical and scientific, courses.

But the question must be answered: What of the youth who has chosen to gratify his supposed aptitude for the knowledges and disciplines that deal with external nature, and who has therefore chosen the other one of the two courses into which the secondary education was supposed to become bifurcated? Is he to meet in the university courses on an equality his fellow-student who has gone by the other path and passed through the college curriculum? Yes; but only in case he and his teachers have complied with certain conditions. In other words, the secondary education now given by the scientific courses in the high-schools and academies, and by the succeeding courses in the scientific schools of the first rank, like those connected with Yale and Harvard universities, must enlarge and strengthen and amend its curriculum in order to fit its graduates for a true university education. It must enlarge and strengthen itself by requiring of its pupils much more of literary, linguistic, historical, and philosophical study, without diminishing at all its requirements in mathematics and in the physical and natural sciences. It must amend the spirit of its instruction by putting away all contempt for classical and historical and philosophical learning, and all that pride which leads men to refuse the name of "science" to any knowledge but their own. Here, again, it appears that *the problem of the development of the university in this country is largely the problem of securing a satisfactory secondary education.*

Finally, it is plain that the development of the university in this country involves a marked and permanent differentiation into two classes of the higher educational institutions now in existence. The vast majority of the "colleges," so called, in this country should be content to remain *colleges*—that is, places which make no pretence to carry men beyond such secondary education as is preparatory to a genuine university education. To improve the secondary education which they impart, and to make it somewhat worthy of the idea connected in the minds of our people with the word "collegiate," may well satisfy their highest ambition. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that the great majority of the institutions now called "universities" should renounce both the name and the pretence of the thing. Only those few institutions that have already acquired large resources of famous men and established courses and equipment for the highest instruction, and that can hope to draw from their own and from other colleges a sufficient constituency of pupils already trained in a thorough secondary education, should strive to develop themselves into universities. Large means for scientific research—libraries, museums, observatories, etc.—are indispensable for this development. A complement of professional schools, with their faculties, is also, if not indispensable, at least highly important. I venture to assert that not more than a half-dozen (?) universities should be developed in the entire country during the next generation, and that no new institutions to bear that name should, on any grounds whatever, be founded.

It is within lines such as I have drawn above, and by keeping in view the right high ideal while also grasping with a firm hand the hard practical conditions and limitations of the ideal, that the American university should be developed. All the details no man need undertake to arrange beforehand with authority. But every effort may guard against certain errors. And on this point let us recall the significant saying of Lotze: "There are no errors which take such firm hold of men's minds as those in which inexactness of thought and lofty feeling combine to produce a condition of enthusiastic exaltation."

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FLANDROE'S MOGUL.

By A. C. Gordon.

I.

THE November sunshine came in through the grimy panes, where a belated fly was buzzing drearily. The jury, worn out with their three days' service in the case, were half-dozing in the box. The deputy-sheriff, a little man with a big mustache and a fierce manner, walked down from his seat on the platform near the clerk's desk, and opened the door of the iron stove. Then he stirred the embers with a stout hickory-pole, and pitched in the butt-cut of an oak-log; the sparks flew in showers; the stove-door was shut with a bang; the deputy climbed into that elevated seat of torture, the witness-stand, which was reached by a narrow flight of steps, and surveyed the court-room. The only noise audible was the loud hum of the replenished fire and the monotonous voice of the portly lawyer for the railroad-company, as he read from the slips of paper which he held in his hands.

The dust was thick upon the three portraits of eminent legal functionaries of the local bar, long since departed this life, that hung from precarious nails above the judge's head. The furniture of the room was primitive and worn, and the clerk's desk and sheriff's box alike were scarred with the carvings of idle jack-knives. The atmosphere was close and unpleasant, and yet there was a crowd congregated there, for the case was one that had excited peculiar interest in the little country-town.

The deputy-sheriff, whose mind was never perfectly at rest except when his body was actively engaged, moved down from the witness-chair at an inopportune moment, and, seeing Mr. Bamford, the railroad-lawyer, pause and look at him over his spectacles, called out as if in self-defence:

"Silence in co'te!"

Bamford, who, in spite of his stalwart form and ample girth, was nervous and easily thrown off his balance, glared fiercely at the little deputy, looked at the judge with an expression of despair, took off his spectacles and laid them upon the written memoranda he had placed before him on the bar, and pulled out a huge white handkerchief, like a flag of truce, as though to say:

"Well, what's the use? I give it up!"

The judge, however, had no sympathy with nervousness, and these dramatic performances on the part of counsel only served to anger him. He said, impatiently, "Oh! go on."

And Mr. Bamford, dropping his handkerchief, picked up his spectacles and his notes, and proceeded.

The deputy in the meanwhile, considerably abashed, crept back to his seat near the desk of his friend the clerk, and queried of that worthy over the intervening railing, "Ain't old Bamford a durned fool?"

The clerk, to whom the prolonged examination of witnesses had brought an agreeable respite from work, acquiesced with a nod of his head, and went on rolling and unrolling a sheet of legal-cap paper, through which, in its telescopic shape, he looked now and then at Mr. Bamford, with the malicious purpose of attracting his attention and exciting his nervous ire. But he was out of the focus of the lawyer's spectacles; and Mr. Bamford continued to read his instructions prosily and deliberately. Mr. Hyke, the counsel for the plaintiff, had already taken occasion to express his fine scorn of the idea of "instructing" such a jury as the one he saw before him. He was "perfectly willing to commit the case as it stood, without a word from the court, and even without argument, to the untrammelled judgment of so intelligent a body of men; whose superiors, in fact,

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in his four years' practice he had never yet seen in that box."

His wily adversary, recognizing Hyke's transparent trick, had exposed it with much ridicule to the jury—one of whom had been observed to smile broadly.

"Gentlemen," Mr. Bamford had said, "you have all heard the story of the boy in the big road, with his wagon-load of hay upset, and making a great outcry for help. He didn't care a cent about the hay, gentlemen—oh, no! But the reason he hollered was, his dad was under it. Mr. Hyke don't care about instructions, gentlemen of the jury—but he's hollering all the same. Gentlemen of the jury"—leaning forward confidentially, and speaking in a stage-whisper, "Hyke's dad is under the hay."

Mr. Hyke, who was taking notes in a tablet on his knee, regarded his adversary with a twinkle in his eye and a good-humored smile on his lips. There was one thing about Hyke which always gave him a great advantage in a fight before a jury, and that was, he never got mad. This equanimity and easy composure were wofully lacking in the tall and rotund and pompous Bamford, who regarded Hyke at all times with a decided disapprobation.

The judge yawned wearily as Mr. Bamford proceeded with his reading, and gazed now and then through the grimy window-panes into the street beyond. There was nothing to interest him in that quarter, however, for the two canvas-covered wagons that went by, laden with back-country produce, were no unusual sight, and the people on the plank sidewalks drifted rapidly past in the whirlwind of dust that a stiff November breeze was raising and shaking over everything.

"Let me see your instructions, Mr. Bamford," he said at length. Then, turning to the jury:

"Gentlemen of the jury, you are adjourned until ten o'clock to-morrow morning. Be prompt in your attendance at that hour. In the meantime, do not speak to anyone, and do not allow anyone to speak to you, about this case."

He glanced over the written slips which the deputy-sheriff had handed him, returned them to the older lawyer, leaned back in his chair with another yawn, and gazed once more wearily out the window. The jury filed through the room, and when they were gone, he said:

"Proceed, gentlemen."

Taking up the knotty legal points suggested by the memoranda of the defendant's counsel, the two lawyers in turn besieged the bench with quibble and quirk, until the audience of whites down-stairs became bored and gradually melted away, to gather in little groups in the court-house yard and discuss the testimony and speculate on the result.

"It's a-gwine ter be a hung jury," said a man with a late straw-hat and a big nose. "Jim Rogerson ain't a-gwine ter give no verdic' 'gin' a railroad-copperation. I've heerd him allow as copperations nuvver gits jestis f'om farmers on a jury, nohow. He'll stay up thar in that jury-room fur a week, afo' he'll give in. Thar ain't no bull-headeder man in the county than Jim Rogerson."

"I dunno 'bout Jim Rogerson, but ef *I* war on that jury *I'd* give that man every cent he claims, an' mo', too," said a younger man, who was braving the November gusts in a linen jacket and corduroy pantaloons, "an' I ain't no farmer, nuther. I don't blame the farmers fur bein' agin' the railroads, thet's al'ays a-killin' of thar stohck, an' nuvver pays 'ceptin' at the p'int o' the law—an' al'ays wants the bigges' price fur haulin' of thar wheat an' truck ter market, beca'se they've got the monopoly. I'm with the people agin' the copperations."

The speaker was president of the local debating society, and had political aspirations.

"I cudden give no verdict agin' the comp'ny on that feller Horgan's evidence," chimed in a third; "he conterdicted Flandroe flat-footed on the witness-stan'."

And so the battle was waged outside the court-room, while within Bamford read, for the tenth time:

"If the jury believe from the evidence——," until even the negroes, who thronged the galleries through love of forensic contest and with a keen appreciation of the grateful warmth of the place, could stand the tedium of the legal argument no longer and ebbed outward, too, to hang about the steps, or listen open-mouthed to the debaters in the yard.

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"Dat ar man gwi' talk dat jedge ter death in dar, sho!" said one of them, as they emerged into the outer air. "I ain't nuvver heerd nothin', 'scusin' of a thrashin'-machine, as cud keep up wid dat Mr. Bamford."

Still, here and there in the galleries a man and brother lingered, overtaken by a not unwelcome somnolence, and sleeping bolt upright on the hard bench, with nodding and wavering head. Occasionally a gentle snore, that grew gradually into a series of startling snorts, came down to the seat of justice, incongruously breaking in upon some microscopical distinction which the lawyers were drawing between the meanings of words. The deputy-sheriff, who was munching an apple, again stalked down from his elevation at the sound from the sleeper, twirled his big mustache, looked up fiercely into the gallery, tapped vigorously with the haft of his knife upon the iron stove, and in a sharp treble gave utterance to the seemingly irrelevant command:

"Walk light, upsta'rs, thar!"

The drowsy snorer opened his eyes with a start, blinked solemnly down at the deputy, and in a few moments was nodding again.

II.

The clerk had begun to enter a decree in his chancery order-book. The dozen or more spectators who yet lingered in the warm atmosphere of the room were either asleep or drowsily indifferent to what was passing. Beyond the judge, and the two lawyers, Bamford and Hyke, behind the bar, backed up by a sprinkling of idle young barristers who chewed tobacco languidly and gave indifferent attention to the discussion, there was only one man who seemed to be interested in the present phase of the case. He sat near Mr. Hyke's chair, and at intervals looked at that gentleman with an expression that betokened anxiety to ascertain what impression Bamford's speech was making on him.

With a brain unaccustomed to active execution outside of a fixed routine, this man had been striving to follow the legal subtleties of the learned counsel for the defendant company, that ran like tangled threads through his ingenious argument, and taxed the trained mind of the judge himself. He very soon felt that the effort was more than futile, and so he gave it up, contenting himself with eyeing in turn the court, Mr. Bamford, and Mr. Hyke. He was a striking figure, standing, when erect, some six feet in his stockings; and his build was massive and vigorous. From under the weather-beaten forehead keen, though kindly, black eyes looked out beneath shaggy brows, and the lines about the mouth, half-hidden in a fringe of thin iron-gray mustache and heavier beard, indicated resolute firmness and decision.

He was a lieutenant of cavalry in the great rebellion, promoted from the ranks for gallantry in battle, and in his day had faced danger in many forms. That scar on the side of his bronzed cheek was made there by a Federal sabre years ago, but the lost right arm where the empty sleeve hung did not lie on any battle-field. He was James Flandroe, plaintiff in the pending cause that stood on the docket in the style of "Flandroe *vs.* The Southern Railroad Company."

As he sat there, his mind wandered from the scene before him to a cabin in the pine-flats of a county two hundred miles to the South, where his wife and children were waiting for news of the verdict, and wondering if the railroad-company could ever be made to pay even a pittance for the loss of that strong arm, without which the future offered them but a barren prospect.

"Mr. Rife 'lows ye'd better see ef ye can't settle it outside'n the law, daddy," his oldest son had said to him before he brought his suit; "he 'lows that mebbe the comp'ny'll give ye a place whar ye kin use yer arm that's soun', an' whar ye won't be in no danger no mo'. Ef they'd make a job fur George Horgan 'long o' his hurt foot, Mr. Rife says he reck'ns they mought do sump'n 'nuther fur you. He says as he's heern tell as it don't pay fur ter fight railroads in law; an' he 'lowed at the post-office, Saturday, ter Jim Dollins, that even ef ye didn' git casted in the suit, yer lieyers 'ud chowzle ye out'n what the law gin ye. He says ye better see ef ye can't fix it up, outside'n the law, 'thout feein' of a lieyer."

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Wherefore Flandroe went up to the Cross Roads Store, where Jamison dispensed the scanty mail-matter of the neighborhood over the same counter on which he sold his groceries and dry-goods. It was the scene of Squire Rife's warrant-trials on every alternate Saturday—and that worthy's office on other days for the writing of deeds and wills, the judicial determination of whose meaning and legal effect made many a case for the lawyers at the court-house. But in spite of the fact that Squire Rife was the involuntary author of so much litigation in the county-side, his reputation as "a judge o' the law" was widespread, and his advice was sought on "law-p'ints" by many who, with strong scruples against "a-feein' of a lieyer," often had subsequent reason to regret it.

He heard Flandroe through, and then, with grave deliberation, delivered himself of his opinion in the premises, from the dry-goods box where he sat whittling a bit of white-pine:

"I wudden give it to no lieyer, Jim. The lieyers'll chowzle ye. Ye'd better go down ter the headquarters, an' see ef yer can't get 'em ter compermise it. I've seed a heap o' the workin's o' these yer copperations in tryin' of cow-cases in my co'te. Ef ye gits ter lawin' with 'em, they al'ays fights it up ter the last place. A po' man don't stan' no mo' chance a-lawin' of a railroad-comp'ny than a bumble-bee stan's in a tar-bucket."

The assembled crowd, waiting for the distribution of the mail, greeted the simile with applause, and nodded and smiled at each other in approval of the squire's sage advice. And so Flandroe made a journey to the office of the general superintendent in the city of W——, which is the company's southern terminus. But the corporation that he had served for thirty-six consecutive years, barring the four when he rode with Jeb Stuart, had turned a deaf ear to him. His skill and experience as an engineer were worthless to it without the right arm which enforced them; and there were plenty of younger men with whole limbs who were ready and eager to take the vacant place. The corporation had no position to offer him, unless he was willing to take the post of watchman in the yard at Tyron; and the salary connected with it was very small.

"This is a matter of business with us," the superintendent had told him; "railroads can indulge in no foolish sentimentality, you know. Of course, we are sorry for you, but past services don't make new dividends, and that's what we are working for. The man we employ must give a full equivalent for his wages; and his worth to us is measured solely in dollars and cents. An engineer with his right arm gone isn't of much account as an engineer, Mr. Flandroe. The only thing that he can do is to take some such position as the one the company is willing to give you, on a release by you of all claim for damages."

This cool alternative of a summary dismissal, without compensation for his great loss, or else a job at starvation-wages, staggered Flandroe for a moment. He had not looked for such treatment at the hands of his employers. It was no matter of sentiment with him, either; but one of simple justice. He had served this company a lifetime, and now that it had maimed him and destroyed his usefulness, it proposed to turn him off to die like a dog in a ditch. His eyes blazed, and he shook his left hand fiercely at the superintendent, who leaned back in his cushioned chair and smiled at the indignant old man's threat "ter put the law onter 'em."

"Crack your whip, then," he said in reply, and waved his hand to Flandroe in token that the interview was at an end.

The mutilated old man went back to the little town near the scene of his misfortune, and consulted Lawyer Hyke, who, after telling him that a corporation is a creature of the law which has neither a soul to be damned nor a body to be kicked, and is worthy of the contempt and hatred of all mankind, proceeded to make copious memoranda of Flandroe's narrative of the accident. Then he looked into a number of books, and said to the would-be suitor that he had "a fighting chance," with the odds against him; and advised him to see if he could compromise the case.

"Find out what's the best they'll do for you. They've got a way of making

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black look white with their evidence; and they can prove anything. You understand what I mean? In your case, for example, all the testimony as to the accident must necessarily be that of men in the company's service, except, of course, your own. Nobody else knows anything about it, you know. Now, how many of those men have got families? Where do they get their bread and meat? How many others, capable and efficient, are waiting to slip into their places as soon as they become vacant? And don't the railroad-employé know it? And don't the company know that he knows it?"

Flandroe was half-dazed with the lawyer's volubility; but he saw the point, and nodded his head despondingly.

"It's human nature," Hyke went on, "and I reckon we can't blame 'em. But, understand me—and I always like to make this point clear when I discuss a railroad-case with a client—I don't mean to say that witnesses in these cases are always, or even usually, directly coerced. I don't mean to charge that; the bosses are too sharp for that. But I do say that these fellows feel the pressure behind them in a way that makes them regard things from a different standpoint than that from which, under ordinary circumstances, they would look at them. You understand me?"

Flandroe nodded again. Then he blurted out:

"But thar ain't no use a-foolin' 'bout a compermise, lieyer; I've done tried 'em on that, an' they've done tried me, an' we can't come tergether. I went down thar an' I seen the sup'intendent, an' he offered me a job that 'ud skasely do ter starve on by myse'f, let alone my wife an' child'n. I tole him it looked ter me like the wuss a fellow gits hurt the slacker the job the company wants him ter take. George Horgan got a heap better place than they was a-willin' ter give me—an' him jes' a fireman with a mashed foot."

"If they hadn't given Horgan that place, we would have had a dead open-and-shut case on 'em," said the lawyer. "Oh, we could have smoked 'em! We'd have gotten big damages. But they are smart, those fellows. Horgan's got all the points about that switchman as clearly as you have. They gave him that place to shut his mouth. He knows the whole truth, if he'd only tell it."

"George'll tell it! he'll tell the truth, lieyer; thar ain't no manner o' doubt o' that. He'll sing it out, an' thar won't be no more' stoppin' o' him than stoppin' o' the pop-valve on that old Mogul o' mine 'twel she stops herse'f. I knows him."

"I don't," said the lawyer, with a sneer, "but I'll agree to take down my shingle if, when he comes to tell the truth in this case, the truth's most intimate friend can recognize it. I tell you, it's human nature for him to save his own hide, and he's going to do it."

The next day the suit was entered. The term of the trial-court came on rapidly. The issue was made up, the jury drawn and empanelled, and the evidence heard. Employé after employé of the company took the stand for the defendant; and, in spite of Hyke's ingenious cross-examination, Flandroe's faith that law always means justice continued to waver in the balance. During the argument on the instructions to the jury, his spirits sank as he heard Mr. Bamford read from his books case after case to show that servants of a railway-corporation, injured by default of a fellow-servant, ought not to recover damages. But they were correspondingly elevated when Hyke flatly contradicted the statement of his adversary that the cases he had cited were applicable to the one at bar; and in turn hurled precedent and citation at the court's head, in quick succession, in support of his own theory and position.

Perplexed with these subtle matters of the law, he was stricken with an involuntary and sudden pang at the recollection of how his fireman had "gone back" on him from the witness-stand.

"The lieyer was right, though I hadn' thought it. He run with me two year, an' I larnt him as much as mos' fus'-class engine-eers knows, an' thar warn't nothin' I wudden ha' done fer George Horgan. Now what do I git fur it?"

Stern in his devotion to truth and honesty, the grim old man could not adjust the fireman's story of the accident to the requirements of the oath which he saw him take on the greasy-backed little Bible there on the clerk's desk; and even his extended charity was lack-

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ing in breadth to cover the transgression of Horgan's narrative.

"He didn' tell the whole truth an' nothin' but it, fyar an' squar', by no manner o' means," he said to himself. "He didn' let it all out, like a man; but he kep' back what would 'a' holp me. *I* wudden 'a' helt nothin' back, ef *he* hed been a-lawin' the road fer that hurt leg o' his'n, even ef it had cost me ten jobs like that they gin him, an' the old 'ooman an' the chaps ter boot, let alone a gal I was a-courtin'. I cudden ha' kissed thet book an' tole thet tale, an' uvver looked fur the Almighty ter smile on me no mo'. I cudden ha' done it. I'd 'a' out with it, no matter whar it hit. But I dunno. Mebbe them thar lieyers side-tracked him with their everlastin' queshtuns, an' ef so, he warn't so pow'ful much ter blame."

As they left the court-room, when the adjournment came for the day, Flandroe walked out behind his lawyer, who staggered under a load of books.

"I think we've got 'em, Jim," Hyke said, exultingly, "even though that d—d rascal of a Horgan did go back on you. If the judge don't kick those instructions out to-morrow I'll take down that shingle of mine, sure enough."

And away he went, to delve into his notes of the evidence, and get up his appeal to the jury on the next day.

Flandroe observed George Horgan standing near the door, and approached him. His late fireman started to hobble off as he saw him coming, but the old man stopped him:

"George!"

Horgan glanced nervously up, then averted his face and hung his head. Two or three by-standers drew near, with eager curiosity. Flandroe said:

"I hadn' 'a' thought ye'd 'a' evidenced agin me that-a-way."

The man winced, and answered in a low voice, without looking up:

"I didn' want fur ter do ye no harm, Jim; but the comp'ny summonsed me, an' I was 'bleest fur ter come."

III.

In front of his cabin among the pines, two hundred miles away from the little town in whose court-house the case of Flandroe *vs.* The Southern Railroad Company had been strenuously fought by both sides, and won at last by Hyke, the plaintiff's energetic little red-haired, bullet-headed, snub-nosed attorney, Jim Flandroe was sitting in the sunshine. His robust strength had left him; the bronzed face had grown pale and haggard, and the iron-gray of his beard had faded to a rusty white. The loss of his arm had diminished his vitality; and his mind had been for months past tormented with apprehension lest his case should go against him in the appellate court, to which his defeated adversary had taken it.

His lawyer had told him that the judges of the Supreme Court would not hear the oral evidence of the witnesses, but would make up their opinion from the record which the trial-court had certified up to them. This information had increased his fear of an adverse decision.

"They can't tell nothin' 'bout it, 'thouten they see me with this yer stump, an' let me show 'em how the whole thing happened. An' they can't jedge how it's sapped my strent', 'thouten they cud look at me, an' have somebody that knowed tell 'em the difference 'twix' the machine that I used ter be an' this yer old wreck that'll nuvver be out on the run no mo'."

The successful issue of his case in the trial-court had mitigated whatever soreness Horgan's testimony had caused, and in its present aspect he took comfort in the knowledge that his former fireman would not be compelled to repeat his unfair evidence.

"George was always a tender-hearted sort of a boy," he said, "an' I reck'n he meant right, only he didn' have the sand in the box to run on orders. I'm really down glad the comp'ny ain't a-gwine ter call on him fur ter lie fur 'em twicet ter pay fur that slack job o' night-watchman at Smoky Tunnel. I'm sorry fur George, bein' as how I've heern tell that the gal wudden marry him arter all he'd done fur ter keep a job on the road. Some 'lowed that she got mad at him 'ca'se he lied on the trial; but t'others says she didn' want ter hitch onter no cripple."

His mind was constantly upon the case, and the details of it had grown to

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be more than familiar to the members of his family.

"It's been two year sence I got hurt, come June," he one day said, "an' the case is still a-hangin' on—al'ays put off an' put off, 'long o' the railroad, fur sump'n or 'nuther. Gittin' out o' law ain't as easy as gittin' inter it—least-awys ef you're agin' a railroad-copperation.

"Two year, an' thar's skasely a night in all that time that I hain't dreamed o' runnin' on the Northern Division. Sometimes it's one lay o' the track, an' then ag'in anuther. But it seems like I'm on the old Mogul, all the while, a-feelin' of her shakin' an' a-quiverin' from whar I sets in the cab, like a race-hoss under the line. An' George is al'ays with me, up thar on his box on t'other side when she's on the level or a-rollin' on the down-grade, an' a-heavin' in coal when she's on the up an' the smoke's a-flyin'. I reck'n it's all in my mind so much endurin' o' the day, that I'm beholden fur ter dream 'bout it o' nights."

Shading his face with his hand, as though peering at some object in the distance, he continued:

"The track's al'ays afo' me, an' I'm constant' a-lookin' out fur sump'n on it. I used ter cud see a pig betwixt the rails, as fur as the next one, but, somehow, these old eyes are gittin' dimmer. I tell ye, it takes a power o' nerve fur ter run a ingine, ef *I* do say it, that run one these thirty year. I don't mean ter brag, for I kep' the fear o' God afo' me, an' jes' done the best I cud for the comp'ny, come what would. But it was a ticklish business, an' it skeers me sometimes now, when I looks back at it.

"Ye've got ter have faith in Goddlemighty then, sure, a-swingin' up an' down them mount'n-sides, dark nights or bright, when a rock on the track f'om a landslide 'u'd fling the whole caboodle down the mount'n an inter kingdom come afo' you'd know it. Ye're 'bleest ter keep a steady han' an' a keen eye; but mo'n that, ye're 'bleesten ter b'lieve thar's somebody bigger'n the president o' the road or the gen'al supe'intendent a-backin' of ye up. Ef ye don't, ye ain't no fittin' man fur ter run a lightnin'-express on that division, that's all; though thar's many a one that ain't nuvver looked at it that-a-way. God he'p 'em, when thar time comes.

"I kep' that notion fo'mos' in my head all the years I druv an ingine, an' most of all when I had that passenger Mogul. I reck'n I cudden a' shet it out ef I had tried, which I didn't. It was strong on me las' night, strong as it al'ays used ter be on me in them times when I run through Smoky Tunnel. That thar hole in the mount'n is nigh onter a mile long; an' on the up-grade, goin' South, as ye start inter the mouth of it, the man in the cab that can forgit the Lord that made him mus' be built on a cur'us patent. Overhead an' all aroun' an' about ye thar's darkness an' furss; an' coal-smoke gits in yer eyes, an' in yer nose, an' in yer mouf; an' fur off at the een' thar's a leetle teenchy speck o' light like the p'int of a needle. Ye can't see the track, ye can't hear yerse'f talk; thar ain't nothin' fur ye ter do, 'thouten it is ter have faith an' let her go. An' then, that thar speck o' light grows on ye, an' keeps gittin' bigger'n' bigger; an' the smoke an' the racket don't bother ye so much as they did at fust. Then ye begin ter ree-collec' thar's a 'een' ter the Smoky Tunnel out thar beyant, that ye'll git ter bimeby. An' it comes acrost yer mind that thar ain't no purtier valley in the worrul than the one jes' ter the tunnel's foot at t'other side, whether ye glimge it by night, when the moon is shinin' on the fogs that half-way hides it, or whether ye see it in the daylight, when ye can foller the windin' roads like cow-paths, an' the creeks, an' the branches that look like slips o' silver ribbons in the sun.

"I used ter al'ays think o' heav'n when I seen Los' Gap Valley, beca'se comin' through Smoky Tunnel 'peared somehow ter fetch up ter my mind the dark and onsartin way o' life."

IV.

It was half-past nine o'clock of an evening in June, and the first section of Number Thirteen was due at Kayton Station, one mile south of Smoky Tunnel and overlooking the beautiful valley of Lost Gap. In the telegraph-office upstairs the instruments were ticking rap-

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idly; while in the depot below were seated some half-dozen men, dressed in blue jean blouses, and overalls, with picks and shovels and tool-kits and lanterns at their feet. They were railroad-hands who had been at work in the tunnel, and were now waiting for the incoming freight-train to take them home.

"I heerd as how Flandroe los' his case," said one. "What makes me think of it is, 'twas jes' about this time a year that Fifty-seven was wrecked out thar by the tunnel."

"Los' his case? That can't be," said another, who was known to his comrades as Long Tim. "I ree-collec' how old man Bamford snorted when the jury come in. They gin him six thousan' dollars. I war thar at the trial an' heern it all. The comp'ny summonsed me, but they didn' put me on. I knowed nothin' mo' 'bout it than what Mike Dunlap tole me afo' the comp'ny run him off down South; an' Bamford 'lowed that they didn' want that, an' cudden have it ef they did, bein' as it was hearsay."

"Yes, but they tells me the comp'ny tuk the case up higher; an' that the big court down ter Richmon' busted old Jim up wusser'n uvver Mike Dunlap done when he opened the switch that night like a sleepy-head fool that he was. They tuk'n tuk the las' cent away f'om him. I got it f'om George Horgan. He says Cap'n Hemstone fotch the news up f'om the junction ter-day on Number One. He 'lows they say Flandroe got hurt 'long of a fellow-sarvent, or some sich foolishness, an' that it ain't law fer the comp'ny ter pay."

"Well, I'm sorry for old Jim," said one of the men who had not before spoken; "I seen a heap of him when I war in the yard at Tyron; an' it's my jedgmen' thar warn't no better man ter han'le a ingine on the road. That's what they all said—Cap'n Bigby, an' all on 'em thar."

"I reck'n George Horgan feels sorter put out 'bout his evi-*dence*," said Long Tim. "I've heerd tell that the lieyers all 'lowed that what George said at the trial hurt Jim's case wusser'n anything else."

"I dunno," replied the man who had first spoken, a low, thick-set fellow with a bushy, brown beard, whose name was Brand; "he's al'ays a-comin' over the case; 'pears like he can't let up on it. He was pow'ful cut up t'other day when somebody tole him how low-down an' feeble the old man was a-gittin'."

"Yes, he's talked ter me 'bout the old man failin'. It 'pears ter sorter lay onter his mind. He can't be alongside o' ye five minues afo' he's a-tellin' ye that he's l'arnt that Jim Flandroe's purty po'ly, and pow'ful hard run for money ter live on. He axed me this mornin' ef I hadn' heerd it," said another one of the men.

"Who's runnin' Fifty-seven now, anyhow?" queried Brand.

"She ain't nuvver come out o' the shops sence the last accident ter her. Thar ain't no wages 'u'd make me run on that old Mogul, gen'lemen, ef I war an ingine-driver. No, sirree! John Brice got his leg bruk on her at Payson's Bridge, an' Henry Dexter was hurt in the back the night she smashed inter Number One at Stapleses. The boys is all a-gittin' mistrus'ful of her, they tell me; an' they're mighty right. She's onlucky, an' I've heern a heap on 'em say they wudden travel behine her, not for no pay."

"I reck'n the comp'ny better keep her in the shops," said Brand. "They ain't a-gwine ter fine no ingineer on this yer division fur ter drive her no mo'."

"What's the matter with George?" asked one of the party, sitting nearest the window, and starting up; "he's jes' went pas' the window with his lantern like a streak o' lightnin'. I nuvver thought he cud git over groun' that fas' on his game leg."

"'Twudden 'sprise me ef George was a-drinkin'," Long Tim said, in an undertone, to his next neighbor. "I think he's got sump'n 'nuther on his mine. I dunno ef it's beca'se Sal Desper kicked him an' married Hinksley, or ef it's the old trouble long o' his evi-*dence* 'g'in Jim Flandroe. Ef it gits ter Bigby that he's a-samplin' the bug-juice, he'll fire him out o' his job afo' he can bat his eye."

Up above, in the telegraph-office, the instruments continued to tick merrily. The first section of Number Thirteen was on time, and due in twenty minutes. The operator was at his desk, with the

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forefinger of one hand on the key and a pen in the other, when the man who had just passed the window came hobbling and stumbling into the depot, and, hurrying past the men who were waiting there, went up-stairs toward the telegraph-office.

As he passed, he called out:

"For God's sake, boys! thar's a-gwine ter be a cullision three mile south, ef Thirteen's on time."

"What's the matter?" they asked, breathlessly and in chorus, and tumbled up the steps after him, kicking over tool-kits and lanterns as they went. Long Tim, who had just expressed a doubt of the speaker's sobriety, was leading the van.

With ghastly face and shortened breath Horgan hobbled on, and flung the door of the telegraph-office wide open. The gang of workmen pressed in behind him as the operator, looking up in astonishment and anger, exclaimed:

"Well, what in the h—ll's broke loose now?"

The reply was a contra-query from Horgan:

"What train was that just went by?"

"Train? what are you talking about?" asked the now astounded operator.

"That express-train that went South little while ago. I met her betwixt here an' the tunnel. I signalled for her ter stop with my lantern, but she went on like makin' up los' time. She was fyarly a-sailin'. She'll smash damnation out o' Thirteen."

"Have you got the mikes, or are you a natural-born fool?" asked the operator, with increasing wrath. "You know no train has gone by here for thirty minutes."

The night-watchman looked about him in a dazed fashion, and passed his hand over his eyes. Shadows of superstitious awe gathered about the waiting gang of section-hands, who gazed at him with blanched faces. Turning to Brand, he said:

"Ye seen it, didn' ye, Jo?"

"Thar ain't no train been by here sence Number Seven," was the half-whispered answer.

Even Long Tim felt the hair bristling on the back of his head and cold chills creeping down his spine.

The men gathered closer about Horgan, in silent expectation.

"What did ye see, George?" queried one, more eager than the rest.

The telegraph-operator, with a frown on his face, looked up from the work which he had resumed, to listen. The ticking of the instrument was loudly audible above the speaker's voice.

"I seen a passenger-express come out'n the tunnel at sixty mile an hour. By the light o' my lamp, it was Fifty-seven. The ingine-man war a-lookin' down the track, an' his lef' han' war on the lever. I cudden ketch his full face——"

He paused a moment, as if thinking. Then:

"But his beard an' his hyar—Goddlemighty save me! it war Jim Flandroe."

"Boys," said Brand, solemnly, turning to his companions, "do you know what that means? It means old Jim is dead."

"It means that George Horgan's drunk, and you all are a pack of d—d fools," said the disgusted telegraph-operator. "Get out o' here, all of ye! I'll let Bigby know about this to-morrow."

Two nights later, as he sat alone in his office, reading a novel, a call came over the wires from an operator at the southern terminus. The response of the novel-reader brought the message:

"*I heard to-day that old Flandroe, who was hurt at Smoky Tunnel and sued the company, has gone out on the long run. He died a day or two ago, and I thought you'd like to know about it, being close to the scene of the accident.*"

Back went the question:

"*When did he die?*"

There was an interval of waiting that taxed the nerves of the man at the keys in the Kayton office. The novel had fallen unheeded to the floor. Presently the instrument ticked out:

"*Half-past nine on Tuesday evening last, McDonald tells me.*"

It was the very hour when Horgan had met the spectral engine.

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LE GRENIER.

(AN AMERICAN VERSION.)

"*Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans.*"—BÉRANGER.

By Robertson Trowbridge.

HERE is the street—the house is standing yet!
Four stories up the little window gleams.
The basement still announces "Rooms To Let;"
Through the wide door the dusty sunlight streams.
But how the place has changed! Across the way
A tenement its swarming bulk uprears—
'Twas here I weathered it for many a day,
With Youth and Hope for friends, at Twenty Years.

A small hall-room! I seek it half by stealth—
Who cares? the world may know it if it will!
The worst is told. I had stout heart, good health,
A modest clerkship, wants more modest still;
Companions, too (I had companions then!)—
What room in all my "up-town palace" hears
Such peals of mirth as yonder little den
When I and Youth kept house, at Twenty Years!

'Twas here I brought my bride. In that dim place
The too brief summer of our joy first smiled.
Which of your carpet-knights, my queenly Grace,
To such a lot will woo your mother's child?
Just Powers! how dared we to be gay and glad,
To face the world, unvexed by cramping fears?
Rash?—reckless? We were mad!—how nobly mad
With the brave wine of Love and Twenty Years!

Once, as we listened at the window there,
In the warm sunlight of an April day,
A sound of loyal thunder filled the air—
The Massachusetts Sixth marched down Broadway.
O gallant hearts and times! O drum and fife!
In '62 I joined the volunteers.
Poor wounded soldier, lonely waiting wife,
We learned what glory meant, at Twenty Years!

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It's time to go. The place looks chill and drear.
Fate! were it lot of mine to overlive
But half the happy days I've counted here,
I'd give—what have I that I would not give?—
Again to struggle on, to breast the tide,
To know the worst of Fortune's frowns and fleers,
Brave heart within, my darling at my side,
And all the world to win, at Twenty Years!

ENGLISH IN NEWSPAPERS AND NOVELS.

By Adams Sherman Hill.

"THE best rule of reading," says Emerson, "will be a method from nature, and not a mechanical one of hours and pages. It holds each student to a pursuit of his native aim, instead of a desultory miscellany. Let him read what is proper to him, and not waste his memory on a crowd of mediocrities. . . . Perhaps the human mind would be a gainer if all the secondary writers were lost—say, in England, all but Shakespeare, Milton, and Bacon, through the profounder study so drawn to those wonderful minds. With this pilot of his own genius, let the student read one, or let him read many, he will read advantageously. . . . The three practical rules, then, which I have to offer are: 1. Never read any book that is not a year old. 2. Never read any but famed books. 3. Never read any but what you like; or, in Shakespeare's phrase,

'No profit goes where is no pleasure ta'en:
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.'"

How few of us live up to the last of these three rules! How many waste time upon books which they do not enjoy, taking them up without a motive strong enough to make their reading profitable! How many dawdle over books, with minds half asleep, in a half-hearted effort to do what, for one reason or another, appears to be a duty!

The rule never to read what one does not like is, then, a good rule; but if one likes nothing better than the newspapers or the novels of the day, what becomes of Emerson's other rules—to read no book not a year old, and to read none but famed books? How many of us would like to confine our reading to Shakspere, Milton, and Bacon, as Emerson seems to advise? Is it, on the whole, desirable to shut our eyes to the writings that record the events and mirror the life of to-day?

The bare statement of these questions, which I will not stop to discuss, suggests some of the difficulties in the way of carrying the first and the second of Emerson's rules into practice. What great writer ever did carry them into practice? Shakspere, Bacon, and Milton, at any rate, did not refuse to read any book not a year old. If ever men knew their times, they did. Emerson himself may or may not have read the newspapers with his own eyes, but he certainly read them with the eyes of other men: he was constantly freshening his mind by visits to the city, and by conversation which drew him into the current of the present.

We may, then, hesitate to accept Emerson's rules in the form in which he states them; but his doctrine, taken as a whole, is sound. On the one hand, to read books in which one takes no pleasure is a waste of time: and if the practice be persisted in, in spite of continued disgust, it is likely to become worse than a waste of time; for it tends

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to cramp the free play of the mind, and to make intercourse with great authors a mechanical process instead of a life-giving power. On the other hand, to read nothing but newspapers and second-rate novels is surely a waste of time: and it becomes worse than a waste of time if the practice be persisted in, without an effort to like something better; for such reading tends to weaken the powers of attention and of concentration, to diminish, if not to destroy, freshness of thought and individuality of expression, and to relax the mental fibre.

If newspaper English and novel English had only a general effect upon the mind, they would still be likely to injure a reader's own English; but they have a direct and specific influence upon his use of language—an influence more widespread, more insidious, and more harmful than that coming from any other quarter,—and this is especially true in the United States, where almost every man has his daily or, at least, his weekly journal, and almost every woman periodically takes a dose of current fiction.

To meet this enormous demand, a host of writers have entered the field, who are neither by nature nor by education well-equipped for work with the pen, but who, nevertheless, earn a decent living in this calling, as they would do in any other to which they might turn their flexible minds. Even writers who have literary talent, but lack moral stamina, are tempted not to take pains, because they perceive that bad wares are at least as popular as good ones.

"It seems a pity," said a gentleman the other day to the proprietor of a Western journal, "that you should not publish more intelligent and better-written notices of new books."

"Oh, they're as good as our readers want," was the answer.

"My wife," said another gentleman to the editor of a newspaper published in a New England city, "enjoys reading *The Evening Muffin*."

"I should be better pleased to hear that your cook liked the paper," was the reply.

Such stories would seem to indicate that some American journals are conducted on principles similar to those in vogue in England, if we may credit Mr. Thomas Frost's "Reminiscences of a Country Journalist," published in 1886. Mr. Frost ascribes the "growing deterioration of journalistic work" to "the competition of newspaper proprietors and the process of reducing expenses that was in constant operation. . . . The diffusion of elementary knowledge," says he, "which flooded mercantile offices with clerks whose qualifications were limited to the ability to write legibly and add up columns of figures has, for several years past, had the result of overrunning the reporterial market with lads whose sole qualification for reporting is the knowledge of short-hand. As a rule, these young gentlemen are ignorant of grammar, in many instances cannot spell correctly, know little or nothing of modern history, the knowledge of which is essential to a journalist, and whenever condensation is required are apt to make their sentences unintelligible. Their employers, looking for their pecuniary gains from advertisements rather than from the circulation of the paper, condone their deficiencies in consideration of their cheapness; and in time they are promoted to the editorial room, at salaries considerably less than their predecessors received, and proceed to write leaders and reviews without knowing how to construct a sentence in good literary English, or even to write grammatically."

No such relation between employer and employed as is described by Mr. Frost has yet, so far as I know, grown up among the persons engaged in the production of English novels. There are no master-novelists with journeymen at work under them, as journeymen worked for Dumas the elder. In some cases, the tie between publisher and novelist seems to be very close; but there is as yet no reason to believe that an author's independence of action is seriously impaired, or the quality of his work injured, by his connection with a publisher or a magazine. If, however, this branch of industry continues to develop as rapidly as it has done within the last half-century, we may all live to see novels issued by large establishments organized somewhat after the fashion

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of newspaper offices, if, indeed, we do not see works of fiction produced by machinery.

Meantime, what we do see is a "growing deterioration" in the quality of the novels produced from month to month, a deterioration brought about by general causes very similar to those which tempt newspaper proprietors to content themselves with inferior work. If badly-written novels meet with as ready a sale as well-written ones, badly-written novels will be supplied in abundance. In this, as in every other business, skilled workmen are few; and those few, if they find that their skill is not appreciated, are in danger of becoming careless, or of putting their skill to base uses. If they resist these temptations—as, fortunately for the world, some do—it is because their ambition is not so much to get fortune and fame by their books as to do their best because it is their best.

In all that I say, I am, of course, speaking, not of the ideal journal, the journal that is conducted in all its departments by men of culture (if such a journal there be), not of the novels of Thackeray or of George Eliot, but of the newspapers and the novels of the day.

Even of these I am far from denying that they have certain merits not to be despised. Most of us would probably find it difficult to induce the editor of a daily newspaper to put our thoughts on the Irish question into type, or to persuade a publisher of successful novels to print our version of the old story of Amandus and Amanda. Our contributions to a newspaper would probably lack the very qualities that give success to editorial articles, which, though far from being models of good English, are nevertheless skilfully adapted to the intelligence and the taste of their readers; or to paragraphs from the "facile pen" of a reporter, written in language that would make Addison turn in his grave, but containing the facts which people want to know, and stating them in such a fashion that the hasty reader gets hold of them at once. Our novels, though they might not violate the rules of grammar, or paint scenes and characters with a brush too big for both subject and artist, might nevertheless be deficient in the art of inventing an interesting story and of telling it in an interesting manner, in knowledge of human nature, and in skill in construction, not to speak of the "local color" and local dialect which jaded minds demand nowadays. I cannot, indeed, believe, as some writers appear to do, that if Junius should reappear, he would find in our newspaper offices so many pens more powerful than his that he would gladly withdraw into obscurity again; or that if Thackeray should come back under another name, he would have a cool reception from a public accustomed to better work: but I am sure that successful newspapers and novels, with all their defects, are not without merit.

The misfortune is that it is the defects rather than the merits, the bad English rather than the good, that strikes the eye and sticks in the memory. The faults of newspaper English rapidly spread through space,—a phrase that was hatched in Texas or Iowa living long enough to appear in the columns of an "esteemed contemporary" in Maine, and, if very bad, to be embalmed by a metropolitan journal within marks of quotation. The faults of novel English descend from generation to generation. From Scott the second-rate novelist catches, not his naturalness, vigor, manliness, invention, observation, skill in narration, but his occasional grandiloquence, commonplaceness in thought, or slovenliness in expression; from Dickens, not his vividness, pathos, and knowledge of life, but his exaggerations of nature, his eccentricities of language, the alloy left in his style by his early experience as reporter. Whatever in Bulwer or Disraeli is pinchbeck; whatever in the Brontë sisters is "intense," in the modern slang use of that word; whatever in Thackeray verges on coarseness, or sentimentality, or prolixity; whatever in George Eliot is awkward or over-scientific in expression,—is absorbed by inferior writers, combined with their own weaknesses, and reproduced in monstrous forms.

As most novelists read newspapers, and most journalists read current fiction, writers of the one class catch bad English from those of the other class, and adapt it to their own purposes.

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Hence such differences in the use of language as exist between the two are, for the most part, traceable either to differences in subject-matter or to the fact, already adverted to, that newspapers are read by more men than women, and novels by more women than men.

In newspaper English, the tendency is to sacrifice elegance and refinement to the "forceful" or the "funny"; in novel English, to sacrifice vigor and compactness to the sentimental or the fanciful. The old-fashioned newspaper, written to please the respectable and conservative classes, abounds in sonorous platitudes and sententious commonplace; in the old-fashioned novel, written to please female philistines, platitudes are served with love or religion, and sententiousness is adorned with flowers of speech and flanked by descriptions of heroes and heroines and of scenery. The new-fashioned newspaper, being addressed to a public which likes its fare hot and well spiced, abounds in slang of all sorts, from that of Congress to that of the prize-fight or the horse-race; the new-fashioned novel, being addressed to girls, young and old, with more curiosity than experience, spices its pages plentifully with French or pseudo-French, with the *argot* of society, and with expressions which seem *risqués* to the *ingénue*.

In an age demanding brevity, the novelist is apt to eke out his story with petty details that might better be left to the imagination, with obvious reflections, or with irrelevant digressions; the journalist is apt to swamp his facts or his opinions in a flood of words. Sentences and paragraphs may be clear and vigorous, but the chapter or the article as a whole is obscure and weak. The beginning may be attached to the end, but it is not easy to get hold or to keep hold of the thread of connection.

Often editorial articles—to borrow a happily-mixed metaphor—"smack of the mill," the journalist sinking his individuality in that of the journal to which he contributes. Even if he had the desire he has not the time to be himself, as he has not the time to be concise. For the individuality of the novelist there is a better chance; but he also is in haste to get his wares on the market, and is inspired by the idols of the market-place rather than by the spirit within him. If one of his books makes a hit, he copies and copies it until his manner becomes mannerism, his characters dolls or caricatures, his scenery like that of the old-fashioned drop-curtain.

In both novels and newspapers, nice distinctions in thought and precision in language are rare. Superlatives prevail. There is little gradation, little light and shade, little of the delicate discrimination, the patient search for truth, and the conscientious effort to express truth exactly, which characterize the work of a master.

To speak of offences against grammar and idiom would be to go into minutiæ foreign to my purpose. Such offences are common, as everybody knows, and will be common, so long as uneducated or imperfectly-educated persons are at liberty to handle their pens as they will, without supervision or guidance. Nor is it worth while to dwell upon the affectation of using words and phrases which are no longer in good usage except in verse, or on the bad habit of making stale quotations—a habit which may be studied at one of its sources in the writings of Hazlitt, of whom Byron said that his style suffered from a cutaneous eruption.

Newspapers and novels alike keep their "pet words"—words which, like other pets, are often in the way, often fill places that belong to their betters. A good speech is termed "breezy" or "neat"; a good style, "crisp" or "incisive"; an "utterance" or a comely countenance, "clear-cut" or "clean-cut." Bad features are "accentuated" by sickness. Lectures are "punctuated" with applause. Many things, from noses to tendencies, are "pronounced." A clergyman "performs" at a funeral; a musician "officiates" at the piano-forte. Many questions are "pivotal." Many things, from a circus to a new book, have an "advent." Every week something is "inaugurated" or "initiated." A few years ago newspapers were talking of A. or B. as being of that "ilk." A word just now in vogue is "weird." We read not only of the "weird" beauty of Keats, but also of the "weirdest" misconstruc-

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tions of facts, or mis-statements of principles. "Factor" and "feature" appear in the oddest company, and "environment" has become a weariness to the spirit.

Newspapers and novels are each fond of the last new word that has crept into the slang of the day from some quarter too obscure to be known or too vulgar to be named. We read, for example, of schemes for "raking in the dimes." One poetical paragraph ends: "It pulls one up dreadfully in one's reverie to hear," etc. Newspapers "take stock in" a senator, and "get to the bottom fact" of a discussion. The hero of one novel is "padded to the nines"; the heroine of another has a brow, eyes, and face that are all "strung up to the concert-pitch." The journalist's candidate and the novelist's villain alike "put in an appearance."

The disposition to obscure the meaning by the use of technical expressions is not unknown in newspapers, but it shows itself chiefly in novels. There are much worse instances of this than George Eliot's "dynamic" in her description of Gwendolen at the beginning of Daniel Deronda (a word which called forth much criticism when the book was first published), or than a less famous novelist's "neuralgia of the emotions." Even in The Heart of Midlothian we are told that "the acid fermentation" of a dispute was "at once neutralized by the powerful alkali implied in the word secret." A much later novel talks of the "effect of the meerschaum's subtle influence upon certain groups of ganglionic nerve-cells deep in his cerebrum." Another remarks that, "as men gravitate toward their leading grievance, he went off at a tangent." Still another speaks of "undergoing molecular moral disintegration."

Another set of faults seem to spring from the belief on the part of certain journalists and novelists, and of the young writers who have caught the malady from them, that there are not enough words in the English language to supply their needs, and that, therefore, it is necessary to coin just a few more, or at least to take them from the mint of some other journalist. Hence the appearance, a few years ago, of new pronouns (now forgotten), as if those which answered for Addison and Goldsmith were incapable of doing the more important business of the present. Hence new forms for old words, and new formations from old words. One journal tells its readers that "'mentality,' though not in the dictionaries, is a good English word." Another says: "'Christmasing'; we ought to have such a word". The hero of one novel is "garmented"; that of another is engaged in "battle-axing" difficulties. A heroine has a terrible "disappoint." A traveller "gondoles" in Amsterdam. A journalist talks of "downing" Mahone. A popular writer talks of a "slowing" carriage, of "rural mechanics too idle to mechanize." "Burglarize" is a newspaper word, but "burgled" has been borrowed for fiction from "The Pirates of Penzance." We read of sounds hollow and "echoey"; of "faddists" (people with fads); of a bow which "grotesqued" a compliment; of an "aborigine" (apparently the singular of aborigines); of a "caddess" * (defined to be a "cad of the feminine gender"); of the "genius of swellness"; of "flirtees" as well as flirts; of little fellows who "cheek" bigger ones; of men whose good looks do not atone for the "lacks" or the "lackness" of their characters, and of desires which are "wide-horizoned." It would be easy to extend this list, if either my readers or I had the appetite to go through what a recent writer terms "a menu bristling with word-coinage."

Another characteristic of both newspaper and novel English comes sometimes from the desire of the writer to show that he commands language that moves in the highest circles, and sometimes from his wish to be funny. I refer, of course, to the practice of using the longest and most high-sounding words and expressions—words which no one would think of using in conversation or in familiar correspondence. "Scribes" of this class, as they call themselves,

* The history of this word is instructive. It appears for the first time in print, I believe, in The Prime Minister (ii., xvii.), where Trollope says that Lady Glencora declared that she "would shake hands with no more parliamentary cads and 'caddesses'—a word which Her Grace condescended to coin for her own use." Later novelists seem to accept the duchess' little joke as a part of the language.

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"savor" their wine instead of tasting it, "locate" men and women instead of placing them, "imbibe" instead of drinking. Their facts are "proven," their streets are "paven" or "semi-paven," and the people who dine at their houses are "commensals." With them a dressing-case becomes "travelling arrangements"; "sales-ladies" stand beside "counter-jumpers"; seats are "resumed"; souls are "perused"; prices are "altitudinous"; a politician who happens to be in town blossoms into a "visiting statesman"; an author "obligates," instead of binding, himself; a visitor "refreshes his olfactory organ" with a pinch of snuff; a fortune quickly made is said to be "as stupendously large as phenomenally swift won." The last citation, which is from a prominent journalist, is perhaps no worse in its way than "potential liquid refreshment," an expression used by Disraeli and copied many times since; than a later novelist's remark that "the footfalls of a little black mare annotated the silence of the place," while "an isolated stellulated light illumined the snow"; or than a brilliant woman's designation of veteran soldiers as "mutilated pages of history." Perhaps, however, the palm may be carried off by a novelist who speaks of "the impression she gave from her little slit-like tacit sources"—that is, apparently, her eyes.

In this last characteristic, novel English has, perhaps, taken the lead. Instances of it in its serious form are to be found even in Scott, when he is in what he himself calls his "big bow-wow" mood—as, "The creak of the screw-nails presently announced that the lid of the last mansion of mortality was in the act of being secured above its tenant." Instances of it in its humorous form are to be found even in Dickens, when the reporter in him gets the better of the humorist—as, "The celebration is a breakfast, because a dinner on the desired scale of sumptuosity cannot be achieved within less limits than those of the non-existent palatial residence of which so many people are madly envious."

Word-pictures, so called, sometimes hang on newspaper columns; and they abound in recent novels. One author declares that "God's gold" was in his heroine's hair; for "it was shot through with sunset spikes of yellow light." Another says of the heroine that "the sunlight made a rush at her rich chestnut hair," and describes "her white teeth showing like pearls dropped in a rose, and a white throat in a foam of creamy laces." Another says that "the moon searched out the deep-red lines" in the heroine's hair, and that her lips had "musical curves." We read of a landscape which is "a perfect symphony in brown," and of a woman who is "a ravishing symphony in white, pale green, and gold"; of a sun "resting on the hill like a drop of blood on an eyelid"; of a moon that "lies pale, with her chin upon the hill"; of a head "with one little round spot on the top reminding one of what a bird's-eye view might show of Drummond Lake in the Dismal Swamp"; and of a woman whose "small hand, which seemed to blush at its own naked beauties, supported her head, imbedded in the volumes of her hair, like the fairest alabaster set in the deepest ebony."

To enumerate all the varieties of bad English to be found in newspapers and novels would be an unprofitable as well as a difficult task. I have contented myself with naming some of the more obvious ones to which a reader is exposed, and by which his own English will be injured unless he guards himself with the utmost care. To that end we should not too hastily believe that reading of this class is the only reading worth while, but should make a strenuous effort to like something better, and should persist in the effort until success is reached. If Shakspere and Milton are distasteful, one may try Pope or Cowper, Tennyson or Whittier. If George Eliot is dull, one may try Fielding or Hawthorne, Thackeray or Charles Reade, Scott or Trollope. If Bacon seems heavy, Emerson or Ruskin is at hand. For every reader there is some well-written book which he can enjoy if he will, and which may serve as an antidote to the noxious effects produced by the novels and the newspapers of the time.

Is this all that can be done? If it is, what hope can we cherish that pure English will hold its own, even as well

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as it has done, against the enemies that assail it on every side?

One thing we may be sure of: people will not give up reading ephemeral publications. Such publications, on the contrary, seem destined to appear in constantly increasing numbers, and to be read more and more; for, as time goes on, people take more and more interest in the world they live in. They will read to-day's newspaper, however poor in itself, because it has the breath of to-day's life in it. They will give their attention more readily to a clever story in the last magazine than to Miss Austen's "Emma," because the atmosphere of "Emma" is not, and that of the new story is, their atmosphere. The tide sets strongly one way, and it will make short work of any Mrs. Partington who tries to stop it with her broom.

Another thing seems to be pretty clear: a writer who wishes to be read must have something to say, and he must be able to say it in an interesting manner. People do not prefer bad English to good; but if the good English is in a dull piece of writing, and the bad English in a clever one, they will (and with reason) choose the latter.

It follows that improvement in the quality of current English is to be brought about, if at all, not by vain efforts to prevent the production or the dissemination of newspapers and novels, but by raising the average of those that are produced. Men and women of culture and of high aims must be brought into the business. Students in our colleges who are looking to book-making or to journalism as a profession, must be urged to keep constantly in mind that whatever they write should, always and under all conditions, be their best; and that by best is meant, not merely English that will bear grammatical and rhetorical tests, but English that means something, and means it so strongly that a reader who has once begun the article or the chapter feels obliged to finish it.

I speak of college graduates, not because I believe that they have a monopoly of good English—far from it—but because of late years large numbers of them have taken to the pen for a living, and because they are exposed to special dangers. Men whose style is the result of self-directed effort will guard jealously what it has cost them so much pains to acquire; but the "liberally educated" youth, who knows all that Murray and Blair can teach him, is tempted, when he discovers (as he is pretty sure to do) his inferiority in some respects to the self-educated reporter at the desk by his side, who began life as an office-boy, but who has acquired "the newspaper-sense" and has mastered the tricks of the trade—is tempted, and sometimes, alas, yields to the temptation, to sacrifice his English to his desire to attract attention. If, however, his English be hardy enough to withstand the chilling influences that surround it, if he uses it, not as an end in itself, but as a means to something more important, he may not only keep it in its purity for his own use, but may also make it felt in his little world as a purifying and inspiring force.

Even if those who serve the public, whether in newspapers or in novels, write as well as the conditions under which they labor will permit, it will still be the plain duty of readers not to give too much of their time to publications that are like the flower of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven or the waste-basket. At its best, journalism can never, in any of its forms, take the place of literature. It does not, as literature does, lift us out of the trivial interests and petty passions of daily life into a pure and invigorating air. It does not, as literature does, speak a language so noble that while we read we forget our own vulgar and provincial modes of speech. Too often, on the contrary, it echoes our lowest selves in its methods, its manners, and its English.

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THE WONDERFUL COUNTRY.

By John Boyle O'Reilly.

THERE once was a time when, as old songs prove it,
The earth was not round, but an endless plain;
The sea was as wide as the heavens above it—
Just millions of miles, and begin again.
And that was the time—ay, and more's the pity
It ever should end!—when the world could play,
When singers told tales of a crystal city
In a wonderful country far away!

But the schools must come, with their scales and measures,
To limit the visions and weigh the spells:
They scoffed at the dreamers with rainbow treasures,
And circled the world in their parallels;
They charted the vales and the sunny meadows,
Where minstrels might ride for a year and a day;
They sounded the depths and they pierced the shadows
Of that wonderful country far away.

For fancies they gave us their microscopics;
For knowledge, a rubble of fact and doubt;
Wing-broken and caged, like a bird from the tropics,
Romance at the wandering stars looked out.
Cold Reason, they said, is the earthly Eden;
Go, study its springs, and its ores assay;
But fairer the flowers and fields forbidden
Of that wonderful country far away.

They questioned the slumbering baby's laughter,
And cautioned its elders to dream by rule;
All mysteries past and to come hereafter
Were settled and solved in their common school.
But sweeter the streams and the wild birds singing,
The friendships and loves that were true alway;
The gladness unseen, like a far bell ringing,
In that wonderful country far away.

Nay, not in their Reason our dear illusion,
But truer than truths that are measured and weighed—
O land of the spirit! where no intrusion
From bookmen or doubters shall aye be made!
There still breaks the murmuring sea to greet us
On shadowy valley and peaceful bay;
And souls that were truest still wait to meet us
In that wonderful country far away!

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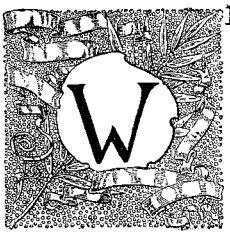
THE MOTIF OF BIRD-SONG.

By Maurice Thompson.

"And some are hearing, eagerly, the wild,
Thrilling liquidity of dewy piping."—KEATS.



HAT may be called the romance of bird-song has been the common property of poets and enthusiastic descriptive writers of prose from the time that the Cadmean contagion of letters slipped into the life of man. Indeed, ever since the old Hebrew lyrist heard the voice of the turtle in his land, there has been a human echo to every trill and warble flung out of bush and bough all round the vernal circle of the earth. It has been well said by one of our ablest ornithologists, Dr. Coues, that man and bird are the two animals that sing and enjoy song. This love of sweet sounds has formed between these widely different and extremely specialized beings a golden cord of sympathy, which has been kept sweetly vibrating for ages with interchange of melodious mouthings.

I have often thought that it would be a most welcome book, if some competent person should construct a carefully arranged anthology of the bird-lyrics worthy of note written in English since the days of Chaucer; or, better still, of all the best bird-songs of every language from the beginning of time. Such a work would disclose a singular and beautiful phase of human history—a phase from which the literary student might gather rich treasure, and out of which the scientist might distil the essence of precious truths.

Doubtless there is a cause, deep set in the mystery of life, from which arises, in accordance with some natural law, the instinctive interchange of affection between man and the song-birds. I say instinctive because I am not convinced that reason has anything to do with the matter. A man may be an ardent admirer of birds, and yet be an enthusiastic sportsman—ready to kill them for mere amusement, in which he is as irrational as is the jay that would pluck out the eyes of him who feeds it in the dead of winter, provided it chanced to imagine the eyes to be as luscious as the berries of the brier.

There is an impulse—a law—other than the instinctive movement toward food and protection, which causes the song-bird to get close to man. I could gather many facts together in proof of this. Indeed, all the lower animals are capable of loving man, and many of them have often and voluntarily sought to show such affection.

Mr. Huxley, in accordance with the inference enforced by a great number of anatomical facts, has grouped the birds and reptiles together under the name *sauropsida;* and it has come to be pretty generally admitted among scientists that, whether the avian race has or has not actually descended from a reptilian ancestor, there is certainly a likeness existing which justifies the inference of such an origin, especially in the absence of any tenable theory to the contrary based on scientific reasoning. In this connection it is a striking fact that no mammal, of its own accord, ever has sought the companionship of man as freely and sincerely, so to speak, as many of the birds and some of the reptiles have. I have seen toads, lizards, and even snakes exhibit great satisfaction in finding a cosey nook for themselves in human habitations. I once had a toad friend who fattened to enormous size at my expense, and I had ample opportunity to note the growth (quite apace with his corporeal expansion) of his affection for me. He sought my acquaintance and cultivated my friendship of his own motion, evidently taking it for granted that I could not fail to feel highly honored by his attentions. Birds have made their love for

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man so well known that I need offer no instances. A few words in the way of suggestion, however, may not be amiss, with a view to leading up to a consideration of the origin of the song-impulse in birds. Genuine song, or, rather, music-making, is within the power of comparatively few of the avian family; but we may consider such birds as the meadow-lark, the bluebird, and the bluejay, that can utter a bar of two or three sweet notes, song-birds for all the purposes we have in view, and from these lowly and slightly gifted ones we may pass up along the line to such musical prodigies as the nightingale and the mocking-bird.

Pious minds, influenced by the charm of spring, long ago came to the conclusion that song-birds were ecstatic worshippers of Deity, and that all their pipings were conscious praise-offerings. At the other extreme, the scientists have referred bird-song to erotic impulses when in the spring the wild-bird's fancy

"Lightly turns to thoughts of love."

What shall we say of the caged bird that sings in a broken and sketchy way the whole year round? Does captivity engender perennial piety? or does it make the tender passion unquenchably and constantly burn? I have heard the crested titmouse utter its slight song-sketch in mid-January on parallel 40° north when the thermometer indicated a heavy dip below zero. On the other hand, I have known fine male mocking-birds that refused to sing for two weeks together in the most golden period of a southern spring-time, when the felicity of the mating and nesting experience was at its highest height. I have watched a lonely bluejay, a mile removed from his mate, sit on a bough and, with a peculiar rhythmic motion of the body, give forth a low, wheedling strain which could not be heard more than ten or twenty yards away. The indigo-bird has a very sweet, twittering song, which is scarcely loud enough to be distinguished two rods from where he sits, and yet he will pour it forth ecstatically in the midst of a prairie, with none of his species within the horizon. I have heard the meadow-lark and the bluebird pipe their dreamy scores in every month of the year, regardless of the season of love. The cardinal grosbeak does not wait for the time

"Whan that Aprille with her showres swoote
The drought of March hath pierced to the roote,"

in order to begin his loud and cheery fluting in the thickets, but will act as if December were

. . . "as pleasant as May."

Still, the larger fact is that spring is the season when the volume of bird-song poured round the world is incomparably stronger, fuller, and sweeter than at any other; and that, too, is the season of mating and of nesting. Our finest songsters, notably the mocking-bird, the cat-bird, and the brown thrush, rarely "tune their throats" before the earliest wild-flowers bloom. I have noticed that on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico the first song of the mocking-bird is a pretty safe announcement of the blowing of the pitcher-plant and the little white daisy in the sandy bogs of the pineries. And the further fact that these plants and the mocking-bird's voice vary in their coming between extremes reaching from the 10th of February to the 15th of March, according to the season, is significant of some fine sympathetic relationship between the vernal impulse and that of the bird's song. I was of the opinion until quite recently that the bird's vocal organs underwent a change, just before the mating season, which specially fitted them for melodious utterances; but many dissections have proved the contrary. There is no appreciable organic change in the syrinx, larynx, tongue, or mouth of the mocking-bird, the brown thrush, or the cat-bird, in the spring.

Nearly all the most charming of the singing-birds prefer the early morning and the evening twilight for their vocal performances, though some of them sing far in the night. The matin-song of our American robin will convince anyone who observes closely that the witchery of the dewy, fragrant day-dawn is the bird's inspiration, and no person who has heard the mocking-bird's dreamy

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night-lay can doubt that it is a fine expression of the nocturnal influence. The Baltimore oriole comes to our Northern States in May, and he comes as if floating down the tide of his own rather monotonously sweet song. For a time he sings from dawn till dark, in a fitful, wandering way, as he flits about all alone. His notes have an absent-minded ring, as if in his diligence in food-hunting he were forgetting to put expression into his lay. Indeed, all our birds use what we call their voices, just as we use ours, for the purposes of expression generally, and I am convinced that bird-song proper, though oftenest the expression of some phase of the tender passion, is not confined to such expression. In a limited way birds have their lyric and their dramatic moods, their serious and their comic songs, their recitative and their oratorical methods. They are conscious of any especial superiority of voice, just as they are keenly aware of any particular brilliancy of colors on their plumage. It may be noticed, in passing, that here again the birds and reptiles agree (many of the latter giving evidence of a taste for bright colors), while below man no other animals show much more than mere curiosity in this regard. A parrot having gay feathers in its wings and tail will display them to please your eye in return for the favor of a nut or a cracker, without ever having been taught to do it. It is conscious of the fact that brilliant colors are acceptable to the eye, and it instinctively seeks to thank you, so to say, by the delicate strut which uncovers all its hidden wealth of red, yellow, and blue. So the sweetest sounds at its command are instinctively flung out by the song-bird whenever it feels especially happy. The migratory song-birds, upon their spring arrival, are (no doubt) delighted at finding themselves once more in their breeding haunts, and immediately they begin to give free vent to their feelings through their melodious throats. It would be interesting to know whether or not they do the same at the extreme southern end of their migration. I have noted that along the gulf-coast of Mississippi and Louisiana the non-resident mocking-birds, when they first come in from farther south, are noisily communicative of their ecstatic pleasure. For a few days they make the groves ring with their songs, then pass on farther north, many of them finally reaching Tennessee, some going over the mountains to Kentucky, and a few touching with a light spray of melody the southernmost knobs of Ohio and Indiana. I might easily mass a large sum of facts going to show that no one desire or instinctive emotion is the sole cause of bird-song. That the tender passion engenders lyrical fervor and makes a feathered troubadour of the gay sylvan lover there can be no doubt, but love is not always at the root of the lay. The song-bird is a gourmand of the most pronounced type, and we find him going into a rapture of sweet sounds over a feast of insects or fruit. He enjoys bright colors, too, so that he is always hilarious when he finds himself in the midst of green leaves and beautiful bloom-sprays. A haw-bush or wild apple-tree in full flower often is the inspiration of the brown thrush and the cat-bird. In a certain way, indeed, the birds are true poets, singing forth the influence of their environments—just as Burns sang his, just as Millet painted his. I do not mean to be fanciful in this regard. Call it instinct, as it is, and say that birds do not reason, which is true; but add, nevertheless, the indisputable fact that instinct is of kin to genius, in that it has its origin (as genius has its) in the simplest and purest elements of nature, and so you will get my meaning.

It is impossible to know, with any degree of certainty, how clear or how dim may be the bird's conception of melody or of beauty; but we can know that its enjoyment of color and sweet sounds is most intense. The woodpecker, beating his unique call on a bit of hard, elastic wood, is making an effort, blind and crude enough, but still an effort, to express a musical mood vaguely floating in his nature. We may not laugh at him, so long as from the interior of Africa explorers bring forth the hideous caricatures of musical instruments that some tribes of our own genus delight themselves withal. Among the Southern negroes it was once common to see a dancer going through an intricate terpsichorean score to the music of a "pat,"

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which was a rhythmical hand-clapping performed by a companion. I mention this in connection with the suggestion that the chief difference between the highest order of bird-music and the lowest order of man-music is expressed by the word rhythm. There is no such an element as the rhythmic beat in any bird-song that I have heard. Modulation and fine shades of "color," as the musical critic has it, together with melodious phrasing, take the place of rhythm. The meadow-lark, in its mellow fluting, comes very near to a measure of two rhythmic beats, and the mourning dove puts a throbbing cadence into its plaint; but the accent which the human ear demands is wholly wanting in each case. On the other hand, the mocking-bird, the cat-bird, and the brown thrush accentuate their songs, but not rhythmically; indeed, the cat-bird's utterance is an impetuous stream of glittering accents, as it were—irregular, tricksy, flippant, and yet as symmetrical, in a certain sense, as the bird itself—and the mocking-bird's song is like a flashing stream of water flowing over stones in the sunlight and flinging ariose bubbles and tinkling spray in every direction. I have watched birds at their singing under many and widely differing circumstances, and I am sure that they express joyous anticipation, present content and pleasant recollection, each as the mood moves, and all with equal ease. It is not so plain, however, that the avian nature is fitted to formulate hate, or sorrow, or anger in song, for any unpleasant mood seems to take expression in cries altogether unmusical. I have never heard one sweet note by any angry or, in any way, unhappy bird. The avian life is beset with every danger except, probably, that of epidemic disease, and yet so flexible and elastic is it that the moment any terrible ordeal is past the bird is quite ready for a new and energetic effort in song-singing.

It may not be out of the way to say, in parentheses, here, that the practice of studying domesticated or semi-domesticated birds, with a view to applying the results to forming a theory of wild-bird life, is by no means a safe one. Domestication deprives birds of their proper food, and tends to shorten their lives and to disintegrate their characters. A mocking-bird reared in captivity is very interesting, and it may sing loudly and well, but it is not to be compared with the free wild-bird that sings in a southern grove, with its mate demurely hovering near. Domestication induces *departure from fixed habit*, and in the highly specialized song-bird fixed habit is developed to almost the last degree; in fact, is not the highest type of bird the completest animal, in point of physical equipoise and fitness for indefinite prolongation of individual life, that the earth holds, man not excepted? I do not undertake to answer my interrogatory directly; but to me it is significant in this connection that of all the hundreds—nay, thousands—of wild-birds that I have killed, and have seen killed, and of all that I have dissected for one purpose or other, I have never found one that was diseased, so far as I could discover, save from wounds, unless the presence of intestinal worms in a perfectly strong and healthy-appearing subject may have indicated disease. I have dissected and minutely examined the mouth, throat, larynx, syrinx, and lungs of a great number of song-birds, and in every case those organs have been in a perfectly normal and healthy state, so far as I could by any means discover.

Among human beings a fine voice is the notable exception; among male mocking-birds in a wild state there is no exception—they all sing, and so nearly equally well that it requires close attention to discover any difference. So one wild bluebird's piping is practically identical, in volume, compass, and timbre, with that of every other wild male bluebird in the world. From this and a hundred kindred facts, it is safe to say that generation and the constant transmission of organic power and equipoise are very nearly perfect with birds of the highest order. Indeed, in song, as in so many other ways, the bird shows the operation of a nearly unerring heredity, and I have been forced to conclude, from all that I have been able to note in the lives and habits of song-birds, that a good part of bird-song is the mechanical response to what may be called hereditary memory. The mocking-bird, reared in captivity, far from the haunts of its ances-

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tors, will repeat the cries of birds it has never seen and whose voices it has never heard. I have heard it do this. Not only the power to mimic is hereditary, but there, lingering in the bird's nature, is the memory, so to call it, of the voices it is born to mimic—the voices its ancestors mimicked ten thousand years ago.

It has been the fashion for men of science to make light of the common legend of the power of birds and other animals to foretell rain and other meteorological phenomena; but I long ago learned to credit it in a large degree. Birds are not always right in their predictions, because weather-threats are not always carried out. The yellow-billed cuckoo is more vociferous when the barometer indicates rain, but often the barometer fails to fetch the shower. The tree-frog, another sort of song-bird, squeals and chirps at the first indication of a rain-atmosphere, but the rain may fail to come. Birds sing with emphasis after a shower, as if they felt as much refreshed as the violets, and the clover, and the maple-leaves, and no doubt they do thus express some sense of delight in their revivified surroundings, just as they have sung or cackled in pleasant anticipation of the same before it came.

I have seen a mocking-bird eat the best part of a luscious pear or apricot, and then leap to the topmost spray of the tree and sing as if it would trill itself into fragments for very joy of the feast. The shrike cannot sing, but after impaling a grasshopper on a thorn he will make a hideous effort to be melodious over the deed. So the bluejay will utter its softest and sweetest "oodle-doo, oodle-doo," as soon as it has wiped its bill clear of the blood-stain received in murdering a nest-full of young sparrows. Even the belted kingfisher cackles gleefully every time he swallows a minnow, as the barn-yard hen does when she has laid an egg.

Buffon, in his charming sketch of the mocking-bird, written over a hundred years ago, graphically describes its dramatic powers and the feeling it exhibits while singing: "It thrills to its own voice, and accompanies it with measured movements that are always suited to the inexhaustible variety of its phrases, natural and acquired. Its usual prelude is to lift itself at first little by little, its wings outspread, then to fall, head downward, to its place again; and, after going through this bizarre exercise for some time, it begins its time-keeping movements, or, if you please, its dance, according with the different parts of its song. If it utters bright and airy warblings, its wings at the same time describe a multitude of circles that cross themselves in the air; one sees it thread the ins and outs of a tortuous line, through which it ceaselessly ascends and descends. If its throat flings out a brilliant and sharply quavered cadence, it accompanies it with wing-strokes equally lively and smart." I suppose that Buffon described all this from hearsay, but it is quite as accurate as anything else I have found in his works. As a matter of fact, many of our song-birds are consummate actors, within narrow limits, and have a command of gesture that any opera-star might well covet. The comparison between the mocking-bird and any other oscine species must be cut short, however, when it comes to the *dénouement*—the final outcome of the song—for it is here that our American nightingale is incomparable. In speaking of this, Buffon says: "When it gives full freedom to its voice in bursts wherein the sounds are at first full and brilliant, then softening down by degrees, and finally dying out and losing themselves altogether in a silence as charming as the rarest melody, then it is that one sees it hover gently above its perch, slowly slackening the motion of its wings, and resting quiet at last, as if suspended in mid-air." But I have seen it go far beyond even this extraordinary performance, and slowly fall to the ground, panting, and apparently exhausted from the effect of its ecstatic climax of exertion. During many visits to the coast of the Gulf of Mexico in the spring, I have availed myself of ample opportunity to study this Shakespeare of the birds, and I have concluded, from what I think sufficient proof, that the mocking-bird sings, consciously at times, for the purpose of gaining the favor of man. One thing is easily noted: Its song, sung close to human habitations—in the vines and orchards and gardens

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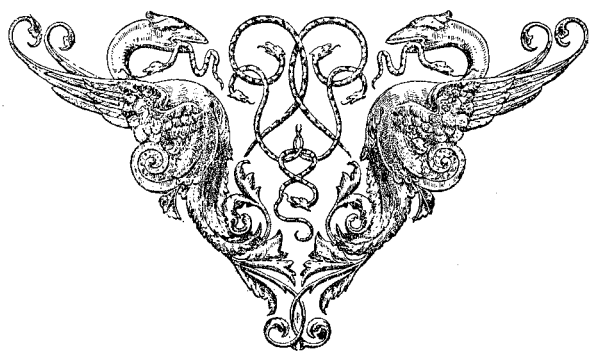
of man's planting—is not the same song it sings in the wild depths of the southern woods. I was so struck with this that I put it to the test in every way I could, and I got so familiar with the difference that, while wandering in the lonely forests, I could know when I was nearing a settler's clearing or a negro's cabin by the peculiar notes of the mocking-birds. All along the charming gulf-coast from Mobile to Bay St. Louis, or, in the other direction, to St. Mark's and Tallahassee, there is not a cot, no matter how lonely or lowly, provided it has a fig-tree, that there is not a pair of mocking-birds to do it honor. The Scuppernong vineyards, too, are the concert-halls of this famous singer. Near the home of Mr. Jefferson Davis, and, I believe, upon the estate of the ex-Confederate chieftain, I sat in the shade of a water-oak and heard a mocking-bird sing, over in a thrifty vineyard, the rare dropping-song of which naturalists appear to have taken no notice. It was a balmy day in March; the sky, the gulf, the air all hazy and shimmering, the whole world swimming in a purplish mist of dreams, and I felt that the song was the expression of some such sweet, passionate longing as exhales from Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale." Under the low-hanging boughs, and over the level, daisy-sprinkled ground, I gazed upon the sheeny reach of water, half convinced that I was looking through

> "Magic casements, opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn,"

and the very tones of the bird's voice accorded with the feeling in which the day was steeped.

Genuine bird-song is simply the highest form of avian vocalization, by which instinctively, if not premeditatedly, the bird finds expression of pleasure. The absence of true rhythm probably is significant of a want of power to appreciate genuine music, the bird's comprehension compassing no more than the value of sweet sounds merely as such.

As to the origin of bird-song, it has come, it seems to me, in response to a growth of the natural desire for a means of expression. Language is the highest mode of expression, and bird-song is a beautiful and witching, but very imperfect, language. In this connection it is a striking fact that all the most gifted avian singers are small. The nightingale and the mocking-bird are insignificant, physically, when compared with the ostrich, the condor, and the crane. The entire skull of the mocking-bird is no larger than the end of one's thumb, and its brain will weigh about one-quarter of an ounce. No great scope of intelligence could be expected in such a case; but we must admit that, in a slender way, this brain is amazingly developed and balanced, and that, compared with man's, it is proportionately the more powerful and under far better control. If a quarter-ounce brain can shape a bird-voice so as to captivate the imagination of man throughout the ages, what ought a brain of ninety-two cubic inches do with an equal opportunity? Like the musician of old, it should set the very trees to dancing.



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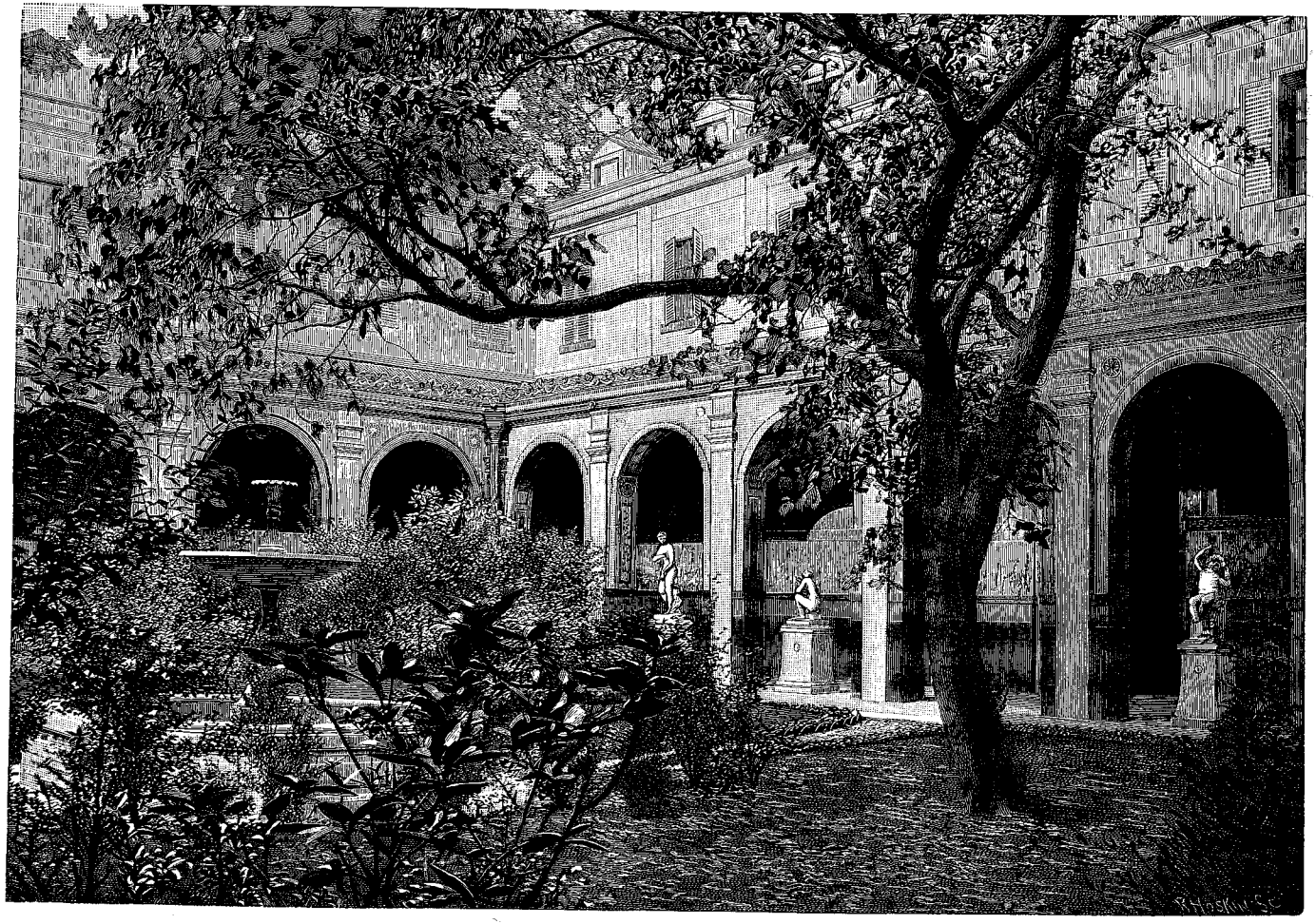

SMALL INTERIOR COURT, ÉCOLE DES BEAUX-ARTS.

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